Aug. 8, 1977

THE NEW YORKER

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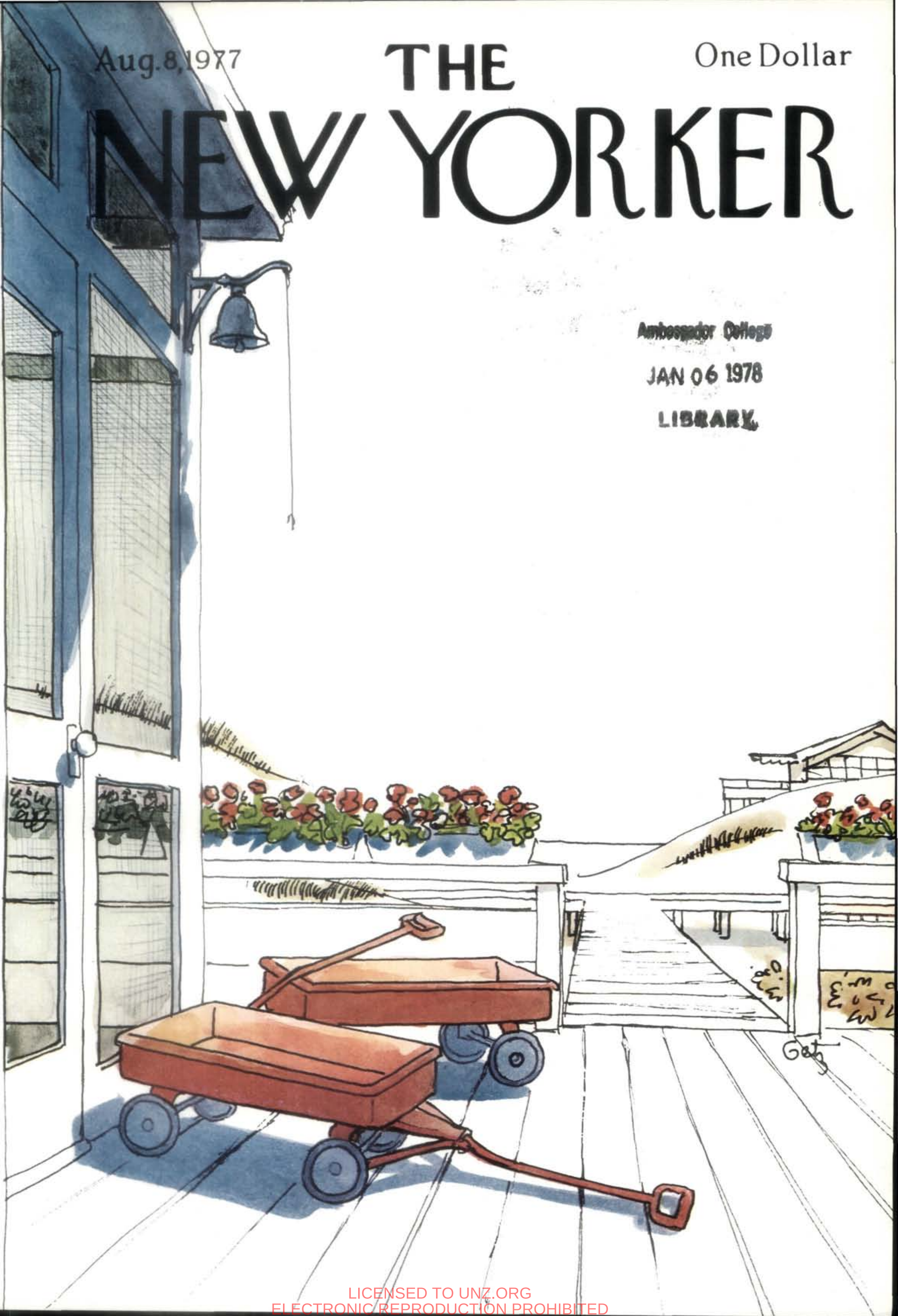

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Annie—A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks, both altered for the purposes of an amusing book by Thomas Meehan. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—Al Pacino pours his superb talent and energy into the role of the hapless Hummel and gives his miserable end an unexpected dignity. A model production of the David Rabe play about Vietnam. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

The Cherry Orchard—The Chekhov comedy has been willfully misdirected by Andrei Serban, but the cast, headed by Irene Worth, is scintillating and Santo Loquasto's sets and costumes are ravishing. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 7.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I Love My Wife—A musical that affects an unconvincing raunchiness. Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—Line by line, Oscar Wilde's comedy is as funny as ever, but the unwieldy thrust stage of this theatre disperses it in all directions. The performance seldom achieves any unity of style, but Mary Louise Wilson is a wonderful Miss Prism, Patricia Conolly is exactly right as Gwendolen, and so is Munson Hicks as Algernon's servant, Lane. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons in a play written and directed by the Brazilian playwright Roberto Athayde. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Simon Gray's harsh but extremely funny account of a London publisher who seeks to keep life at arm's length. Life, as usual, has different ideas. Dick Cavett stars (Steven Sutherland fills in for him on Wednesday afternoons), and the director is Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The 2nd Greatest Entertainer in the Whole Wide World—Dick Shawn in a one-man show. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Shadow Box—Hard to believe, but this play by Michael Christofer, whose subject is death, is a highly affirmative and sometimes comic affair, well acted by, among others, Josef Sommer, Patricia Elliott, Joyce Ebert, and Maria Tucci. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An evening of delectable songs by the cleverest (and sometimes the most touching) of contemporary popular composers. The performers are modest and charming, as well as talented. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sly Fox—Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, and John Heffernan. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Unsung Cole—And quite a lot of sung Porter, too, as presented by a young quintet (2 m., 3 f.), with results that are in-and-out good but always agreeable. Among the unsungs is a beautiful number, "If Ever Married I'm," excised from "Kiss Me, Kate," and it is very well done here by Maureen Moore. The other singers, all of them promising and attractive, are Gene Lindsey, Mary Louise, Anita Morris, and John Sloman. The program was conceived and directed by Norman L. Berman. Costumes by Carol Oditz. Lighting by Arden Fingerhut. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll's singing-and-dancing redaction of the Book of Matthew. An exhilarating occasion. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—bubbling brown sugar: A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 15
"THE HEADRAG" . . . . *Berry Morgan* 20
"BY THE RUINS OF A GUN EMPLACEMENT: SAINT-BENOÎT-SUR-LOIRE" (POEM) . . . . . . *James Wright* 22
"BY THE YELLOW LAKE" . . . . *Peter Marsh* 24
"TALISMANS" (POEM) . . . . *Jorge Luis Borges* 26
REFLECTIONS (THE F.B.I.) . . . . *Richard Harris* 30
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 45
THE SPORTING SCENE (GOLF) . . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 47
MUSICAL EVENTS (POPULAR RECORDS) . . . . *Douglas Watt* 66
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 69
BOOKS . . . . *Richard Rovere* 70
  BRIEFLY NOTED 73

COVER: *Arthur Getz*

DRAWINGS: *Dana Fradon, George Price, Charles Addams, Lee Lorenz, James Mulligan, Bernard Schoenbaum, William Steig, Robert Weber, Edward Koren, Mischa Richter, James Stevenson, Barney Tobey, George Booth, Jack Ziegler, Charles Barsotti, Frank Modell, Al Ross*

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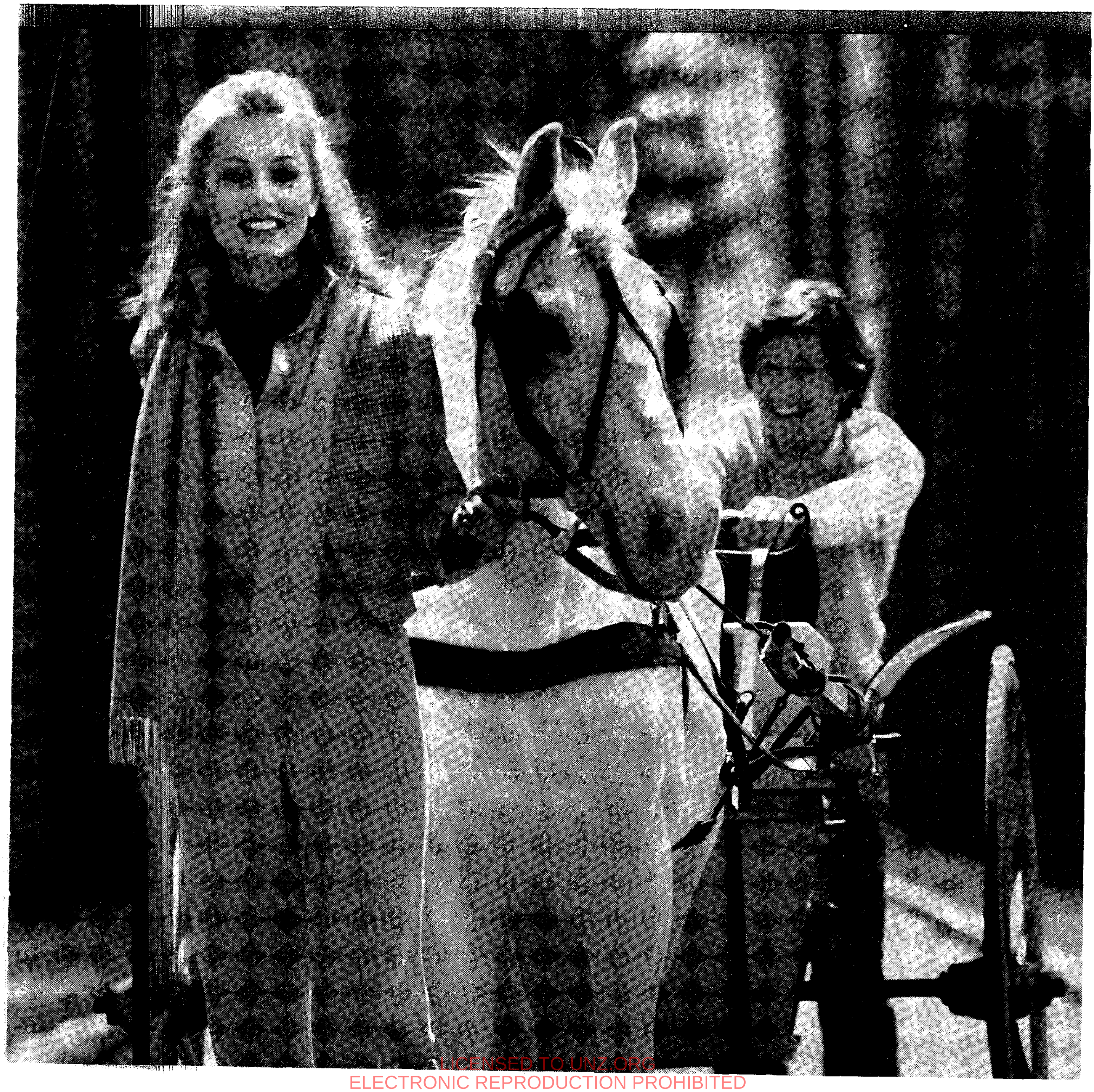

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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7	8	9	10	11	12	13

246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with a stunning performance by Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 27.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Leonard Nimoy, Ralph Seymour, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,193 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Hope Lange and Don Murray. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, but with a lot of songs. William Chapman sings many of them. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A tent circus sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobatic clowns, trapeze artists, and aerialists. (Battery Park Landfill City. Thursdays at 1; Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 1 and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 4. For information about tickets, call 586-3581. Closes Sunday, Aug. 14.)

ICE SHOW—"Holiday on Ice," with Peggy Fleming. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 10, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 21. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

DANCE

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—The last six in a series of performances. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. 280-2417. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 3-5, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 6, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Aug. 7, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

AXIS IN SOHO, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Contemporary jazz and organic apple juice. Saxophonist Alex Foster and pianist Mike Wolff co-pilot a quartet on Thursday, Aug. 4. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, pianist **HAL GALPER** leads a quintet that features Mike and Randy Brecker. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—with a self-conscious portrait of the club interior hanging near the stage. Singer Liz Corrigan, a former folkie and a current studio performer—she sings commercials for cigarette lighters, diapers, cornstarch, and Coke—is here with an able, understated backup trio. Although her repertoire is eclectic—a bit of Rodgers and Hart, a bit of bluegrass, a bit of gospel, a bit of seventies pop; it's almost a collection of fragments—Miss Corrigan has a strong, colorful, wide-ranging voice. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Fridays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—This enlightened branch of a thirty-eight-part restaurant chain brings in a variety of jazz players to perform in its cocktail lounge. Alto great **SONNY STITT** works with pianist **HILTON RUIZ** through Saturday, Aug. 6; Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 10-13, pianist Richie Beirach and bassist Frank Tusa will be on hand. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT**, who looks more like an aging beatnik than a ranch hand—his persona ever since he left Brooklyn, years ago—delivers sleepy, alpha-wavelike monologues, and plays and sings Grateful Dead, Louis Jordan, and Woody Guthrie tunes in a gravel-voiced, kindly manner. He's here Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 9-10, flutist Bobbi Humphrey and her pop-jazz band will be onstage. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 11-13, **DOC WATSON**, the legendary folk musician from the North Carolina mountains, will sing and stunningly flat-pick a whole gang of classics that range from "Gonna Lay Down My Old Guitar" to "Little Stream of Whisky" to "The Sheik of Araby." His son, Merle, will accompany him, as usual, and so will a couple of other young rural musicians. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, patrons who like to talk, and good musicians, mostly pianists, who don't seem to mind playing through the talking. Tom Garvin is at the piano through Saturday, Aug. 6; on Monday, Aug. 8, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will come in with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**. Music weeknights from ten. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his aides, from nine-thirty. Dinner.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**GEORGE SHEARING**, the Bobby Short Summer Replacement for four more weeks, plays solo piano Mondays through Fridays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar presents mostly local, primitive rock bands. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES**, forthright, cute, cuddly, and still going strong, sings delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs Mondays through Saturdays. She's supported by pianist Jerry Wiggins and bassist Ralph Flanagan. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Warren Vaché, Jr., Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. They're here Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. On Sundays, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a very young swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, is in charge of a quintet from eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists, goes to town with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** holds down the fort while his senior partners, Sonny Greer and Russell Procope, take August off; singer Alicia Sherman and bassist Frank Luther work with O'Brien from ten to three, and the trio spends most of Sunday here, too, playing from seven to three. And weeknights from five to ten, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Baritone **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** and his backing crew perform through Saturday, Aug. 6; on Monday, Aug. 8, long-standing guitar team

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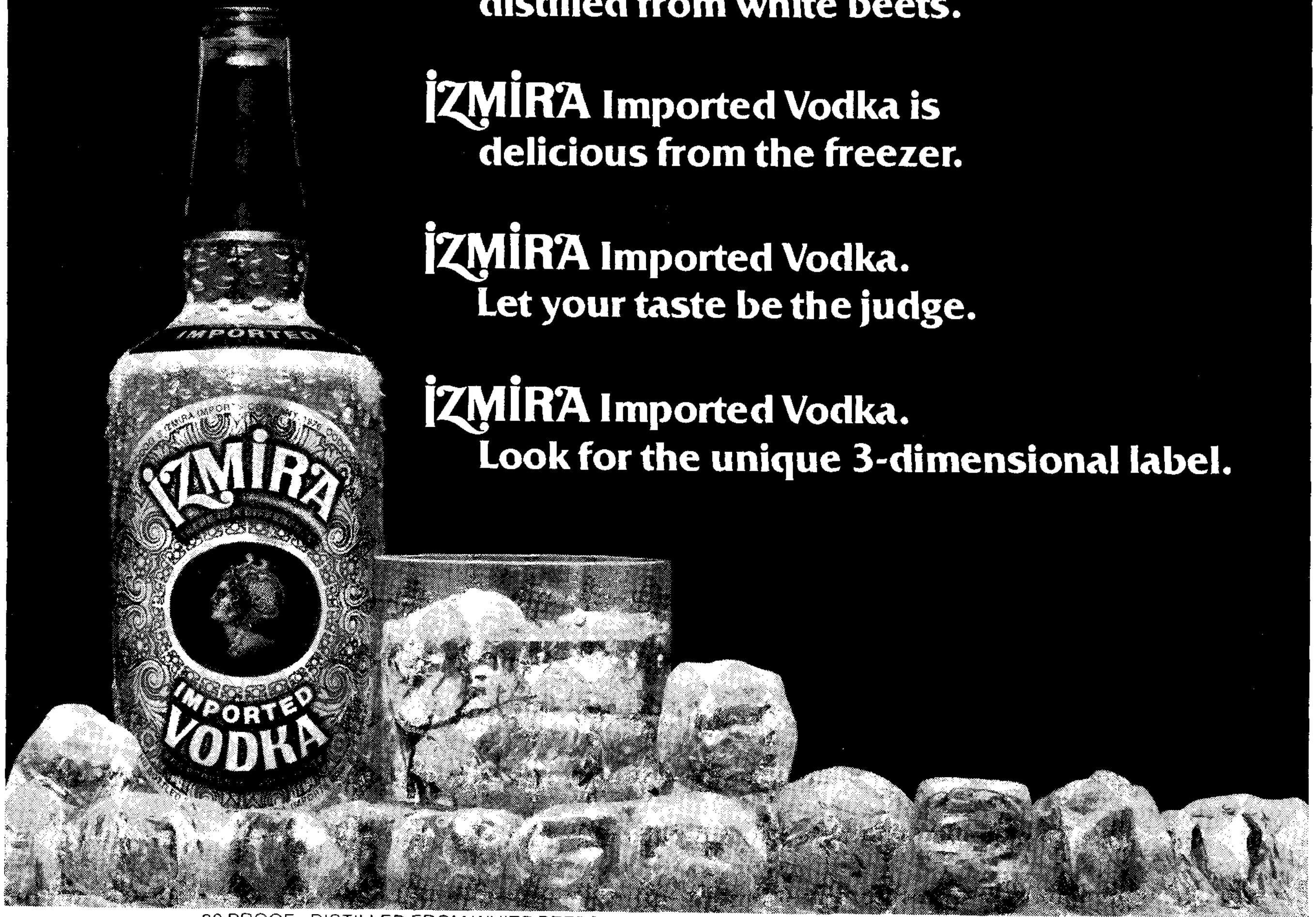

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

BARNEY KESSEL and HERB ELLIS will begin a two-week stint. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one o'clock. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—RUBY BRAFF fills in through Saturday, Aug. 6, for ROY ELDRIDGE, who comes home on Tuesday, Aug. 9. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the resident blowers. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A tribute to the late Johnny Mercer, done by the singers BOB CARROLL and MARLENE VER PLANCK, and by TONY MONTE on piano, RICHARD DAVIS on bass, and JOE CORSELLO on drums. The distance between this excellent idea and its execution is considerable. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather here. Music from about ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Rural bluesmen SONNY TERRY and BROWNIE MC GHEE are present through Sunday, Aug. 7, singing, playing, hooting, and chuckling in much the same way they've played, sung, hooted, and chuckled for the past thirty-odd years. One of their favorite encore selections describes a good portion of their young, enthusiastic admirers: "You're Just a White Boy Lost in the Blues." Folk-singer Jim Dawson will arrive on Thursday, Aug. 11, for three nights. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists and a few sagacious natives populate Art Deco-land. Drummer BOBBY ROSENGARDEN and his orchestra play Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Singer Judith Cohen, wiry, frenetic, strident, and generally outrageous, performs before her devoted admirers Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A big, warm, informal below-stairs room. Drummer PHILLY JOE JONES leads a quintet through Saturday, Aug. 6; on Tuesday, Aug. 9, saxophonist and local new-jazz activist SAM RIVERS—he runs an on-again, off-again, highly thought-of music loft called Studio Rivbea, in NoHo—will bring in a quintet that features bassist DAVE HOLLAND and drummer BARRY ALTSCHUL. Tuesdays through Saturdays from about ten. Snacks.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Altoist LEE KONITZ, always worth hearing, fronts a nonet on Tuesdays; singer Janet Lawson's trio is here on Wednesdays; on Thursday, Aug. 4, Konitz will lead a trio; and on Friday, Aug. 5, trumpeter JIMMY MAXWELL will perform with his sextet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Saturdays through Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Bassist CECIL MCBEE, who always seems to round up fine, exciting sidemen, heads up his latest sextet through Saturday, Aug. 6; Sunday and Monday, Aug. 7-8, will be turned over to a quintet led by John Clark, who plays French horn; and on Tuesday, Aug. 9, guitarist JACK WILKINS, whose style is right out of Kenny Burrell and whose solos are flashy and musical, will arrive with a quartet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

Third Phase, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—Transplanted (from the West End, up the street) swing music on Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and midnight. George Kelly's Jazz Sultans, a quintet, will play on Aug. 5; on Aug. 6, tenor saxophonist EARLE WARREN (who is a real charmer near a microphone) and trombonist DICKY WELLS, both Basie exes, work with a quintet that includes DILL JONES on piano and a sturdy, reliable JO JONES, JR., on drums. The following weekend (Aug. 12-13) has been reserved for blues and boogie-woogie specialist pianist SAMMY PRICE and his quartet. Light menu, no liquor.

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Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Music here, music there, music all over this Village music landmark. Daphne HELLMAN'S ANGELS (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, EDDIE BERG, play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-thirty to midnight. Upstairs, at the Top of the Gate, drummer ART BLAKEY and his current edition of the JAZZ MESSENGERS will alternate with the literally towering blues pianist and singer MEMPHIS SLIM, beginning Tuesday, Aug. 9. Blakey and company will leave after Thursday, Aug. 11, and on Friday, Aug. 12, jazz-piano patriarch EARL HINES and his combo will take over the slot opposite Memphis Slim. And downstairs, in the barnlike room that is fitted out with hanging white Soundsphere speakers—they look like something out of "Star Wars"—soul-disco-jazz-etc. saxophonist Stanley Turrentine leads his quintet through Sunday, Aug. 7. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 10-12, the Heartbreakers and the Senders, two C.B.G.B. alumni, will trade sets in the downstairs quarters. Music from nine-thirty. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A noble, if smoke-filled, institution. Trumpeter WOODY SHAW leads his eight-piece concert ensemble through Sunday, Aug. 7; on Tuesday, Aug. 9, tenor saxophonist PHAROAH SANDERS, who lately seems to be playing as much hard bop as he is spiritual-enlightenment music, will bring in his quintet. FRANK FOSTER'S twenty-two-piece LOUD MINORITY will, somehow, squeeze onto the stage Mondays while the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band tours Europe. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Four-string guitarist TINY GRIMES leads a trio through some fifties Count Basie band material as well as "Tiny's Tempo," "St. Thomas," and "Lady of Spain" on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The rest of the week is given over to fledgling or more experienced groups that perform bop, hard bop, and swing music. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, except Mondays. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Benefit Concert—Joe Carroll, Frank Foster, Harold Ousley, Victor Sproles, Warren Smith, Herman Wright, and others. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Friday, Aug. 5, beginning at noon, and continuing for twenty-four hours or so.)

Yes and Donovan—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 5-7, at 8.

Johnny Winter, 38 Special, and U.F.O.—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Aug. 6, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

ART

(*Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.*)

GALLERIES

George Rickey—Eight stainless-steel kinetic sculptures, the largest thirty-five feet high. Through Sept. 24. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At the ACQUAVELLA, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Frankenthaler, Caro, Kline, and others. Through Sept. 6. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Etchings, engravings, and woodcuts dating from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth by such artists as Ruysdael, Hollar, and Bosse. Through Friday, Aug. 5. . . . AARON BERMAN, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Sherman Drexler, Anne Tabachnick, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 12. . . . CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Eighteenth-century Latin-American decorative art. Through Sunday, Aug. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . DROLL-KOLBERT, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Susan Crile, Charles Fahlen, and Pat Steir are three of the artists participating in a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Sept. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . KENNEDY, 40 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by such twentieth-century Americans as José de Creeft, Georgia O'Keeffe, Ben Shahn, and others. Through Aug. 19. . . . UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE, 40 Centre St., on Foley Square: Forty-three members of the Organization of Independent Artists are showing their works in the lobby of the Federal Courthouse and in the lunchroom on the fifth floor. Nearly all the works are wholly abstract. Through Sept. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5:30.)

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: ALEXANDER, 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . CASTELLI, 420 West Broadway. . . . CRISPO, 41 E. 57th St. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . DINTENFASS, 50 W. 57th St. . . . GENESIS, 41 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . GIMPEL, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . PACE, 32 E. 57th St.

New Talent Shows—At THE DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St., where unknown artists can show their works to professional curators three times a week, a selection from the works inspected last winter is on view. Through Aug. 27. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) . . . TRUMAN, 38 E. 57th St.: Included are works by Tom Williams, Sonya Rapoport, Stephen Larese, and Marc Boone. Through Aug. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

U.S. Custom House, Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway—An ongoing free exhibition of performing and visual arts, the latter mostly sculpture at the moment—ten upright prisms, nine feet tall, by Charles Ross, which cast rainbows of light into odd corners of the fine old structure; a series of plaster figures by

Carol Parker; and a paper environment by Vera Manzi Schacht that is like a sunset one can walk into. . . . ¶ Musical and/or dancing groups perform Wednesdays through Fridays at 12:30, and Sundays at 3. Through Sept. 11. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

George N. Barnard (1819-1902)—Albumin prints of Sherman's campaign. Through Sept. 24. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Chauncey Hare—A show of interiors of homes and other spaces has been mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Edward Weston (1886-1958) / **Leland Rice**—Seventy-five photographs, some of them vintage prints, the others printed by Weston's sons Cole and Brett, and by George A. Tice. / Color photographs of paint-splattered artists' studios, and other works. Through Aug. 19. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clarence H. White (1871-1925)—Close to a hundred works by a founding member of the Photo-Secession. Through Sept. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; closed Mondays.)

Impressions of Cuba—In March, seven photographers from the United States spent three weeks photographing the island from end to end, and this exhibit consists of a hundred and fifty of their works. Through Aug. 31. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St.)

Group Shows—At **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Landscapes (rural and urban) by ten contemporary photographers, among them Geoff Winningham and Roger Welch. Through Friday, Aug. 5. . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Landscapes ranging from contemporary color works to a rural scene by Bourke-White and an aerial view of First World War devastation by Steichen. Through Friday, Aug. 5.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Thracian Treasures from Bulgaria" is an exhibition of exactly that, often wrought out of silver and gold. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Paintings and graphics by Childe Hassam. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Prints and books published by the Paris art merchant Ambroise Vollard (1867-1939), who printed editions of, among others, Braque, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, and Picasso. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Book jackets, posters, magazine covers, and such, juxtaposed with architectural models, furniture, decorations—all produced in Holland, Germany, and the Soviet Union between 1920 and 1940—in a show that underscores the relationship between graphics and other art forms. Starts Friday, Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Morris Louis, Roy Lichtenstein, John Clem Clarke, Susan Rothenberg, and others have works in a show of new acquisitions. Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by women artists, among them Mary Petty, Alexandra Exter, and Lee Krasner. Through Sept. 20. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Chauncey Hare. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of experimental music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of sixty-seven Paul Klee works executed between 1895 and 1940. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ The paintings and sculptures of forty modern European artists in a show that observes the museum's fortieth year. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings dating from the fifties to the present by Americans Jim Dine, Jo Baer, Raymond Parker, and others. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The years 1890 to 1910 are covered in an exhibit of nearly three hundred paintings, graphics, and photographs, by Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Charles Dana Gibson, Gertrude Käsebier, and others. Through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works of twentieth-century artists—Burchfield, Calder, Christo, Johns among them—from collections owned by Friends of the Whitney. Through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Wednesday evenings, from 6:20 to 9, the Mostly Mozart Trio performs classical, jazz, and popular music in the sculpture garden.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of works by leading Pop artists—Dine, Oldenburg, Warhol, and others—together with works from the fifties that prefigured Pop Art. Through Aug. 15. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Two Centuries of Black American Art" includes paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, crafts, and decorative objects, dating from 1750 to 1950, by such artists as Joshua Johnston, Horace Pippin, Palmer Hayden, Alma Thomas, and Romare Bearden. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhaustive array of maps, ranging from a 1507 world map to maps made by computers. Through Sunday, Aug. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of sixteen large wooden models, built to scale, of villas, palaces, and churches designed in the sixteenth century by Andrea Palladio. In addition, photographs of the buildings as they appear today. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

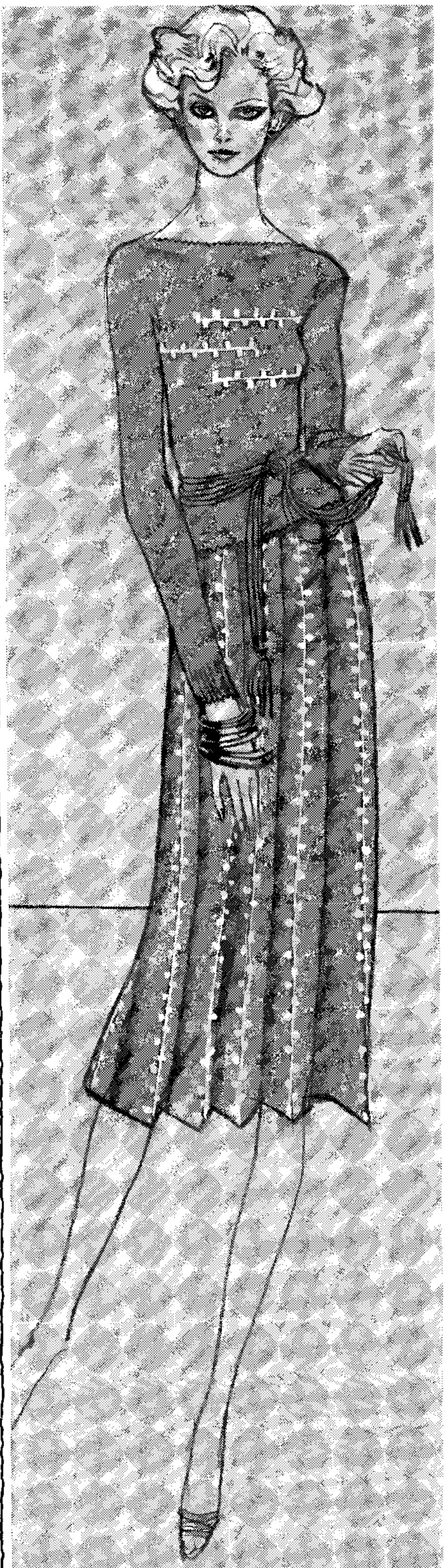
Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibit of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century folk-art objects (frakturs, rugs, furniture, paintings, weathervanes, pottery) assembled from the collections of the museum's members. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, works on paper, and poetry are displayed jointly in a big show murkily entitled "The Object as Poet." It is intended to celebrate the interaction between a poet's work and a craftsman's work; in some cases the interaction is direct collaboration (Howard Moss and Cletus Johnson), and in others it is more tenuous, or even a one-man operation (Saul Steinberg, Margaret Israel, Betye Saar). Through Sept. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the latest show from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 3: Sergiu Commissiona conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Misha Dichter, piano, and Vladimir Spivakov, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 4: Members of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, includ-



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ing Paula Robison, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler and Scott Nickrenz, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Charles Wadsworth, piano, with guest artist Clamma Dale, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6: Robert Shaw directing the orchestra, with Benita Valente, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; John Aler, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Westminster Choir. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 8, and Wednesday, Aug. 10: Philippe Entremont conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloist. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 9: The Chicago Symphony Brass Ensemble, with Anthony Newman, organ, and Eugene Johnson, bass. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Mr. Entremont and Raphael Hillyer, viola. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13: Rafael Druian conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist in an all-Mozart program, with André Watts, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 27.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, Aug. 5, at 7: A piano recital by Misha Dichter. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 9: André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony, with Armando Ghitalla, trumpet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with Mr. Dichter. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 2:30: André Previn conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops in a concert for the benefit of the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 2:30: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony, conducted variously by Arthur Fiedler, Seiji Ozawa, Gunther Schuller, and Joseph Silverstein. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony, with Lois Schaefer, piccolo; Sherman Walt, bassoon; Esther Hinds, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Dominic Cossa, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting; Gunther Schuller will conduct his own violin concerto, with Zvi Zeitlin as soloist. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, Aug. 3: Neil Sedaka. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 4: The Spinners. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5: Jean-Luc Ponty and Herbie Hancock. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6: Oscar Peterson and McCoy Tyner. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7: Charlie Byrd's trio and Joe Pass. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 8: Herbie Mann and Roy Ayers. . . . ¶ Opening performances by the PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA of a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 27. Wednesday, Aug. 10: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with André Watts, piano, and Keith Chapman, organ. . . . Thursday, Aug. 11: Eugene Ormandy directing an all-Beethoven program, with Benita Valente, soprano; Rose Taylor, contralto; Jerold Norman, tenor; Michael Devlin, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . Friday, Aug. 12: Aaron Copland directing a program of his own works, with Jerry Crawford, baritone, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . Saturday, Aug. 13: Arthur Fiedler conducting, with Edgar Bergen (and Charlie McCarthy), narrator. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 5:30: A harpsichord recital by Igor Kipnis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: A recital by Carlos Barbosa-Lima, classical guitarist. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 5:30: A piano recital by Agustin Anievas. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 21. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 6: Twyla Tharp Dancers and Dances. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 9-13: Ohio Ballet Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

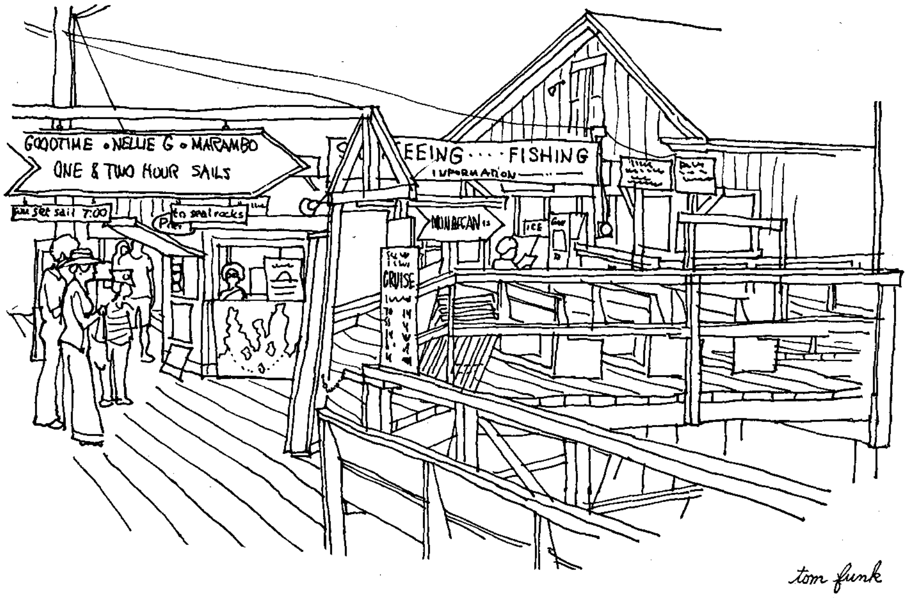
American Dance Festival—Performances by the American Dance Machine will close out the season in New London. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Mets at Shea Stadium: Vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 2:05. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, at 8:05, and Sunday, Aug. 7, at 2:05. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 8-9, at 8:05, and Wednesday, Aug. 10, at 2:05. . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 10-11, at 8. . . . ¶ California, Friday, Aug. 12, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Aug. 13, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:15, and will include a couple of innings involving Joe DiMaggio, Phil Rizzuto, Don Larsen, and other old Yankee warriors).

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J.: Jets vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Friday, Aug. 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. New England Patriots, Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 27. The Test, Wednesday, Aug. 3; the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 6; the Saratoga Special, Monday, Aug. 8; the Bernard Baruch Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 10; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 13. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Sept. 5. The Monmouth Invitational, Saturday, Aug. 6, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 13. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 12:05.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:45; through Monday, Sept. 5. The Matchmaker, Saturday, Aug. 6.



Tennis—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 3-5, at noon and 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 6-7, at 1; and Monday, Aug. 8, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 201 762-6220.) . . . ¶ World Team Tennis at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (New York Apples vs. Boston, Monday, Aug. 8. . . . New York Apples vs. Soviet Union, Wednesday, Aug. 10), and at the NASSAU COLISEUM (New York Apples vs. Indiana, Saturday, Aug. 13). Matches begin at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 725-0070.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 13. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 19.

Yachting—Australia, France, and Sweden in the first two of three elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport. Preliminaries start Thursday, Aug. 4, and semifinals start Thursday, Aug. 11.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of a revived production of Andrei Serban's odd but often effective interpretation of AGAMEMNON, the terrifying play by Aeschylus. The second of two Beaumont Theatre productions being presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. Andre Kostelanetz is conducting the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 8:30. . . . CLOVE LAKES PARK, Staten Island, Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8:30. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Sarah Caldwell (with Rodney Friend, violin) will conduct the second program: CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW, Tuesday, Aug. 9, at 8:30. . . . VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx, Wednesday, Aug. 10, at 8:30. . . . CROCHERON PARK, Bayside, Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30.

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of "The Barber of Seville," in English, with Jerold Siena, tenor, and Frank Guarrera, baritone. The last in this summer's series of productions. (Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8.)

Washington Square Park—The second of two performances of a modernized version of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," presented by the New York University Theatre Company. (Sunday, Aug. 7, at 2.) . . . ¶ Herbert Grossman conducting the Festival Orchestra. The fourth in a series of five concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 9, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St.)

Wollman Rink—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 6:30: Jesse Colin Young and Tom Rush. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 6: John Prine and Jesse Winchester. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 6:30: Burton Cummings. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 8, at 6:30: Pete Seeger. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 10, at 6:30: Dave Mason and Elliott Murphy. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 6:30: Bonnie Raitt and Garland Jeffreys. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 6:30: Phoebe Snow. (Through Saturday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

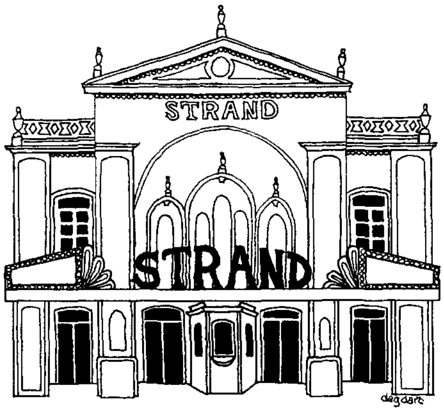
Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of FINIAN'S RAINBOW, with Beth Fowler and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Thursday, Aug. 11, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 9: "We All Loved Each Other So Much" and "Swept Away."
From Aug. 10: "Man on the Roof."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 9: "Annie Hall" and "The Black Bird."
From Aug. 10: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 9: "Cousin, Cousine."
From Aug. 10: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Aug. 4: "The Deep."
From Aug. 5: "March or Die."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 9: "A Bridge Too Far."
From Aug. 10: "The Kentucky Fried Movie."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Last Remake of Beau Geste."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"New York, New York."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Aug. 6: "Annie Hall."
From Aug. 7: "Sandakan 8."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"In the Realm of the Senses."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pardon Mon Affaire."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Other Side of Midnight."

59TH ST. EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Cousin, Cousine."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Bridge Too Far."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"La Grande Bourgeoise."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The First Nudie Musical."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Aug. 4: "The Deep."
From Aug. 5: "March or Die."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 9: "Annie Hall."
From Aug. 10: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Annie Hall."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Greased Lightning."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Orca."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Aug. 9: "The Island of Dr. Moreau."
From Aug. 10: "The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Aug. 8: "Cousin, Cousine."
From Aug. 9: "Satan's Brew."

RENOIR CINEMA, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 3: "Strongman Ferdinand."
Aug. 4-10: "The Great Madcap."
From Aug. 11: "Daughter of Deceit."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Greased Lightning."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 9: "Orca."
From Aug. 10: "A Bridge Too Far."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Island of Dr. Moreau."
Theatre 2: "Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo."
Theatre 3: "Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love."
Theatre 4: "Welcome to L.A." and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"For the Love of Benji."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"MacArthur."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"New York, New York."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 9: "Rocky."
From Aug. 10: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Aug. 9: "King of Hearts."
From Aug. 10: To be announced.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Cría!"

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"La Grande Bourgeoise."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Stroszek."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Slap Shot" and "Family Plot."

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo."
Theatre 2: "Orca."
Theatre 3: "Nasty Habits."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 10: "Cousin, Cousine."
From Aug. 11: "Chac."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 9: "Race for Your Life, Charlie Brown" and "The Three Stooges Follies."
From Aug. 10: "Cousin, Cousine" and another feature, to be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, *only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.*)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Aug. 4: "Siddhartha" (1973), directed by Conrad Rooks, with Shashi Kapoor; and "Steppenwolf" (1974), directed by Fred Haines, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.
Aug. 5-6: "Mississippi Mermaid" (†); and "The Bride Wore Black" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau.
Aug. 7-8: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959), directed by Joseph Mankiewicz, with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh.
Aug. 9: "La Prisonnière" (†) and "La Religieuse." (†)
Aug. 10-11: "The Graduate" (1967), directed by Mike Nichols, with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross; and "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 3: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig; and "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, and Geneviève Bujold.
Aug. 4: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "The Navigator" (1924), directed by Buster Keaton and Donald Crisp, with Mr. Keaton and Kathryn McGuire.
Aug. 5: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "Key Largo" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, Lauren Bacall, and Claire Trevor.
Aug. 6: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team; and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."
Aug. 7: "Shall We Dance" (1937), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore; and "You Were Never Lovelier" (1942), directed by William Seiter, with Rita Hayworth, Fred Astaire, and Adolphe Menjou.
Aug. 8: "Ecstasy" (†) and "Symphonie Pastorale." (†)
Aug. 9: "The Seven Year Itch" (†) and "Love in the Afternoon." (†)
Aug. 10: "Burn!" (†) and "The Battle of Algiers." (†)
Aug. 11: "Safety Last" (1923), directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" (1926), directed by Harry Edwards, with Harry Langdon.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 4: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970), directed by Michael Sarne, with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Saturday Night at the Baths" (1975), directed by David Buckley, with Robert Aberdeen.
Aug. 5-6: "Take the Money and Run" (1969), directed by, and with, Woody Allen; "Play It Again, Sam" (1972), directed by Herbert Ross, with Woody Allen; and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" (†)
Aug. 7-8: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin; and "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
Aug. 9: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World." (†)
Aug. 10-11: "The Story of O" (1975) and "Emmanuelle" (1974), both films in French, directed by Just Jaeckin (both X-rated).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 6: "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery; and "Waterloo Bridge" (1940), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor.
Aug. 7-8: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (1940), directed by Norman Taurog, with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy; and "For Me and My Gal" (1942), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, and George Murphy.
Aug. 9-10: "Captains Courageous" (†) and "The Red Badge of Courage." (†)

From Aug. 11: "The Pirate" (†) and "High Society." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Aug. 4: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962), directed by John Frankenheimer, with Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh; and "The Naked and the Dead" (1958), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson, and Raymond Massey.
Aug. 5-6: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.
Aug. 7-9: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.
Aug. 10-11: "The Decameron" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself; and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Aug. 4: "The Boys from Syracuse" (1940), directed by Edward A. Sutherland, with Allan Jones, Martha Raye, Charles Butterworth, and Joe Penner; and "Artists and Models" (1937), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Jack Benny, Gail Patrick, and Richard Arlen.
Aug. 5-6: "The Front Page" (1931), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Mary Brian, and Edward Everett Horton; and "I Cover the Waterfront" (1933), directed by James Cruze, with Claudette Colbert, Ben Lyon, and Ernest Torrence.
Aug. 7-8: "Back Street" (†) and "Magnificent Obsession." (†)
Aug. 9: "This Is the Army" (†) and "Private Buckaroo." (†)
Aug. 10: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.
Aug. 11: "The Spoilers" (†) and "Santa Fe Trail." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 4 at 2:30: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1927), directed by Harry Pollard, with George Seigmann and James B. Lowe. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 6: "The Man Who Laughs" (1928), directed by Paul Leni, with Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin; sound print. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 8:30 and Aug. 5 at 2:30: "The Last Warning" (1929), directed by Paul Leni, with Laura La Plante; French inter-titles. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 6: "Ambush" (1939), directed by Kurt Newmann, with Gladys Swarthout and Lloyd Nolan. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at noon (tentative): "The Four-Footed Ranger" (1928), directed by Stuart Paton, with Dynamite the Dog and Francis Ford. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 2:30: "Broadway" (1929), directed by Paul Fejos, with Glenn Tryon. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 5: "That's My Daddy" (1928), directed by Fred Newmeyer, with Reginald Denny. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at noon and 2:30: "S.O.S. Iceberg" (1933), directed by Tay Garnett, with Rod La Rocque and Leni Riefenstahl. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 5: "The Dawn Patrol" (1930), directed by Howard Hawks, with Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Neil Hamilton. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at noon: "The Innocent Years" (1975), directed by Don Hyatt. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 2:30: "California Straight Ahead" (1926), directed by Harry Pollard, with Reginald Denny. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 6: "The Michigan Kid" (1928), directed by Irvin Willat, with Renée Adorée and Conrad Nagel. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at noon: "The Innocent Years." . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 2:30: "American Guerrilla in the Philippines" (1950), directed by Fritz Lang, with Tyrone Power. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 6: "Okay America" (1932), directed by Tay Garnett, with Lew Ayres and Maureen O'Sullivan. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 2:30: "The Rebel" (1933), directed by Luis Trenker, with Vilma Banky and Victor Varconi. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 6: "Resurrection" (1931), directed by Edwin Carewe, with John Boles and Lupe Velez. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 8:30: "The Last Performance" (1927), directed by Paul Fejos, with Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin; Danish inter-titles, simultaneous translation. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Fine Arts; through Aug. 6. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through Aug. 9.)

Back Street (1932)—Irene Dunne does the suffering in this version of the Fannie Hurst classic weeper about a woman who loves a selfish married man (John Boles) and spends her whole life in the shadow of his. Fannie Hurst had a shameful genius for this sort of muck. John M. Stahl directed, and the great Karl Freund did the cinematography. With ZaSu Pitts, William Bakewell, Jane Darwell, Walter Catlett, Robert McWade. It was remade in 1941 and 1961; the 1941 version, with Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer, is delicately acted and considerably easier on the stomach than this one. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 7-8.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic, which stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 10.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

The Black Bird (1975)—George Segal is engagingly peppy as Sam Spade, Jr., in this attempted takeoff on "The Maltese Falcon," and there are scattered good jokes, but it's a dumb comedy, with an insecure tone. David Giler wrote and directed; with Stéphane Audran. (1/19/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 9.)

A Bridge Too Far—A film too long. Inaccurate, to boot. About Arnhem in the Second World War, with a list of stars of whom only Laurence Olivier is worth your ticket money. (6/20/77) (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Aug. 10.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's emotionally charged epic about a slave revolt on a fictitious Caribbean island. Marlon Brando is the cynical representative of the British oppressors who instigates the revolt and then crushes it. Controversial, flawed, passionate. An attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, Aug. 10.)

Captains Courageous (1937)—One of the M-G-M powerhouse entertainments: beefy and rousing and good fun for all. (Great for children—almost guaranteed tears and laughter.) Freddie Bartholomew plays the rich brat who learns about life from the fishermen of the Gloucester fleet, especially from Spencer Tracy (as a Portuguese), and with a little help from Mickey Rooney. Victor Fleming keeps the handsome production in motion; the Kipling novel was reworked by first-rate hands: John Lee Mahin, Marc Connelly, and Dale Van Every. With Melvyn Douglas, the inevitable Lionel Barrymore, John Carradine, Charley Grapewin, Leo G. Carroll, and Jack La Rue, cast against type as a priest; the score is by Franz Waxman. (Regency; Aug. 9-10.)

Chac—A film about the Mayan Indians today, directed by Rolando Klein. In the Tzeltal and Mayan dialects. (New Yorker; starting Aug. 11.)

Cousin, Cousine (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (D.W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 10.)

Cría!—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Cinema 3.)

Daughter of Deceit (1951)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, in Mexico. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; starting Aug. 11.)

The Deep—Don't plunge. From the Peter Benchley novel, with Robert Shaw, Jacqueline Bisset, and Nick Nolte; directed by Peter Yates. (7/4/77) (34th St. East, and Loews Tower East; through Aug. 4.)

Ecstasy (1933)—This romantic, sensuous Czech film, directed by Gustav Machaty and starring the very young Hedy Lamarr, was originally intended to be called "Symphony of Love." It was banned here, and then released, and then withdrawn, and finally reissued in so many different versions that everyone who talks about it appears to have seen (or imagined) different sex acts. The theme is Lawrencian, as Henry Miller pointed out in the definitive essay on the picture, "Reflections on Ecstasy," and the sex scenes are both explicit and symbolic. The peculiarity of this famous picture is that it's innocently absurd and yet delicately, tenderly erotic. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 8.)

Family Plot (1976)—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris, never more fully used, contributes a very funny study in feminine hysteria—one of Hitchcock's favorite topics—as a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The villains are posh jewel thieves, played by Karen Black and William Devane. Highly recommended, and not at all scary; just larky. (4/19/76) (Embassy 72nd St.)

The First Nudie Musical—A spoof of low-budget porno films and the musical comedies of the thirties and forties, with Stephen Nathan, Cindy Williams, and Bruce Kimmel; directed by Mr. Kimmel and Mark Haggard. R-rated. (68th St. Playhouse.)

For the Love of Benji—Directed by Joe Camp. (Guild.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—Phil Silvers, Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and Michael Hordern rush pell-mell through this fractured version of the wonderful musical by Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim, taken from Plautus. The style of the director, Richard Lester, is at war with the material; he appears to think it would be too banal just to let us see a dance or a pair of great clowns singing a duet, so he distracts us with his short-term camera magic—all fits and starts. He trashes the performers, even old Buster Keaton. There's still some of the show left (for example, a satirical song by Leon Greene), but for an audience that loves musicals the experience becomes one of impatience and irritation. (Thalia; Aug. 10-11.)

La Grande Bourgeoise—With Catherine Deneuve and Giancarlo Giannini, directed by Mauro Bolognini. In French and Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman, and Paramount.)

Greased Lightning—With Richard Pryor, Beau

Bridges, Pam Grier, and Cleavon Little; directed by Michael Schultz. (U. A. East, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

The Great Madcap (1949)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, in Mexico. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; Aug. 4-10.)

Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo—From the Disney studios: the further adventures of Herbie, the self-willed VW beetle. With Dean Jones, Don Knotts, and Julie Sommars; directed by Vincent McEveety. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

High Society (1956)—Musical remake of "The Philadelphia Story" with Grace Kelly in the Hepburn role, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, John Lund, Louis Calhern, Sidney Blackmer, and Louis Armstrong, who, at the opening, does a fine scat-patter number explaining the plot. Everything that follows is a letdown. Charles Walters directed; the songs are by Cole Porter. (Regency; starting Aug. 11.)

Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love—A documentary, directed by Harry Rasky, with narration by James Mason. Joseph Wiseman is the voice of Marc Chagall. (Quad Cinema.)

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden—With Bibi Andersson and Kathleen Quinlan, directed by Anthony Page. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

In the Realm of the Senses—With Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji, directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

The Island of Dr. Moreau—With Burt Lancaster and Michael York, directed by Don Taylor. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Aug. 9.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963)—Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on); rarely have so many done so little with so much. (Cinema Village; Aug. 9.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Eastside Cinema; starting Aug. 10.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Little Carnegie; through Aug. 9.)

The Last Remake of Beau Geste—Sir Hector Geste, of Geste Manor, gnashes his teeth when his nice wife bears him a beautiful daughter instead of the son he has pined for. At the Wormwood & Gall Boys Orphanage, he picks out the very lad: strong-jawed, blond, destined to grow up into Michael York, a twin wildly held to be identical to the slithery-eyed boy destined to grow up into Marty Feldman (who wrote and directed this recklessly funny film). Side benefits include a Chinese Legionnaire who sings soppy Irish ballads, some bookish-looking camels, and Peter Ustinov as a leader cheerfully called the Kraut, who has a peg leg, a peg-legged horse, and a peg-legged Teddy bear. (7/25/77) (Sutton.)

The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane—With Jodie Foster, Martin Sheen, and Alexis Smith; directed by Nicolas Gessner. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Aug. 10.)

Love in the Afternoon (1957)—Wide-eyed Audrey Hepburn as the Parisian schoolgirl whom Elisabeth Bergner played in "Ariane." A student of the cello, this Ariane falls in love with an aging American roué ensconced in the Paris Ritz—Gary Cooper, looking as if he knows how unappealing he is in the role. The director, Billy Wilder, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, have made her the daughter of a detective (Maurice Chevalier), who is then hired by Cooper to investigate her. It's all meant to be airy and bubbly, but it's obvious, overextended (two hours plus), and overproduced. It was shot in France, and much of it is location work, but the art director, Alexander Trauner, built the first floor of the Paris Conservatoire in a studio, as well as the second floor of the Ritz full-scale, with actual, operating elevators. For the performance of "Tristan and Isolde," Wilder engaged nine hundred and sixty extras in full evening dress. At the end, there's a fine view of a smoking, chugging locomotive in a splendid, vaulted railroad station—and for a moment one wonders if this, too, is a set. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 9.)

MacArthur—A blockbuster film that is an act of homage to egocentricity and battle hunger. Gregory Peck plays the General perfectly: his skill at reproducing the characteristics of a noisy, obtuse, brave, Red-baiting man makes the actor and subject seem uncannily matched. At West Point, stripped of his command, the General has some moving moments: you feel that without war this authoritarian man is made inert and void. (7/11/77) (Music Hall.)

Magnificent Obsession (1936)—This first version of the inspirational Lloyd C. Douglas novel—starring Irene Dunne as the virtuous widow and Robert Taylor as the drunk driver who was responsible for her husband's death—should certainly have been the last, but the woebegone trickeries of the material made the movie a four-handkerchief hit, and damned if Ross Hunter didn't produce another version in 1954 (with Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson), and the slop made money all over again. Irene Dunne spends a lot of time in the hospital and is at her most infuriatingly gallant and womanly; Sara Haden and Theodore Von Eltz don't help much. Directed by John M. Stahl, not known for his sense of humor, though Charles Butterworth manages a funny scene or two. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 7-8.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Art; starting Aug. 10.)

March or Die—With Gene Hackman, Terence Hill, and Max von Sydow; directed by Dick Richards. (34th St. East, and Loews Tower East; starting Aug. 5.)

Mississippi Mermaid (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 5-6.)

Nasty Habits—At its best, a movie of high wit and inspired silliness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. As Kissinger, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

New York, New York—It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (7/4/77) (Trans-Lux East, and Ziegfeld.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Orca—More underwater killers snooping about. An incensed whale this time. With Richard Harris and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Michael Anderson. (86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Aug. 9.)

The Other Side of Midnight—A fatuous, money-spinning film from a fatuous, money-spinning book about a girl called Noelle Page (Marie-France Pisier), who rises from lowish life in Marseilles to become the most famous and best-dressed film star in France. The dialogue and the plot are so dull that the film chiefly embeds itself in the memory as a conversation between women's clothes. (7/11/77) (Coronet.)

Outrageous—With Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren, directed by Richard Benner. (Cinema II.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—With Jean Rochefort, Victor Lanoux, and Claude Brasseur; directed by Yves Robert. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet.)

The Pirate (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play that the Lunts performed, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The Nicholas Brothers join Garland and Kelly in the celebrated "Be a Clown" number. The score is by Cole Porter. With Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper, and George Zucco. (Regency; starting Aug. 11.)

La Prisonnière (1969)—Henri-Georges Clouzot, of "The Wages of Fear," wrote and directed this story about sadomasochism, set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. A very brilliant, erotic film that takes the risk that some might laugh at it; it stares you out. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 9.)

Private Buckaroo (1942)—The Andrews Sisters sing "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with Anyone Else But Me" and a batch of less well-remembered songs in a musical comedy directed by Edward Cline for Universal. With Joe E. Lewis and Dick Foran. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 9.)

Race for Your Life, Charlie Brown—An animated film. (Olympia; through Aug. 9.)

The Red Badge of Courage (1951)—Despite the mutilation (recorded in Lillian Ross's "Picture"), seventy minutes remain of John Huston's film version of Stephen Crane's Civil War classic, and much of it is breathtaking. Audie Murphy plays the hero, and Bill Mauldin is his sidekick. (Regency; Aug. 9-10.)

La Religieuse ("The Nun;" 1965)—Anna Karina plays Diderot's mid-eighteenth-century nun, boxed into a convent to save her parents the cost of her marriage dowry and the embarrassment of her illegitimacy. Directed by Jacques Rivette. Slow, stately, suffocating stuff, full of images to inspire, high-bred dread in atheists and claustrophobics, and entirely missing the point that Diderot's novel is funny. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 9.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring musclebound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Playboy; through Aug. 9.)

Sandakan 8—Directed by Kei Kumai. In Japanese. (Fine Arts; starting Aug. 7.)

Santa Fe Trail (1940)—One of Hollywood's careless, shameless distortions of American history. The team of Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland had thrived under the direction of Michael Curtiz in such films as "Captain Blood," "The Adventures of Robin Hood," and "Dodge City," and so this blotted Western was confected. Flynn plays a monolithically brave Jeb Stuart, and Ronald Reagan is young George Armstrong Custer; they're both after dainty Olivia. The offensive plot pits the two handsome young blades, fresh from West Point, against a rabid, fanatic John Brown (Raymond Massey, at his most burning-eyed hypertense, and photographed to inspire fear and revulsion in the audience). The black men whom Brown seeks to liberate appear to be childish dupes. It's a romantic, action-filled, screwed-up epic; you get the feeling that maybe nobody intended it to be as reactionary as it turned out, with Olivia looking especially fetching in front of the gallows where Brown is hanged. At the end, some good liberal appears to have had a fit of remorse: when the heroine goes on her wedding trip with Stuart, the sound of "John Brown's Body" rises above the rhythm of the moving train. The large cast includes Van Heflin (a dirty villain), Douglas Fowley, Gene Reynolds, Alan Hale, Alan Baxter, Susan Peters, and Ward Bond. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 11.)

Satan's Brew—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Waverly; starting Aug. 9.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

The Seven Year Itch (1955)—All that most people remember of this labored farce is the sequence with Marilyn Monroe standing on a New York subway grating when a train whooshes by; the air sends her skirt swirling up to her shoulders. The director, Billy Wilder, and George Axelrod reshaped Axelrod's Broadway hit about the summertime flirtation of a shy married man (Tom Ewell) in order to build up Monroe's role. Wilder flails away at such gags as a plumber (Victor Moore) dropping a wrench in a bathtub occupied by Monroe, who has caught her toe in the faucet. With Evelyn Keyes, Sonny Tufts, Robert Strauss, Oscar Homolka, Carolyn Jones, and Doro Merande. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 9.)

Slap Shot—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Spoilers (1942)—The third version (a fourth came out in 1955) of the Rex Beach story about the brawling Nome of 1898, with its gold miners, crooked lawyers, and fancy women in feather boas. The climax of each version is always a bone-breaking, furniture-smashing fight between the two strong men who are battling for the love of the same woman, and in this one John Wayne and Randolph Scott go at each other like mastodons fighting to the death. You know that the fight will turn out the right way for the lady (Marlene Dietrich, decked out in Gay Nineties plumage, like a more willowy Mae West), but the way the whole story builds to it makes it exciting, anyway. However, the man's-man material has been somewhat softened to turn the story into a vehicle for Dietrich, and with Ray Enright directing the film doesn't have the brutish, raw vitality of the earlier versions. It's tired, a little ordinary; too many Westerns had already lifted the story's most colorful touches. With a brief appearance by the poet of the Yukon, Robert W. Service, and Richard Barthelmess, Harry Carey, and William Farnum, the star of the first version. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 11.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—The tenth in the James Bond series, with Roger Moore portraying Bond. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Columbia I, and Loews Ciné.)

Star Wars—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Strongman Ferdinand—Alexander Kluge, who made the light-winged "Yesterday Girl," has directed a film about the perils resulting from the sort of walled-up logic that could produce good Germans who went along with the Nazis. The hero is a security officer in a manufacturing plant. He is a fanatic and, like most fanatics, he goes too far, even to the point of taking up an assassin's gun. He aims to miss but doesn't; his rational explanation of his actions aims to hit home but doesn't. Kluge is a lawyer, and not for nothing: the film is brilliantly reasoned and rather sad about a man on the wrong track. In German. (7/25/77) (Renoir Cinema; Aug. 3.)

Stroszek—Werner Herzog, the West German, who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. Released from jail, he plays his piano with all the focus that was missing in his dealings with the prison authorities—a lack of focus that will make some sophisticates think him simple-minded when he is simply bereft. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz), who has a nephew in Wisconsin. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. A masterwork. In German and English. (7/25/77) (Cinema Studio.)

SWEPT AWAY (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Art; through Aug. 9.)

SYMPHONIE PASTORALE (1948)—André Gide supervised this too little known version of his early, subtly disquieting novel. The director Jean Delannoy is, as usual, careful and literal, and this time his sensitivity enables Pierre Blanchar and Michèle Morgan to give perhaps their most memorable performances; the film itself is emotionally overwhelming. Blanchar plays a Swiss pastor who finds an ignorant, neglected blind girl (Morgan) and teaches her to live without sight. The pastor's passion for the blind girl destroys his wife and family, and when the girl gains her sight, she realizes the damage she has caused and becomes tormented and withdrawn. The film is about the spiritual and psychological blindness that people cannot overcome. With Jean Desailly and Line Noro; score by Georges Auric. Truffaut did homage to this film in Marie Dubois's death scene in the snow in "Shoot the Piano Player," and also in "The Wild Child," and he used Desailly in the central role in "The Soft Skin." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 8.)

THIS IS THE ARMY (1943)—The celebrated patriotic stage revue, with music by Irving Berlin, originally performed by enlisted men, was given a story line for the movie, and the cast was padded out with civilian screen actors and other notables. The plot spans two wars and features the curious, near-beer prophetic father-son pairing of George Murphy, as Jerry Jones, a First World War soldier who writes an Army show called "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," and Ronald Reagan, as Johnny Jones, who writes the Second World War show "This Is the Army." Having presented these fictitious authors, when it comes time for Irving Berlin to appear (as Irving Berlin) and sing "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," the film has the devil's own time explaining who *he* is. It's a huge two-hour musical that reeks of uplift, but there are a few funny lines, an impressive soldier chorus, and many tolerable, if wholesome, numbers. This is not the Army of "From Here to Eternity." Michael Curtiz directed; with Joe Louis, Kate Smith, George Tobias, Joan Leslie, Charles Butterworth, Gertrude Niesen, Frances Langford, Ruth Donnelly, Dolores Costello, Una Merkel, and, from the original cast, the tap-dancer Private James Cross and the singer Sergeant Robert Shanley. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 9.)

THE THREE STOOGES FOLLIES (1974)—Excerpts from their films of the thirties and forties. (Olympia; through Aug. 9.)

WE ALL LOVED EACH OTHER SO MUCH—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (6/6/77) (Art; through Aug. 9.)

WELCOME TO L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected. (3/21/77) (Quad Cinema.)

WHAT'S UP, TIGER LILY? (1966)—Woody Allen provides dubbed dialogue for a chopped-up Japanese sexy-spy thriller; the jokes get rather desperate, but there are enough wildly sophomoric ones to make this pop stunt fairly amusing. (Cinema Village; Aug. 5-6.)

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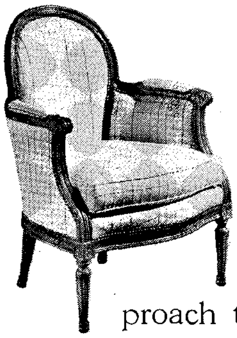

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

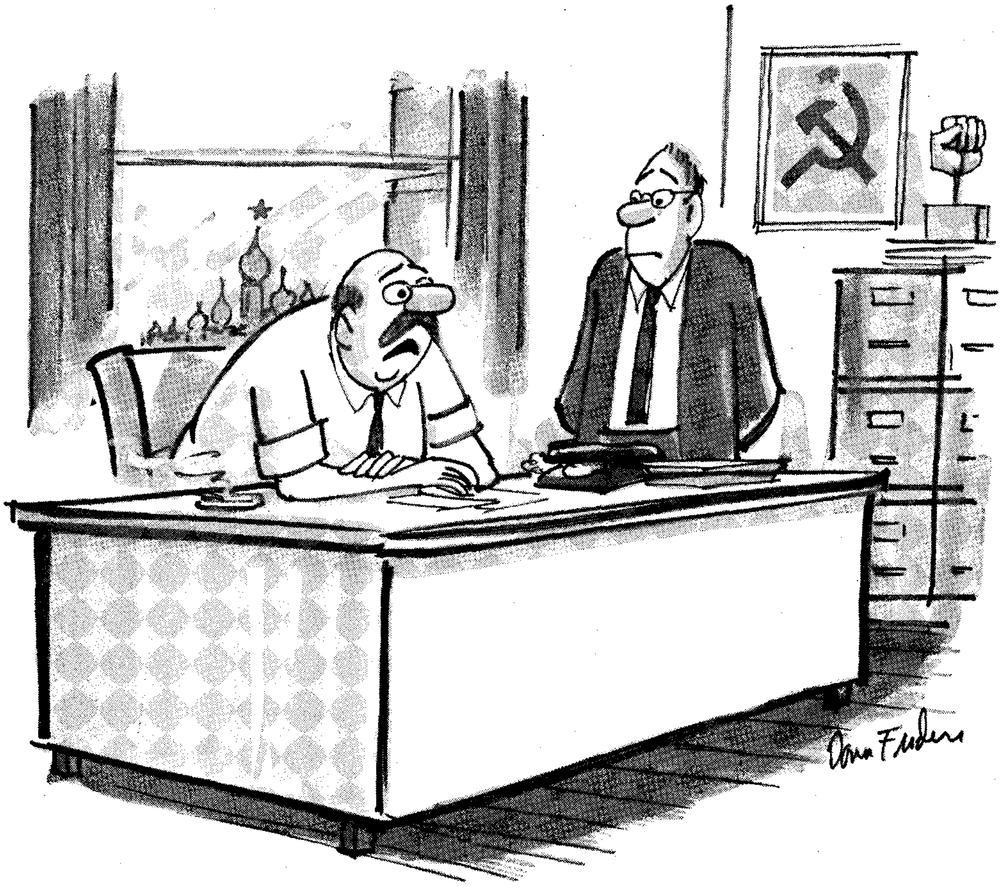
Notes and Comment

As the last looters were being arrested by police, and the last fires set by arsonists were being put out by firemen, after the riots that followed the recent power failure here, the *Times* ran an editorial comparing these riots, in Harlem and Brooklyn, with the riots that raged through scores of American cities during the nineteen-sixties. The first of those riots, in 1964, were also in Harlem and Brooklyn, and, like the later and the most recent riots, they were confined to the poorest neighborhoods and were the work of young black and Hispanic males, who focussed on such targets as liquor, appliance, clothing, and furniture stores. This time, though, the police didn't shoot anyone, and many black and Spanish residents, outraged by the pillage, stood guard over stores that were threatened, and led police to looters. The causes of the latest riots, the *Times* stated, were much the same as the causes of the earlier ones. "Not all that much has changed for the poorest minorities since 1964," the editorial observed. "Indeed, the unemployment figures for minority youth—that segment of the population most heavily involved in the looting—have steadily worsened. In the most basic sense, then, as was endlessly observed in the 60's, the rules of the society just do not work for these people; hence, when under stress or given exceptional opportunities, they see no reason to play by those rules." The editorial went on to describe "the loss of a lifetime of labor" suffered by local merchants, and "the scars of boarded-up stores, rubble-strewn vacant lots, hollow storefronts, desolation" now further afflicting the slum neighborhoods that were ravaged, and it called on the police and prosecutors "to identify and punish as many criminals as possible." The editorial concluded, "It must also be observed that we must begin to understand that, at least in some measure, these scars are self-inflicted. We did not spend enough of our ingenuity and our affluence to solve the problems the riots of the 60's made evident."

Two days later, in the Sunday edition of the *Times*, the lead editorial expanded on these themes:

> Places called Bushwick, Brownsville, East Harlem, and Williamsburg are miles beyond the ken of the thriving and thrusting Americans who make policy and mold opinions. The people who live in such places have always been beyond the vision of most Americans, but since the upheavals of the 60's, they have become even less visible. The new prominence of a relative handful of members of minority groups has, in the minds of the majorities in America, masked the enduring torments of poverty and race. But the invisibility of the inhabitants of the most forsaken, barren corners of urban America does not make their anguish or their rage less real. It simply makes their situation more hopeless, and they know it.
>
> These people are victims of economic and social forces that they sense but do not understand: Puerto Ricans from an island where economic possibilities seem limited, and blacks from Southern farms where mechanization made them superfluous. Now they are locked in a once-promising city, watching jobs and opportunity evaporate across the suburban horizon. Federal data indicate that the jobless rate for minority youth rose from 29 percent in 1973 to . . . beyond 40 percent in the recovering economy of 1976. . . .
>
> In essence, the "animals" and the "scum" [as the rioters were publicly called by their neighbors and by outsiders] are people not bound to this society's values even by the semblance of equal opportunity in life. They have little reason to believe that the common good includes them. Of course society must protect itself. Of course the police must maintain order and criminals must be punished swiftly and certainly. But if those are the only lessons that President Carter, Mayor Beame, and the rest of us carry away from last week's anguish, we are in much worse trouble than we thought in the ugly hours before dawn on Thursday. In the blindness of that night, New York and America could see rage. We've been put on notice again. We may continue to ignore the terrible problems of poverty and race, but we must do so aware of the risks to both justice and peace.

Hundreds of letters to the editor poured in to the *Times*, and by a ratio of twenty to one they were opposed, adamantly and often vituperatively, to its editorial viewpoint. A few days later, the *Times* printed several of these let-



"How come when they break out the vodka bottles in the Kremlin we're never invited?"

• •

ters at the bottom of its editorial columns. One reader wrote, "In any Western democracy the troops would have been called out and would have taken firm measures. What if a *real* revolution breaks out? Would it take a day to call up the National Guard? God help us." One lesson that *was* learned from the riots of the sixties was that the National Guard is the worst possible force to deal with such situations. Its members are poorly trained in general, largely untrained in dealing with urban disorders, and usually so inexperienced that they tend to panic, as they did at Kent State University in 1970. When Governor Carey was asked why he hadn't sent in the Guard to restore order, he replied that he hadn't been asked to, and added that if he had been he wouldn't have complied, because the Guard would have made matters worse. "Of course the police could not cope," the letter to the editor continued. "It is not *their* task to defend the basics of our democracy." Actually, the police performed superbly under very difficult conditions. And, actually, it is as much *their* task as it is the task of any other part of our law-enforcement apparatus to defend the basics of democracy—among them law and order. "The warning should have gone out that every looter would be shot on the spot," the writer went on. In the spring of 1968, following the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Mayor Richard Daley, of Chicago, had the National Guard sent in to quell riots there, and told local police to shoot looters and arsonists. Nine people were killed. In addition, more than three hundred were injured, and twenty-eight blocks of the city were severely damaged—far greater destruction than occurred here. "You still try to justify their behavior," the writer added. "They live on welfare and rip off the Federal Government on all the anti-poverty programs. We either cut them off completely, or we will have to face a drastic evaluation of the situation. The Puerto Ricans can go back to P.R. They belong there anyway and if the blacks do not shape up they can go back to the South." Of course, at no point had the *Times* editorials tried in any way to justify the behavior of the rioters. (This accusation—that any attempt to explain the riots was an attempt to excuse them—was a common theme of the mail to the *Times*.) The charge that the rioters live on welfare is untrue, for those arrested, like those looters shown on the television news, were almost all young men, and fewer than six per cent of the people on welfare in New York State are men who are physically able to work. And, of course, the great anti-poverty effort begun in the nineteen-sixties hardly exists anymore. The writer's final warning about sending Puerto Ricans back to Puerto Rico and blacks back to the South was odd coming from a man who preached about the basics of our democracy, one of which is the right of citizens to live where they please.

"I know of no group who has received more time, attention, and money in recent years than the poor of New York," wrote another correspondent to the *Times*. "They are one of the main causes the city is in financial difficulty." Apparently, the writer had forgotten about the time, attention, and money given to the rich—especially those bankers who have exploited the city at every turn and then invested their earnings elsewhere.

A third writer complained about "the type of decrepit clichés still believed only by sentimentalists, professional liberals, and your editorial board," and went on to attack "publicly funded demagogues (Lindsay, Abzug, and Sutton-type politicians and sundry poverty-program Mussolinis) who pander to our permanently established rabble." No politician panders to people who don't vote, and huge numbers of the poor don't vote. "It is bad form to tell these parasites that looting, vandalism, arson, and other violent crimes are no-nos," the same correspondent wrote, even though the *Times* had called for prosecution of the looters and arsonists, and even though some three thousand of them had already been arrested. "It is so much more elegant, so much more profound, so much more chic to blather about the debt which our society owes to its destroyers." One purpose of helping the poor is to create a more equitable, and more just, society, so that no large group of people will be sufficiently dissatisfied to destroy that society. "If only we had heeded the lessons of the 1960's and spent more money, you say," this letter continued. "The basic lesson most of us have learned from the 1960's is that the great majority of the publicly funded programs then begun were utter fiascos. Without accomplishing anything for the poor, they enriched poverty-program bureaucrats, while crime was increasing, once-stable neighborhoods were being destroyed, schools became jungles, business left in disgust, and the middle class fled in despair." While those two statements were largely true, they were an indictment of bureaucrats—not of the poor, who were deceived and cheated anew.

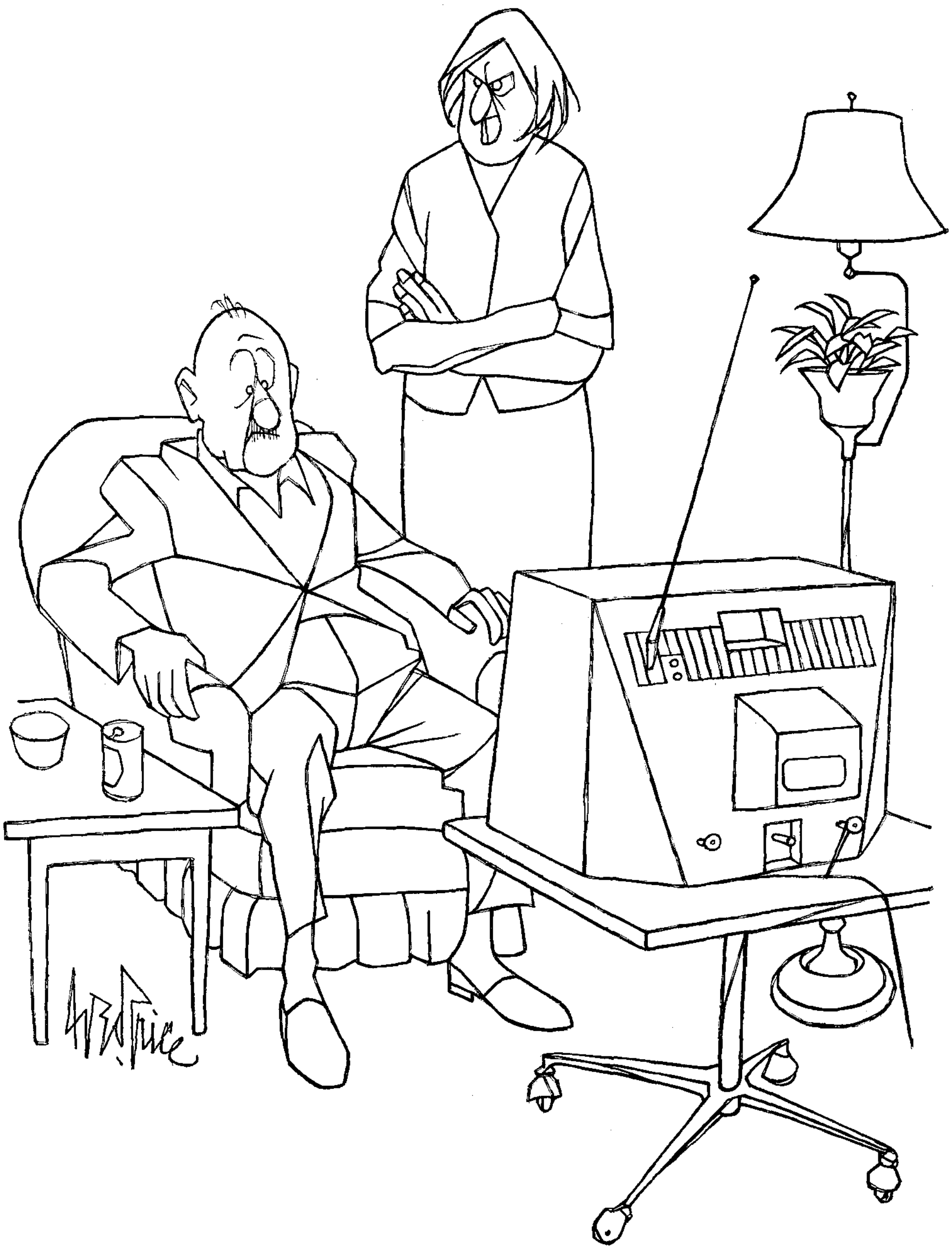
The last letter printed by the *Times* was the shortest: "Oh, yes, says the *Times*, looting is to be deplored, but 'We did not spend enough of our ingenuity and affluence to solve the problems the riots of the 60's made evident.' Bah! Looters are born, not made."

If the public reaction to the *Times* editorials is a fair measure of public sentiment in general, this nation is in for a far worse time than the one it suffered through in the sixties. The attitude expressed in these letters is set so defiantly against the facts that it suggests one conclusion alone: the attitude toward the riots created the riots. Bigots are made, not born, and the bigotry that blazes through the statements in the letters ignores, to a revealing extent, even the fundamental problem—poverty. Throughout history, it has been demonstrated again and again and again that poverty creates crime. While the *Times* editorial said that federal data put unemployment for "minority youth" at forty per cent, the figure cited by the Urban League for non-white teen-age males in the summer is upward of sixty per cent. People without jobs, and without any hope of getting jobs, are likely to steal. They always have been and they always will be. And when people not only are helplessly poor but are excluded from ordinary society—as the great majority of non-whites are from this white society—they have little reason to live by that society's moral traditions or obey that society's laws. Indeed, they have every reason to reject both traditions and laws, because that is what they are taught to do by the people who established the traditions and wrote the laws. The traditions are honesty, independence, and fair play, but whites have lied to colored races, kept them enslaved, and treated them unfairly for centuries. The laws are supposed to apply equally to everyone, but they never have. For instance, at the same time that letters were pouring in to the *Times* attacking it for its editorials, similar letters were pouring in to the Legal Aid Society attacking it for representing rioters, and threatening to withhold future donations for its support. Yet the law assures everyone accused of a crime the right to legal representation—a right that such letter writers would assert at once if they were accused of crimes. And the hypocrisy displayed so widely following the riots obscured another fundamental fact: the chief victim of the black and Hispanic rioters, finally, is the black and Hispanic community.

• •

Styles

AT eleven o'clock on a recent morning, a man and a woman, both members of the National Trust for Historic Preservation (chartered by Congress, 1949; a hundred thousand members), stood on a stone walk facing the river front of Montgomery Place, a house built in 1804 and 1805 in Dutchess County, New York, and gave a certain sympathetic attention to the elements of the façade before them. The façade they saw (facing the Catskills across the Hudson River) was of ivory stucco and wood and was demarked by six bays; four of these were enclosed by a porch, which was supported by four columns. Each of the six bays was framed by large gray shutters. From the porch, a flight of wooden steps, painted gray, descended to the stone walk. The second story (also divided into six bays that were framed by gray shutters) was surmounted by an elaborate frieze, by an elaborate cornice, and, at the very top, by an elaborate balustrade, which had its climax in an elaborate decorated gable in the center. A small buff-colored booklet prepared by the National Trust informed the two visitors that Montgomery Place had been built by Janet Livingston Montgomery, sister of Chancellor Robert Livingston, who served as the head of the New York State Court of Chancery from 1777 until 1801; that it had



"You say you're sorry. You act sorry. And you look sorry. But you're not sorry."

remained in the Livingston family; that its present resident was Major John White Delafield, who is a Livingston descendant; and that it had been a simple house at first but had been twice remodelled by Alexander Jackson Davis. The booklet told them that the conservatory, the garden structures, and the formal gardens were gone.

"I think it looks like Ravensworth," the woman said, in a voice marked by firmness and a light Southern accent.

"Ravensworth?" the man asked.

"Ravensworth," the woman said.

"I don't know Ravensworth," the man said.

"Oh, that's too bad," the woman said.

There are two organizations whose mention can engage the immediate interest of the proprietors of the large houses (most of them erected by members of the Livingston family) that lie along the Hudson River in the townships of Red Hook and Rhinebeck, in Dutchess County. One is the organization of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, which has bought the riverfront property in Barrytown formerly belonging to the Christian Brothers; the other is the National Trust for Historic Preservation, an organization whose purpose is to preserve historic American buildings. There are other issues of interest to those proprietors, of course (Major John White Delafield, for instance, is interested in the success of his peach business), but news that the influence of either of these organizations—the one headed by a Korean evangelist, the other headed by James Biddle—is about to recede, or advance, or vanish, or become corporeal, has an immediacy that other news can lack. The sense, along the Hudson, that the great houses there cannot be maintained much longer without the sort of help the National Trust has been known to provide may explain why Montgomery Place, which is not a house that is easy to visit (even by people who are not members of Mr. Moon's organization), was fully open on this recent morning to several dozen members and officials of the Trust, including President Biddle and the man and woman who were engaged in studying the façade.

Honoria Livingston McVitty, a relative of Major and Mrs. Delafield, was stationed inside the house—in the drawing room, which was perhaps the station of most honor. With her late sister Janet Livingston, Mrs. McVitty grew up at Clermont, which is the oldest surviving Livingston mansion on the Hudson, and which is now Clermont State Historic Park. Mrs. McVitty, a tall, friendly, well-spoken woman of lightly borne distinction, stood in the drawing room, a typed sheet of paper in front of her. She stood under a gilt-and-crystal chandelier (c. 1810). To her left was a settee covered in Beauvais tapestry. "Now, about the settee," said Mrs. McVitty to a visitor without looking at her sheet. "Benjamin Franklin and Chancellor Livingston went shopping in Paris for Beauvais tapestry and brought it home for Janet Montgomery. Janet Montgomery was Chancellor Livingston's sister, you see. What else can I tell you?" Mrs. McVitty looked at her sheet. "*These*," she said, waving a hand toward two Chinese urns, "belonged to the Emperor Iturbide, of Mexico. Now, I haven't heard of him, have you? He was before Maximilian. Or after. Oh, here, I can give you his dates—1822-23. I'm so glad I have got a piece of paper. I thought I knew this room, but, you know, you just don't pay attention when you come for lunch."

James Biddle, who was dressed in a shirt that hung loose to his waist and was striped in very strong primary colors, walked into the drawing room. Mrs. McVitty shook his hand. "I think it's grand you're doing the Hudson River," she said. "Is there anything you'd like to know? But I'm sure you know everything." She turned to a companion. "Don't you suppose he does?"

Thomas Slade, an architectural historian on the staff of the National Trust, and another member of the Trust looked at the baseboard of the drawing room.

"It's unusual," Mr. Slade said. "It's fluted."

"And it's got filleting in between," the other man said.

"It seems almost a waste on a baseboard," Mr. Slade said.

A Hudson River neighbor went up to Mrs. McVitty. They talked about a picnic that had been held at Clermont State Historic Park on the weekend of July 4th. Mrs. McVitty had gone to the picnic and had acted, in an informal way, as hostess at her own former house and grounds to one or two visiting neighbors and their guests, one of whom was the Maharaja of Bundi. "Oh, wasn't that fun!" Mrs. McVitty said.

In the front hallway, Mrs. Howland Davis, who is also connected to the Livingston family, stood with another typed sheet. To her left was a tray holding some old calling cards. There was a card from Vincent Astor. Vincent Astor maintained on the Hudson a considerable property called Ferncliff. After his death, in 1959, much of Ferncliff was given over to a nursing home. There was a card from Miss Ethel Douglas Merritt, of Leacote. Leacote, a house in the Gothic Revival style, was abandoned some years ago, and it burned to the ground in April of this year. There was a card from Miss Margaret Lynch Suckley. Miss Suckley, who is called Daisy by people in the neighborhood, still lives in her Hudson River house, Wilderstein, which her father, Robert B. Suckley, completed in 1889.

Later in the day, a buffet lunch was to be given for people involved in the tour at Edgewater, a flawless Late Federal house, built in 1820 by John Livingston, who was a brother of the Chancellor and of Janet Livingston Montgomery. Edgewater is owned, and kept in considerable state, by Richard H. Jenrette. (He arrived just before lunch in a seaplane and came ashore in a canoe.) Edgewater is the only one of the large houses in Red Hook or Rhinebeck to have uninterrupted access to the Hudson—which is to say that it lies to the river side of the tracks of the old New York Central. The tracks of the old New York Central (now Conrail) lie very close to Edgewater, and the approach of a train compels notice.

ANTHONY ZUNINO was at the Edgewater lunch. Anthony Zunino, a National Trust member, is a young architect who has put together a plan (requiring the coördination of local municipalities and private money, within the framework of the revised tax law) to construct six condominium apartments within Wyndclyffe, a nineteenth-century brick house, now near ruin, that was built on the river by Elizabeth Schermerhorn Jones, an aunt of Edith Wharton. He had with him a black vinyl notebook. On its inside cover, the notebook said "Wyndclyffe—Adaptive Re-Use Proposal."

John Winthrop Aldrich was there. John Winthrop Aldrich, also a National Trust member, is one of the proprietors of Rokeby, a house near Edgewater which was built by General

LEO J. FRITTS

John Armstrong and his wife, Alida Livingston, who was a sister of Chancellor Livingston. John Winthrop Aldrich works for the State Department of Environmental Conservation, in Albany, and had had some role in arranging the itinerary of the National Trust tour. John Winthrop Aldrich was talking with his cousin Emily Zimmer, who is a daughter of Alice Astor, a sister of Vincent Astor. Emily Zimmer grew up in a house (next to Ferncliff) that now belongs to a charitable religious organization called Teen Challenge.

James Biddle gave a small speech before lunch. He announced that, together with the towns of Red Hook and Rhinebeck, and local preservation groups, the National Trust was about to set up a task force to help the towns deal with the problems presented by the troubled state of the large riverfront properties.

A very well-groomed young man in a jacket that was very luxurious approached a man who was renting a house in the neighborhood. "If you want to buy that house, you better buy it soon," he said.

A vivid woman in sunglasses entered the conversation. "Oh, I know *all about* that house," she said, "but I *won't tell* you how."

John Winthrop Aldrich introduced Emily Zimmer to a member of the National Trust. "Emily grew up at what is now known as Teen Challenge," John Winthrop Aldrich said.

Major John White Delafield, of Montgomery Place, was at the lunch. He talked about the orchards at Montgomery Place. "Everyone knows about the peaches," he said, "but the pick-your-own apples are wonderful, too."

THAT day's tour by members of the National Trust for Historic Preservation ended at Wilderstein, the home of Miss Margaret Lynch Suckley. Wilderstein is in some ways the most remarkable house on the Red Hook-Rhinebeck stretch of river, and Miss Suckley the most remarkable proprietor. Built entirely of wood, it is a house in a highly eclectic nineteenth-century style. It began, in 1853, as a "villa," in the Italian manner. Then, in 1888 and 1889, a third story, an attic, a new roof, and an extraordinary tower were added. At the same time, its interior was entirely redone, to make each principal ground-floor room reminiscent of a different period. In 1890, its grounds were laid out by Calvert Vaux. And then it was not touched. Nothing that was put in the house in 1889 is missing now, and it has been lived in (by Miss Suckley and two brothers until recently; now by Miss Suckley alone) in a way that makes the house and its spirit completely intelligible to a visitor. Untouched by the hand of redecoration, untouched by neglect or stupidity, the house has not been touched, either, by any self-conscious mode—curatorial or possessive. The principal drawing room, in cherry wood, is decorated in a motif derived from the Adam style and described in the plans (of the Joseph B. Tiffany Company, which undertook the decoration) as "Colonial." A smaller drawing room is done in "Louis XVI." The dining room, in mahagony, is "Jacobean." The library, in oak, is "Gothic." Throughout the house there is stained glass of the most astonishing quality—the work, it is presumed, of Louis Comfort Tiffany.

As the National Trust group approached Miss Suckley's house, Miss Suckley, a small woman with white hair, stood straight at her door. She gave each guest her hand and a word of greeting.

"I'm from Michigan," one woman said to Miss Suckley.

"I think it's just wonderful that I don't have to travel to meet people from everywhere," Miss Suckley said.

"Thank you so much for having us," another woman said.

"Oh, I should have had a big entertainment for you," Miss Suckley said.

THE HEADRAG

Willie Ruth was not tall or imposing-looking until she dressed her head for the night. She had a blue knit wool cap, the kind children wear out on cold days, and this was the foundation of the headrag. Onto it she wound scarves, one sheer and an exotic black, one silk with its own tassel. On top, and beginning from below her ears to a peak just above her forehead, was a large Ace Bandage. The face below, bloated and ill-pieced, took on a kind of detached appropriateness, as if, the final fastener having been placed, there was nothing more needed for a calm and eventless night.

She seldom watched television once the headrag was on. The child she nursed was usually wedged into the rocker beside her, as she didn't want her legs sat on. She rested her head on a towel and stared at the high plaster ceiling to let the child go on and get its fill of gunfights and silences and husky love voices till it was sleepy enough. Then she would take a large pillow she kept on the sofa and quickly push its bulk where her own had been, meanwhile starting the child to rocking. For a minute or two she stood behind the chair, keeping it going and gradually leaving off. Then she could go into the back bedroom, draw up the covers, and prop herself just right against the mahogany headboard so she wouldn't have any trouble with her double hernia. After a while she would close her eyes against the long country night. The house was deep in the woods. It was bad luck when the child came crying, wanting herself enclosed by arms and settling talk, but usually she could be found in the morning still in the rocker, cold and drawn up in a knot.

Willie Ruth made coffee at first light. She could not drink but a few sips, but it gave the house the right feel to have boiling water running through the grounds. Sometimes when the child woke, which was always early, she would let her drink some from her mug, thick with sugar and blown off to suit her.

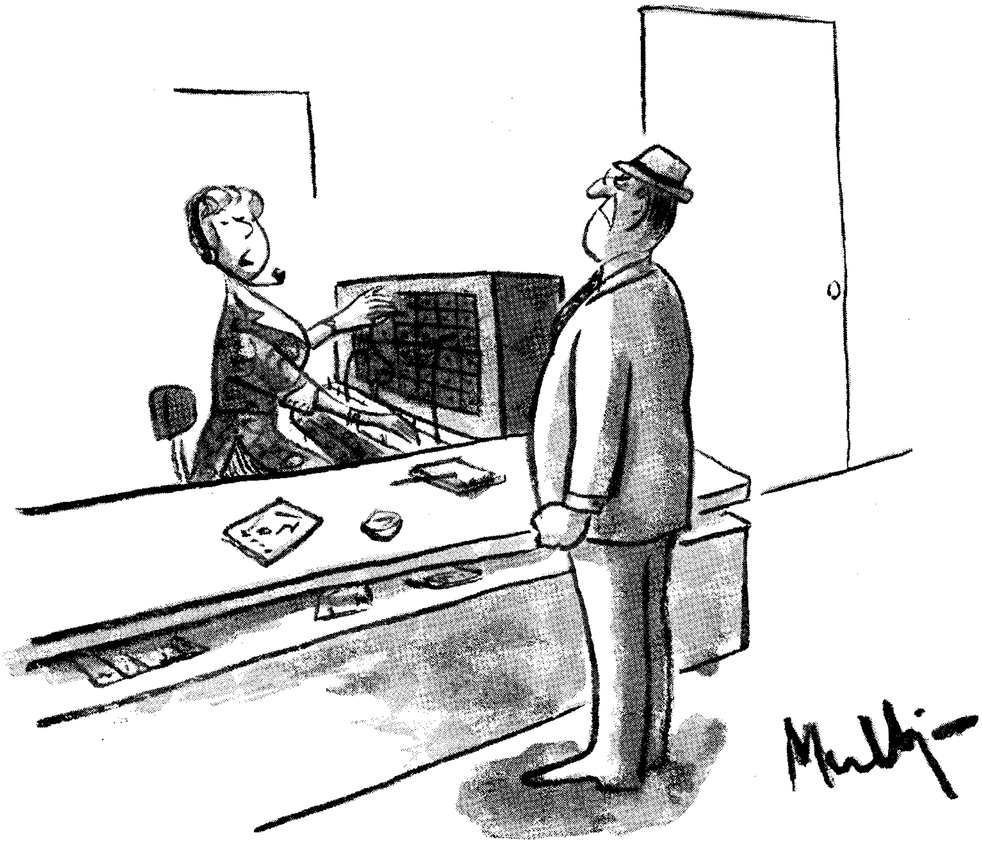
There were always a few dirty clothes from the day before to put in the sink and work on with the washboard and the Wisk. The child's father had to be gone a few days now and then in New Orleans, and he paid good money to have the house kept closed and tight and the child taken care of. He had strung up drying lines on the screened porch so she wouldn't have to unlock.

SPORTS WEAR

"Excellent, sir. It says 'I respect my body, but I don't worship it.'"

The thing she resented, and rightly so, was the impossibility of running home to check on her own house on Sugar Hill and the little trash she had accumulated across the years. In addition to a wood cookstove and a tufted bed with two chairs and a bureau, she had bought herself a color TV set on legs. One object alone sat on this, a large glass horse that was hollow under its belly. She stuffed important papers here and could pretty well see from the outside the shapes and writing and textures. There was her only brother's address in Little Tallulah, snatches of Social Security correspondence, various graduations that demanded attention, and the funeral parlor's calendar. God only knew what would happen to these things, laying hens and canned pears included, while she was out in the woods minding this white man's child. Still, that was the way. He paid five dollars a round day (dark included) and all of her Social Security. This meant that in another year, with twenty-one quarters paid up, she could quit and live at peace. Paying anything at all to the government was dangerous. She knew this. One jump and they had you. But the child's father was almost a crook himself and he believed she was safe. He said they wouldn't bother her. You could trust him to a certain extent.

And besides, there was the elderly brother in Little Tallulah (which he said was a part of Las Vegas), who begged her, every letter she got, to just climb on the bus and try it. Out there, he meant. He was only her half brother and eighty years old, but he would never in the world divulge her whereabouts if she told him not to. Sometimes she weighed the loss of everything on Sugar Hill with the benefits of life in Little Tallulah. Her brother would not begrudge her anything—to him she was just a girl. Yet it seemed like familiar blessings hung in the balance. Here she had saved enough money in her girdle to replace just about anything she needed if people burned her out. And still have the government check, if time kept running on. Here in King's Town she had neighbors of years' standing. One in particular kept



"Mr. Archer is not in. Mr. Archer, it seems, has flown the coop."

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a full-term baby in rubbing alcohol. This could be brought out of the chifforobe for her to see, floating around as dead as a doornail. Another neighbor had so much sympathy for her that she cried if she caught a cold, and if a store cheated her out of even so much as a dime the neighbor flailed around until it was all she could do to keep her from calling the sheriff. The very character of Sugar Hill meant something, its living and its dead, its worrisome children and flies. Las Vegas, she felt sure, would have fine, long streets and big stores, and wherever you went people would know aplenty. Yet her brother didn't even have his own dumphole. He had to put his waste in a twenty-five-cent sack and set it out on the street. He had already admitted that his house was completely Sheetrocked. No indeed, this little white child wouldn't last forever. If she kept her temper and stuck it out, the father would be nice to her in any kind of trouble. He was all right. He carried a doctor bag and pills and wasn't a *real* doctor, so he had to depend on somebody. All he worried about was the skinny little girl and her staying locked up and not seeing anybody till he could make it back.

When it was about time to look for him, she fixed a hot rag and went over the thin, hard child and put on her a clean dress. She was practically no trouble except for her addling talk. You had to think your own thoughts and not listen at her. She spoke of things too wise for a Chinaman and killed out your common sense. She must be like this because she had no mother. Her father said it, not hide nor hair of one. She was a rubbed-up man's child, most likely—the rarest kind of case. No wonder he kept her in.

Willie Ruth herself did not care much for men. She had been struck on the head by her blood father and thrown in a ditch to die. She had had other trouble. It was a shame, and not many people remembered it, but she was not even from King County. The same brother who now resided in Las Vegas had taken her in when her father tried to kill her. It was terrible yet to remember the first few days when he made her go to school. Where are you from, girl? What are you doing *here*? Her brother had been angry, people melling her so. She stayed behind the door, him bringing her bowls of mashed potatoes and gravy and telling her not to mind, it would all straighten out. Yes, her old brother had been mighty nice and taught her certain things, such as how to wind a headrag against the moon and evil spirits. Well, sir, and his wife had finally passed and still he stayed out there.

WHEN she was on the job, Willie Ruth dozed so much during the day that she was worn out by nightfall. She was halfway looking for the papa, though, so she stirred herself to straighten around and get the child cleaned up. It had been three days.

By the time they got to the murders, she could hardly hold her eyes open. The child followed each story and gripped the arm of the rocker when the bad man started creeping and the music turned around. It all seemed the same as last night. "Didn't that same man do that before?" she asked the child, but the child didn't hear her.

It grew late enough to make her think the father wasn't coming. She had undressed and wrapped her head with the usual care for the night. She was sitting back in the rocker until she could jam the pillow and set the chair to rocking. Then a flash of light on the chandelier above their heads made her wide awake. One car was chasing another on the set, but it couldn't have been that. The child had seen a real flash, too, and was running to the sidelights along the big front doors.

It was a car, but instead of stopping at the drive it drove on up in the moonlight clear to the flower gate. The dogs were going wild. It was not the father's car but an old rusty Buick that prowled the streets of King's Town. The horn blew for help in getting off the dogs.

It is a funny thing when you think you won't open a door no matter what and then when people come you go right on and do. Willie Ruth threatened the dogs to leave off and the child stood beside her in the open door, ordering them to hush. A man was getting out of the passenger's seat and making his way unsteadily to the porch, holding on to things as he progressed. The driver could be seen smiling in the moonlight and both men were drunk, yet humble and beseeching. The man at the door explained the best he could. They had poured kerosene on a lady and then set her on fire. Now she was in the back of the car, burned up almost. They wanted to know if they could borrow some money to take her up to Natchez to the hospital.

The child took charge of the drunk man at the door. Yes indeed. Her papa left money in the butter dish and she would go and get it.

Willie Ruth blinked and tried to gather her wits. They could have burned a lady, but they could just need more drink. The odor of the Cape jasmine and the light of the moon passed inward upon her brain. The child had returned with the money, rushed past the man at the door, and was handing it up to the driver. The dogs closed in on her and pressed against her sides, anxious to have a role. The night burned with the heavy smell of flowers, the moon, and a possibly near-dead lady unseen in the back of the car.

"He tied her," the man at the door was declaiming, as if he was ready to dissociate himself from the very story he told. "I say don't tie her, but he went on and tied her."

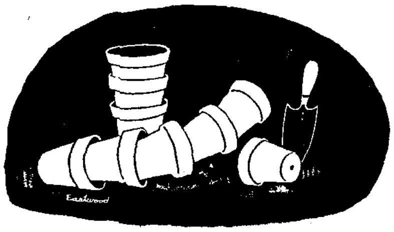
The driver had turned his attention to the child as she counted him out the money. His gold-brightened smile crumbled and he began to cry. He tried to form words with his limp mouth. "God bless you," he said. And then he seemed to gain confidence and became very formal. "God bless all children. In all lands."

Suddenly, above the light of the moon and the headlights of the car, there was a dazzling blue glare. Another car was coming over the cattle gap, this one at breakneck speed. The child's thin fast legs carried her into the house and Willie Ruth slammed the door shut and put back on the bolt. By the time she could peek through the sidelights, both cars had turned their lights off and there was nothing but the moon.

They went back to the rocker, and she took the child on her lap and jiggled her up and down. They got interested in a show and breathed easy over the customary pauses for grease and pain-relievers. It couldn't have been the father. If it had been, nothing would have kept him from getting his revenge. He would have killed the two drunks and then brought his gun in the house and used it straight on her. No, it wasn't him. It was friends, maybe, of the two men, come to help them get to Natchez—bad people too. She had done wrong to open the door, but she had slammed it back in time. Only the child's father could turn the dead bolt. Now there was a scream and some brakes screeching, but she could match the picture on television to the sound.

She could never sleep, and so she did not try to break away from the child but rocked on into the news. Time was in her favor. If enough time went by it couldn't have been the father. The child had fallen asleep, and she carried her to the bed and arranged the covers carefully, patting the little shoulder, then crept back to the set and began to watch the movie.

The moon was over the top of the house before she heard the lock turn.



The father came in in the dark and she heard the sound of the round brass studs on the bottom of his bag as he set it down in the hall.

"Just fine," she said, as if he'd asked a question. "She sleeping good tonight."

Still without speaking, the white man walked back to the bed where the child lay, picked her up, and carried her to his room. The door closed, there was the sound of the key in that lock, and then the house was quiet.

Willie Ruth tied her robe around her and tiptoed to her room. The needed rest escaped her as she reasoned about the outcome. He had to have her help. He couldn't take the child to New Orleans or leave her here alone. He

BY THE RUINS OF A GUN EMPLACEMENT: SAINT-BENOÎT-SUR-LOIRE

Behind us, the haystack rustles
Into the summer dusk, and the limber girl's knees
Alone are barely visible among the rust
Of grape leaves. We are one face
Gazing into another, dim.

What shall we do if the round moon comes down
The river alone
And strolls up out of the Loire
To take once more his command of these pastures,
Orchards, and the many bypaths for wandering,
Takes them for his own once more, his own
Paternal fields?

As the lovers scuffle
In the drying coins of the dewfall behind us,
I can close my eyes and see the tall, young
Noble, the moon, pausing
A mile or so down the river, inland
Maybe three-quarters of a mile,
By the sand-pit pond. There, no one at nightfall
Pauses alone with his wine. There, no one
At dewrise, but only the moon
Lifting deliberately, between the long, slim
Fingers, the startling faces
Of night creatures. Who are they?

I met a snail on a stone at Fleury,
Where now Max Jacob walks happily among the candles
Of his brothers, but I still do not know
The snail's secret.
I do not even know
What we shall do if the round moon comes down
The river and strolls up
Out of the Loire
To take once more your startling face up
Among his drowsed swans,
All three, whose names,
Dewfall and Nightrise and Basilica,
Napoleon stole from Spanish horses
A dusk long ago, before the last time

Somebody gouged a trench along the Loire.

—JAMES WRIGHT

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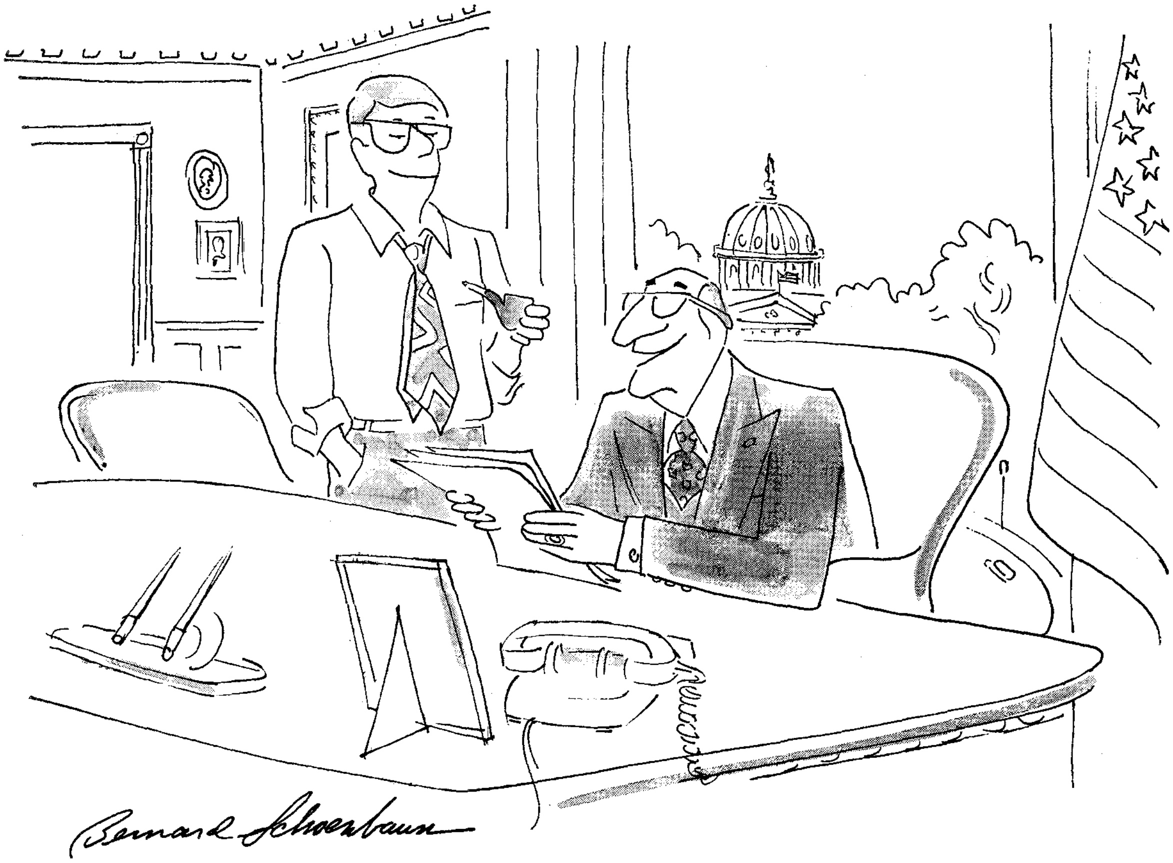
hadn't said anything, but he might be waiting for daylight. Maybe she should leave now, follow the familiar deer path through the woods to the shortest cut to King's Town. She shook with nervous chills. At last the roosters crowed.



"Splendid, Williams! One can't tell where style ends and substance begins."

WHEN she got back to the kitchen, thinking to make his coffee, there he was. He had on the same suit he had worn away and the same black tie. Coffee was on the stove. He said nothing as she entered but acted the same as usual.

She squinted from under the headrag out of the kitchen windows, trying to see beyond. The big leaves of the fig brushed against the screens.

"It looks like a nice day."

The evenness of his voice, his matter-of-fact look, made her hope rise.

"Why don't you run get your things," he suggested. "Don't bother to dress, I'm in a hurry."

She rejoiced in his calm, in the clean five-dollar bills that would be in his envelope, in getting back to Sugar Hill, where she could try to find out some more. He didn't suspect a thing. The child would still be sleeping, even in the car.

The three of them together drove down the country road. The child was slumped over in her blanket and her father looked straight ahead, his mind about on business. They ran past the Bermuda field and around the curve to the big gully that spread a mile or two beneath the road and dropped two hundred feet. She looked down on her side and there were the tops of the oaks and the wild pecans. A little haze hung over them, strange for a summer morning, and she thought she could smell some smoke. Could the father have followed the Buick along the dark and curving road until he caught them trying to get by the gully? She wouldn't put it past him. After all, they would never be found until Thanksgiving, when the hunters were fanning out. But ever so quickly they were winding up to Chapel Street, where stately-looking houses were interspersed with steeples.

They climbed the gravel of Sugar Hill, pausing to miss a chicken and then to let a blacksnake finish its Scripture-ordered course across the road. When they got to her house, he reached inside his coat and handed her the envelope with her pay. The only thing was he didn't get out, as he usually did, but then the child was propped between them. She wrestled her door handle and worked it loose and thanked him for the money. Then she did the worst thing she could have done—walked in front of the car to get to the driver's window. As she looked down she saw a bashed-in place on the bumper she hadn't noticed before.

He rolled down the window obligingly to see what she wanted to say.

"It don't have anything to do with the two gentlemen, do it?" She stooped and threw gravel at those of her chickens that had wandered down in the road. "Did you send two gentlemen out home last night?"

"Two gentlemen?" he repeated, as quiet as the end of a hymn.

Their eyes met, hers bloodshot and stinging and his blue and unconcerned.

She stood respectfully waving as he drove off, and then rushed into her house, where everything was in order. Hastily she threw off her nightclothes and the headrag and put on her day dress with hose and shoes to match. There were two or three neighbors that always heard the news, and she went to each of their houses to ask about the lady, to describe the rusty Buick and find out what they knew.

It was hard to believe, but no one had heard a word. They wanted her to sit and tell them all about it, from the first. She broke away and walked on back to her house, cocking her eye for a stick. As soon as she found one and could get inside she went over to where she had dropped the headrag and picked it up, making sure not to touch it. Then she went out back, protected by plum thickets, and threw it, stick and all, as far as her strength would carry.

—BERRY MORGAN

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The wave of rationalism has people expressing Quebec and Canadian patriotism with lapel buttons, T-shirts, frisbees, balloons, beer steins, money clips, thermometers and perhaps two dozen other products as well as flags.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Cartesians are an odd bunch.

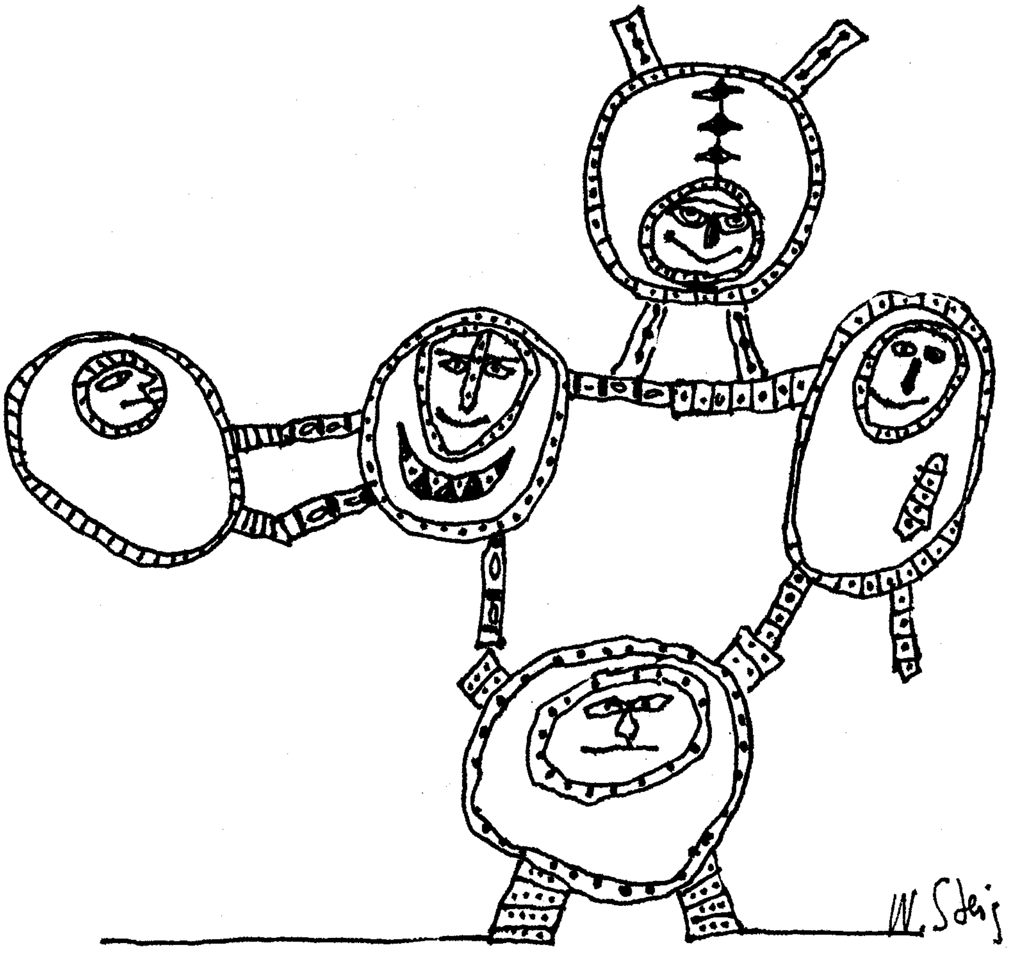
BY THE YELLOW LAKE

THERE is no far shore. Where there ought to be a dark tree line, there is only a vacant sky over the endless shallow lake—yellow water no deeper than my waist, stretching out as far as I can see—a lake compressed, the color of heavy sky before a great summer storm, and over it a sky with no color at all. Behind me, across the beach, Suzanne's house stands away from her neighbors' houses, out into the sand, with one old poplar tree beside it. I had to cut through some of the roots of the poplar yesterday to continue my digging under the house. Her basement, what there is of it, lies below the level of the lake. A mixture of coarse beach sand and yellow water seeps there. Under her house the sand has collected and turned gray and musty.

Suzanne bought the place because she liked the location, on the lake, but it is a poorly built house. Only half of the basement was ever completed. Her living room was sinking into the beach when I arrived. She thought the picture window overlooking the lake would shatter from the strain of the house sinking and shifting, so I have jacked the living room from underneath, on braces, until I can lay a proper foundation. There is only a makeshift foundation now: in places a few rows of red clay bricks laid on sand beneath the timbers, and in some places not even bricks, no foundation. The local contractors wouldn't touch the job, and it is no wonder. The only way to remove the sand has been with a wheelbarrow, along a network of boards from the unfinished half of the basement into the old part and up a ramp on the storm-cellar stairs.

I can smell the wet basement sand even here by the water—the smell is in my clothes, follows me home after work, where I have to hang my clothes outside—and back across the beach the wet gray mound I have been piling beside her house shows dark against the morning light.

I often work fourteen hours a day for Suzanne, and now Father Prior has told my mother—I have it from her—that he thinks I perform these long hours each day just for my ego's sake, as if I saw this work as only a test of strength. He should have sensed more here than labor. Indirectly, it was Father Prior who brought us to the yellow lake in the first place. In the beginning, when my mother and I came here, came to Father Prior, came to the Priory, inserted ourselves into this community, it was because of Father Prior's influence over my grandfather and because of my grandfather's influence over my mother. My father had been sent away by then, had gone off to start his life again. He had had no say in family matters for some time. Now Father Prior is failing us. He should have sensed more here than simple labor.



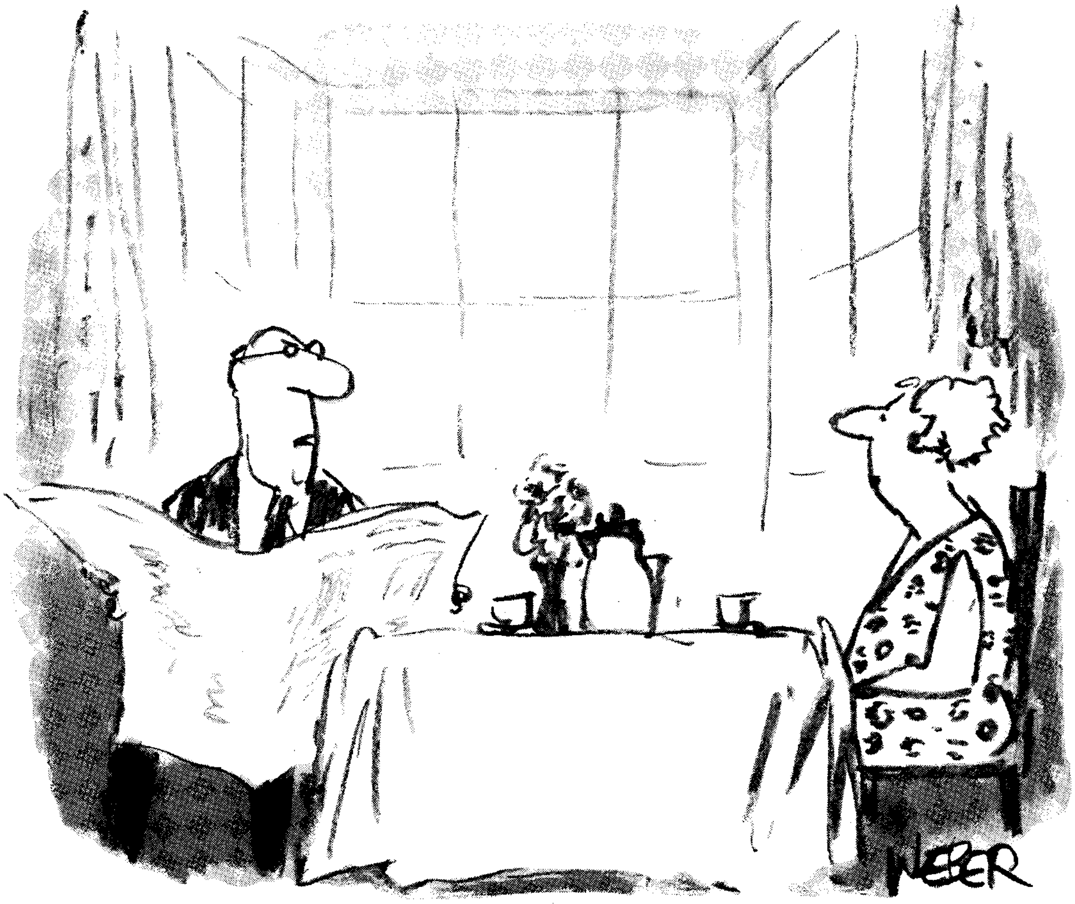
Acrobats

My grandfather was a minister all his life, but during the last years, instead of settling, as one might expect of a churchman, he became distant and troubled. He used to hallucinate and say strange things to people and walk about in the night. Everyone said it was senility. My mother assured me he had lost his faith. Through colleagues he heard about the Priory by the yellow lake, and he began making retreats to see Father Prior. The retreats became a regular part of his life, to the extent that just before he died, there was talk of him retiring to live out his days under Father Prior's care. In the course of things my mother, too, became absorbed into the life of the Priory. She introduced me to the Priory, talked me into living with the monks an entire summer rather than going to summer camp, and shortly after my grandfather's death, almost as if in his place, she bought a house near the yellow lake and we joined the Priory community permanently.

I came with my mother, but she expected me to leave in time. As a young person I was expected to want to leave home. In the end it was suggested that leaving would be a healthy experience. I have been away, not far, and for only a few years. I have no interest in travel, and I am glad to be in my mother's house again. I have been back for just a few months now.

Suzanne offered me the job in her basement not long after my return, and the night she spoke to me of it I had a vivid dream of my grandfather in hiding near the yellow lake, working underground in an elegant chamber. He was covering the walls of the chamber with abstract murals—long, sweeping things—moving about the room engrossed in his painting, painting seriously and with much energy, looking younger than I had ever before known him. He had a firm jaw and a full head of hair, both of which he had lost by the time I was born. He painted with authority, as if he had always been a painter of murals but had kept his art from the world. It was a large chamber, grand in its proportions and furnishings. The room was hung all around with trailing plants and it was filled with a clear green light. It felt deep and very still, like a sacred place. Although I sensed that it was forbidden to cross the threshold to the chamber of murals, I was filled with the power of discovery, and I entered without fear. I realized immediately that my grandfather had hoped I might find him there and would have the courage to come in. Without looking directly at me, dipping his head a little and gesturing with his arm in a motion of offering, he showed me his chair—of white marble inlaid with designs of red and blue. He offered me the chamber of his murals silently, and then he left me there.

I accepted Suzanne's offer of work without consideration, and though I am proud of my long hours—Father Prior is right about that bit of pride—what keeps me at this extraordinary labor is my dream of the chamber of murals.



"What do you mean what are my thoughts on the Concorde? Are you trying to drum up a conversation?"

I GOT to know Suzanne because she is the only one of my mother's friends who owns a piano. I went to Suzanne at first to play the piano. I still do. I practice for a couple of hours most mornings before work. When I told Father Prior about practicing at Suzanne's—"You play with a great passion," she had told me—he laughed. "You had better watch your step," he said. "That is a widow you are dealing with, you know." I was surprised. As with his thoughts about my working so hard, he was not entirely wrong—Suzanne does encourage my free coming and going in her house, invites more than a casual interest in her life. But, really, she knows nothing about me, nor I about her; she just wants her living room to stop sinking into the beach and she couldn't find a proper contractor to complete such odd work. Father Prior seems most often to be correct about things on a superficial level like that. He sees only the most obvious parts of things—if I am not guilty of the same short sight. My mother continues to think highly of him and has had him to dinner since I have been back, but despite the influence of her feelings for him I find Father Prior the way he has always been—effervescent, bald and shining, with a too healthy pink glow. He seems to inspire faith in everyone here but me. Father Prior is one of those leaders who draw people to them by sheer force of good will; he draws them in with his own strong pink light. I, for one, could never confide in him. I don't think he would listen for a moment to my dream of the chamber of murals.

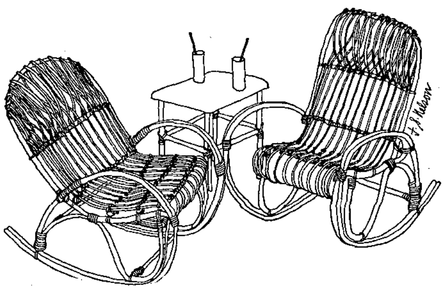
I TURN away from the lake to face the crowded line of houses across the beach. I walk back, smelling the damp-mold smell of the basement sand on my clothes, watching the house with the big poplar tree. A hysterical singsong of evangelism comes to me across the sand: "He washed himself, He washed himself, He washed himself and He got down to wash the others gathered . . ." The voice comes on as I close with the houses, comes wafting out to me across the sand. "He washed himself before them, and He got down to wash the people gathered there before Him." Inside the house to the right of Suzanne's, Anna is listening to her records behind closed window blinds, storing up faith. The few times I see Anna on the beach, in the evening, or just for a moment to talk to someone during the day, she is pale. She has an innocent, puffy face, and she moves like a stranger out toward the lake—an ungainly foreigner across the sand.

Bothwell, Anna's husband, met me at Suzanne's when I first went there, and he hired me to lay cement steps and a walk to their front door. That was my first job here, before I got the job with Suzanne. In fact, I suspect that it was Bothwell who suggested to Suzanne that I tackle her basement. Bothwell thinks I am quite a boy. I have heard him use exactly that phrase in describing me to his neighbors. He speaks to them while I am present, refers to me in the third person. Except for me, he is the youngest man in the neighborhood. He keeps a constant watch on my progress in Suzanne's basement—comes drinking beer at the end of his day and sits on the cellar stairs beside my ramp to watch me shovel the sand and wheel it past him. He is small and thin—not pleasantly small but fighting his smallness—with sharp eyes, and with blond hair almost white. A trickster. He gets himself into trouble, usually to do with drinking—trouble with his wife, trouble with his neighbors. The kind of small trouble that is easily avoidable. I respect Bothwell, because he is older than me and because he goes out of his way, most times, to impress me with his good intentions. He would like to be my friend and I am impressed by that. He is always inviting me to visit him, to use his boat, to drink with him.

When I first knew Bothwell he brought his pistol over to my mother's house and bothered me until I went out in the woods with him to shoot at beer cans. I surprised us both by shooting much better than he did, and he left without speaking. He was dark like that sometimes when I worked for him. He used to come out of the house at six-thirty in the morning with a cup of coffee in one hand and a doughnut in the other, step on the forms I had set so carefully with my level, and race on out to his car without so much as a word of greeting. I would guess Bothwell is somewhere in his thirties, but it is hard to think exactly how old he might be. He has a boyishness about him, but he has, too, a disguise of pulled lines about his face. I once met him on the road after work one night. This was some time after I had first met him. I was walking toward him down the road and I heard the cocking of his pistol as I approached—before he knew who it was—and then he passed quickly, muttering "Hello," because he had embarrassed himself.

Anna is always going to the Priory for services, as often as twice a day, and Father Prior tells my mother that Anna is a sick woman and that Bothwell drinks because he is sorry that he married her. Such standard fare coming from Father Prior. I know there is more to Bothwell and Anna than that. I don't think they are sorry in the least that they are together. Anna is Bothwell's own image of himself. She is an inseparable part of him. He can't be sorry. His secret parts searched her out and now cling to her, fill her, until she has no character of her own. He fills her with himself. Anna is Bothwell. How else could she be so pale? Everything of her goes into keeping Bothwell. She is his mother and his servant and his savior. How could Father Prior know, with his pink light a substitute for the dark fire of people like Bothwell? I imagine Father Prior watches Bothwell in complete bewilderment until he is unable to digest his daily bread and passes it in steaming hard black rocks at night and weeps under his bedcovers for understanding, until he is blessed with sleep.

I AM making progress in the sand; I have opened a wide hole under the side of the house through which I am now able to toss the shovelfuls of sand, rather than having to wheel them up the ramp. I have burrowed half a dozen yards in under the house as well, so that the hole along the side makes a trench of light above the wall of sand. At the hole Suzanne's children appear from time to time to look down on me. They have nothing to say. Their faces appear over the wall of sand, they watch quietly, and they disappear.



Everyone seems to be watching me in here. The job has taken on heroic proportions as far as the rest of them are concerned. My mother came to see the work. Bothwell considers it a herculean task and brings his drinking friends from around the neighborhood to watch as I heave out the wet sand shovel by shovel. He has taken upon himself the credit for having discovered my talents as an unflagging laborer. I am Bothwell's man, as far as Bothwell is concerned, and he has already arranged for me to paint the house of his neighbor on the other side when I have finished at Suzanne's.

Of those who watch, Suzanne is the only one to express doubts about the

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TALISMANS

A copy of the first edition of the *Edda Islandorum*, by Snorri, printed in
Denmark.

The five volumes of the works of Schopenhauer.

The two volumes of Chapman's *Odyssey*.

A sword that fought in the desert.

A maté gourd with serpent feet which my great-grandfather brought from
Lima.

A crystal prism.

A few effaced daguerreotypes.

A terraqueous wooden globe that Cecilia Ingenieros gave me and that
belonged to her father.

A stick with a curved handle with which I walked on the plains of America,
in Colombia and in Texas.

Various metal cylinders with diplomas.

The gown and mortarboard of a doctorate.

Las Empresas, by Saavedra Fajardo, bound in good-smelling Spanish board.

The memory of a morning.

Lines of Vergil and Frost.

The voice of Macedonio Fernández.

The love or the conversation of a few people.

Certainly they are talismans, but useless against the dark I cannot name,
the dark I must not name.

—Jorge Luis Borges

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Alastair Reid.*)

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FOOD & DRINK
SORRY
NO BARE
FEET
KOREN

success of my work. Her fears grow in proportion to the size of the hole under her living room. The hole does grow large. There will be much filling to do after I have laid a foundation and cemented a block wall in place. Several times now portions of the sand wall have caved in—a foot of murky water covers the area where I am working—and I think Suzanne expects the erosion to continue until her living room, instead of sinking quietly into the beach, ultimately falls into the hole. She sees the water eating away the sand on which the braces I have erected stand. She sees me working on and on, the sand wall collapsing as fast as I can shovel it out, creating more work for myself with each new day.

There are problems. I have admitted problems to her, but I am confident. Father Prior has been suggesting that we accept the aid of a Brother Julius from the Priory. He is reportedly more skilled than I in the construction of such things, but so far I have managed to keep the work to myself. Bothwell vigorously defends my independent progress. I don't know exactly what he sees when he comes to sit on the stairs—me without a shirt, working at the end of my shovel in the damp until by the end of the day, exhausted, I begin to focus on pings of light around me in the darkness and I have to leave—but he is apparently enthralled with the spectacle of my labor, and his attention comforts me.

IT had been my impression that the yellow lake would erupt, that it had withdrawn into itself and now seethed underneath. I find this morning that the lake is dead. Though the water is shallow, you can't see the bottom. I have just returned from the lake. I have been out in Bothwell's rowboat in the early morning, under the vacant sky. It is a sunless sky over the lake—too clear, as if there is a vacuum above the water. I pulled myself out into the lake on the oars, poking at the bottom as I went, until Suzanne's poplar tree was in the distance and I was alone on the endless water. I fished alone and I pulled myself back in again to work. The fish I caught were white, bloodless, stunted things.

From Suzanne's house, before I descend for the day into the basement, I see the yellow lake filled by a migration of shadow-men, creatures from ages past—a wide, trailing herd scattered across the lake, stooping naked figures with long arms dangling to the water, passing down the lake in a dead silence—uniformly spaced, knee-deep in the water, and moving together with heads hanging, not seeing. I am reminded of my grandfather's summer house, of sitting on the veranda watching boats pass down on the water, and for just a moment in the early morning I am confused. I hurry down the passage into the basement, sliding down the sand-covered ramp into the comfort of Suzanne's dark cellar.

SUZANNE has decided she wants the job finished for the summer solstice. Each year a different member of the Priory community plays host to the summer-solstice celebration, and this year they will come to Suzanne's for Vespers and a barbecue on the beach. She wants my construction site cleaned up by then. She is really pushing to have things finished for her party, and I now have the assistance of Brother Julius, the young mason from the Priory, forced on me. Brother Julius has been sent to help set the foundation and lay the first course of blocks. Now that the heavy work has been completed, Brother Julius has arrived. The mound of sand outside is gone, carted for fill to the shallow swamp under the willow trees in Suzanne's yard. A network of trenches over which we will pour the basement floor has been laid and filled with clay piping to drain away the lake water into a sump pit. Suzanne will have to live with the frequent throbbings of the pump. Bothwell has stopped coming around since Brother Julius's arrival. My only consolation for having Julius here has been the pleasure of keeping him working all one Sunday and into the night because of a rainstorm. The water poured down the sand wall into our work area, breaking away great slides onto our forms. Julius is a tall boy with a brusque, humorless manner. There is little conversation between us. I have been forced to defer to him on all counts.

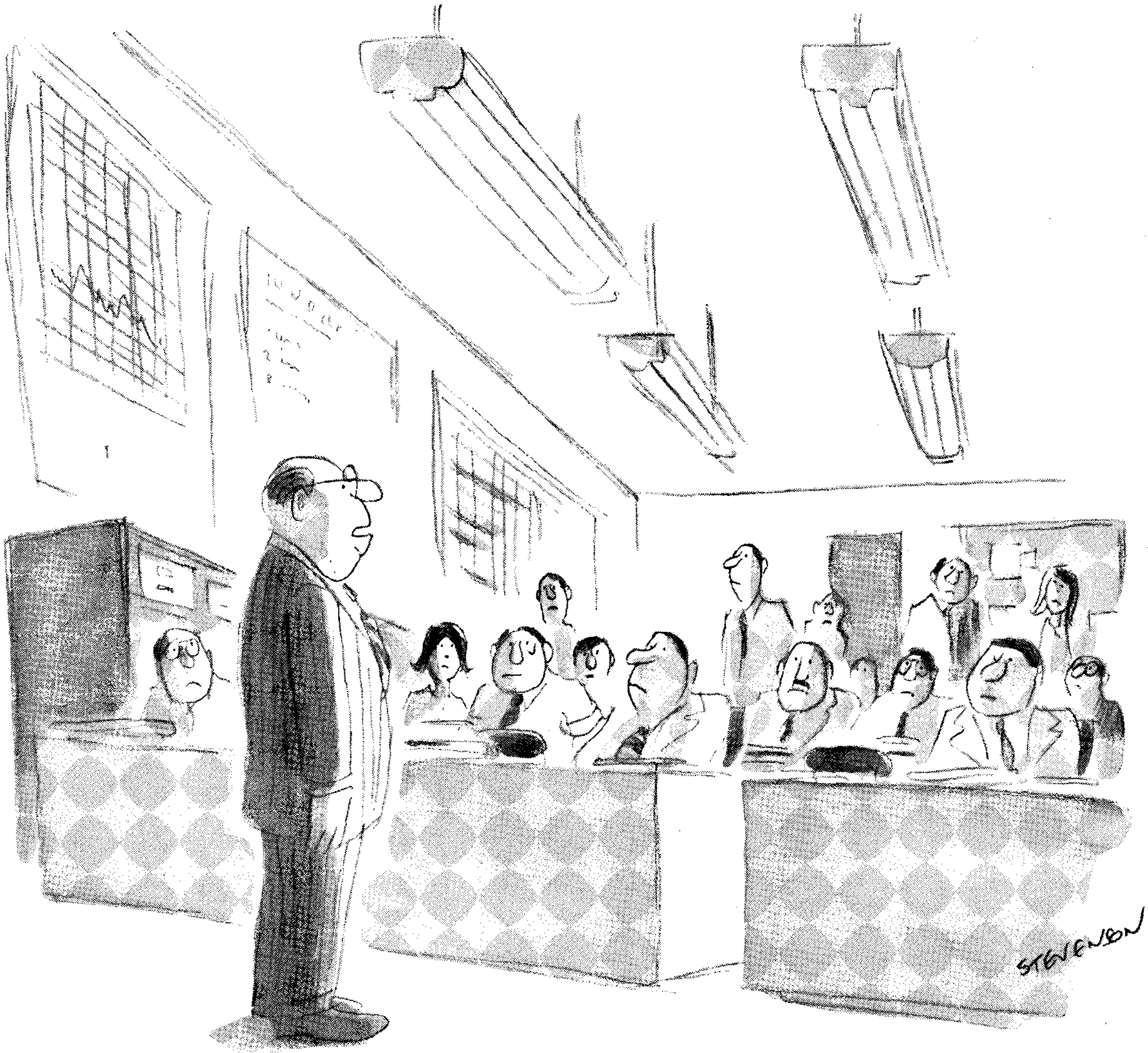
Since Julius arrived, the closer I come to seeing the work completed, the less there is of my grandfather in it. I find the power of dreams and visions fades with time, and I work simply to finish the job before the summer solstice. I escape any active life within the community. I am separated from the people of Suzanne's neighborhood, separated from Priory life, by my constant labor. The people here are distant from me. I observe them only by chance. I hear Bothwell roaring off to work in the morning and home again at night—his muffler has gone. I listen to Suzanne above me, moving about the house, feeding her children, playing the radio. I think of the Priory grounds, always empty, the brethren hidden away inside the buildings.

My dream of my grandfather is a memory. Sometimes it is strong—vivid for a moment, the way it used to be—and at other times it is little more than nonsense, distant in the climate of daylight hours. I try to realize the days passing, but I am usually lost in the fatigue and the repetition of work. I think of days rather than time. When I was a boy I used to find myself, on the last day of a family vacation at the summer house, seeing for the first time the sharp outline of trees against the sky, the magic light and color of the water I had been swimming in for weeks, and aching to begin again, to have an opportunity to appreciate the things it had taken me the summer to know. If I think hard enough about living to the fullest my days by the yellow lake, I am staggered by the endless memories and fantasies that flow through my head in a continuous river during the course of a day. If I could record every instant of thought . . .

"FOR you, Holy Father, in fear of being taken at the last without your grace . . ." All of them hunched over before the yellow lake—the light has very nearly left the sky—black mounds, a row of bulky silhouettes before the open water. "We have gathered here by the yellow lake . . ." Father Prior stands, his back to the water, with the community kneeling before him in front of rows of beach chairs in the sand. The brethren are on either side of Father Prior, dispensing holy water in the direction of the congregation, arms swishing back and forth, standing beneath a high, rising trail of incense—a dark line of robes against the barren horizon, a cluster of holy men with their feet sinking into the wet sand near the shoreline and the bottom hems of their robes already wet and covered with grains of the sand climbing.

Anna has managed to drag Bothwell to this service. He sits beside her, his thin legs crossed at the knee, in worn and shining trousers, white socks showing above paint-splattered black oxfords, his head cocked to one side, one hand playing with his pant leg. I expect his head to begin twitching at any moment. I have come late and there is only one chair left, beside Anna and Bothwell, which I would prefer not to take, so I stand to the rear of the aisles and look on. But I am not to be left to myself. A retired Air Force colonel I have seen at the Priory is motioning silently for me to take the empty seat. He is making waving motions with his arm. He has turned in his chair, creating quite a disturbance with his efforts to point out the empty chair, as if I had not already seen it. "The bread was the flesh and the wine was His blood," Father Prior calls back to me, but his voice floats the other way, out over the dead water. They have all come. Suzanne's children sit near the beginnings of what will be the bonfire. They have probably gathered all the wood. My mother and her friends are seated up at the front, near Father Prior. "To the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." World without end. It is the secret of Father Prior to inspire his pink glow of faith. And I am made to feel outside that faith at times, until I remember that if it is real it includes me, whether or not I choose to be included—the all-encompassing faith of a world without end. It is a difficult thing for me to think about. I prefer to let my feelings about their faith slip to me past my thoughts. My mother tells me, when I complain about the people and the atmosphere at the Priory, the pink glow of faith, that she is waiting for the proper changes to come, the merging of thought and feeling into true spirit.

The resounding "amen" from the congregation rises sluggishly above the beach. There is a pause while the congregation stands, and under cover of this break one of Father Prior's older lieutenants I do not recognize skirts around the beach chairs with the intention of aiding the colonel in finding me the empty chair. He looks cautiously annoyed at my standing during Vespers. "Brother," he whispers to me, "there is a chair for you." And he is gone, sweeping off around the other side, a matronly herdsman. There is a sandy shuffling as the congregation stands to receive Communion. The brethren have forgotten their chants, and instead of kneeling at a Communion rail they form a semicircle around the Father to receive the bread and the wine, a social gathering of the flock. There are many smiles and low comments from Father Prior as he makes his way around the Communion circle.



"As of September 1st, I'm sorry to say, you will all be replaced by a tiny chip of silicon."

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The retired colonel leads the congregation in prayer. "Pray for our soldiers around the world," he calls out. Anna follows him. "Lord, help those who will not help themselves." Her pale tones are almost lost on the beach.

THERE was no need to hurry to complete the work. We have gathered down near the water, a hundred yards from the construction site. I have poured the floor and blocked in the walls, and it is now only a dark place under Suzanne's living room.

Vespers are over, and Father Prior plays his guitar, singing folk songs popular a decade ago, doing his best to be the guiding spirit of the party, the spirit of the summer solstice. The brethren join him. They must sing those songs with him on every holiday. The rest of us wander about. Bothwell is making an extraordinary show of laying out a long industrial extension cord from his house—to play records for dancing, he has announced whenever he thinks anyone is interested. There are bottles of tequila and everyone is trying sips of it with lemon and salt, showing each other how to perform the ritual. Summer solstice is one of the few times each year when the brethren have the opportunity to mingle with outsiders, but at first they wander shyly, gathering in clumps, sipping at their drinks away from the others. A group of energetic men from the congregation have taken it upon themselves to get the bonfire started, and as the fire grows I am drawn closer to them all, isolated with them on the shore inside the circle of light from the fire. Father Prior goes on with his singing, an oblivious performer, unaware of those still around him, trying to make his efforts a success. He acts with a forced naturalness, a forced abandon, as if it were hard for him to do; one can almost hear him thinking: ". . . singing because I love to sing . . . whether it is considered to be good or even adequate . . . I express . . ." He sings: "And they kissed so sweet and comforten as they clung to each other . . ."

I ALLOW myself only scattered exchanges with these people during the course of the night. I see in them only remote parts of myself, passing before me like the shadow-men passing down the lake. I am obligated to be here for this short time with them, but they will not become individuals and I will not have to acknowledge them as long as I limit myself to watching. Even my mother can't touch me under these circumstances. It is only odd to see her slightly drunk and dancing in the sand among her friends.

Bothwell has connected the power line, and his stereo plays in competition with Father Prior's singing on the far side of the circle of firelight, the fire between them and its crackling separating their music. An ant-line of people between the fire and Suzanne's house enters and leaves the circle of light. There are mock bullfights on the sand between the brethren and female matadors from the congregation. Father Prior's songs are no longer heard by anyone. Suzanne's children are ignored while they dance around the bonfire among the adults' legs. The bravest of my mother's friends are naked, skinny-dipping, calling out to each other in the dark, but the water is barely deep enough for them to submerge themselves. There is no danger of them drowning in the yellow lake.

—PETER MARSH

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Avocados cut in large dice, dipped in most urgent activity . . . that of increasing around a bowl of shrimp mayonnaise, adds both color and interest to your table.
—*Bridgeton (N. J.) Morning News.*

The activity in *our* house, you can't dip avocados in it.

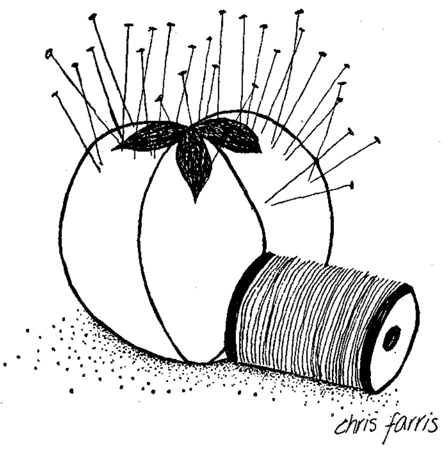
REFLECTIONS

CRIME IN THE F.B.I.

INVESTIGATIONS by Congress and the press in the past couple of years have revealed that members of the Federal Bureau of Investigation have committed many crimes in the line of duty over a long period. Without any legal authorization, they have tapped telephones, they have opened and read private mail, they have planted electronic bugs in offices and bedrooms, they have written anonymous and false letters to the spouses and associates and employers of people they wanted to harm, they have committed burglaries and other break-ins, they have paid informants who later lied under oath, they have furnished funds and arms to paramilitary right-wing groups that have burned and bombed offices of left-wing groups and carried out assassination plots against left-wing leaders, they have used *agents provocateurs* to entrap others by planning and encouraging criminal conspiracies, they have incited police violence, they have blackmailed and slandered critics, and they have driven opposing radical militants to attack one another. These were not the isolated acts of individual agents operating independently but were carried out under dictates of high-level policy in the Bureau. The victims were often innocent of any crimes; their only offense was to entertain, or to be associated even remotely with others who entertained, political views that were at odds with the political views of the men in the Bureau. In short, the F.B.I. has long been—and perhaps still is—a secret-police force.

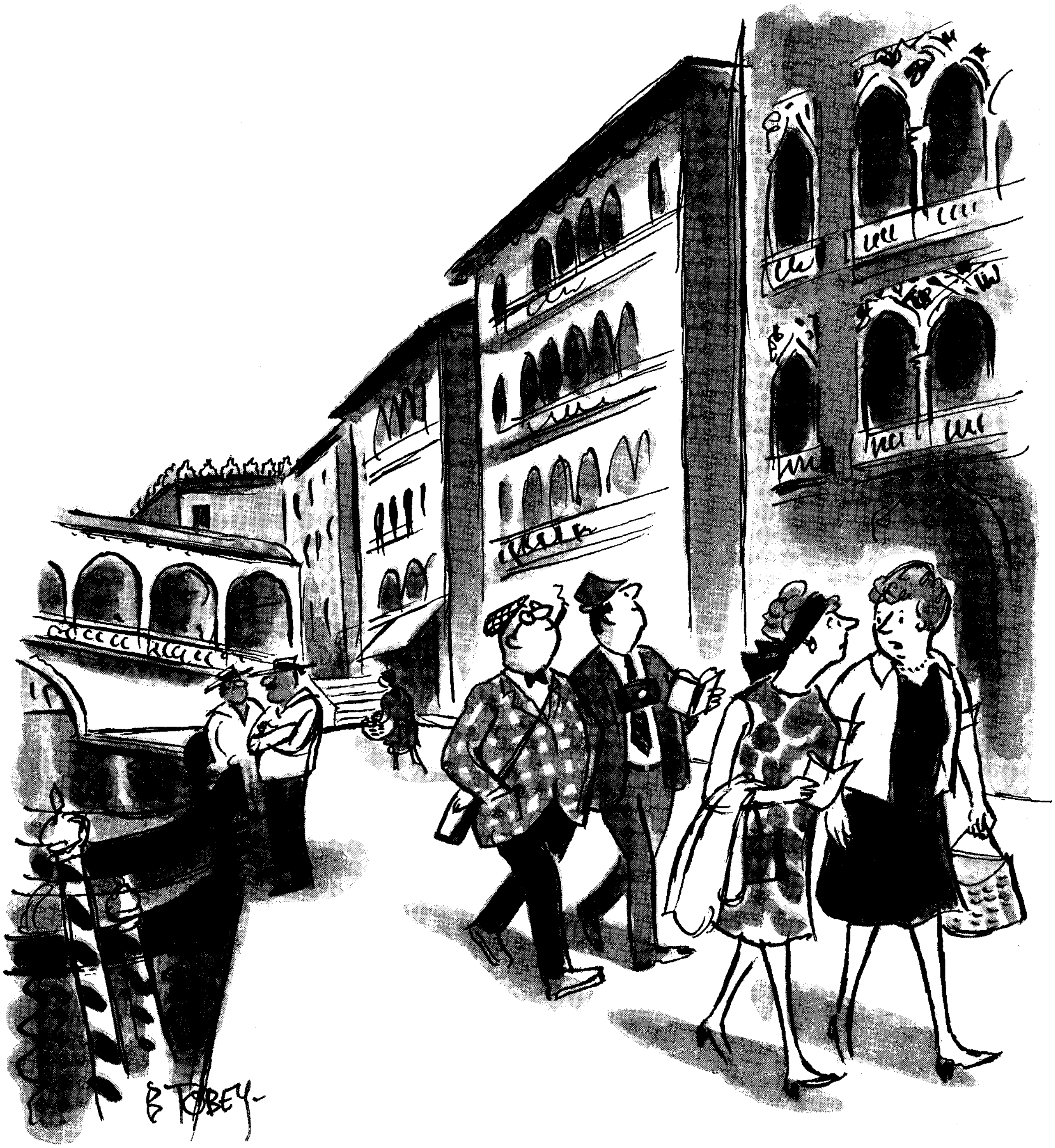
Although the F.B.I.'s crimes may have threatened our democracy even more than the Watergate crimes did—because the F.B.I.'s lawlessness has been going on for such a long time on such a broad and pervasive scale, and because it has had such a chilling effect on freedom of expression and assembly—it seemed that the government wasn't going to do anything about these abuses of the law after their disclosure. Early in 1975, as revelations about illegal practices in the Bureau were appearing in the press, a Justice Department official whose staff had looked into the matter reported that he had found "no basis for criminal charges against any particular individuals involving particular incidents." President Ford was known to be sympathetic to "the intelligence community," and later he proposed legislation that would have, among other things, made public disclosures of classified material, including evidence of malfeasance within intelligence agencies, punishable by large fines and imprisonment. Shortly before the Ford Administration left office, the Justice Department decided not to prosecute members of the Central Intelligence Agency who had read a couple of hundred thousand private letters and cablegrams to and from people in this country—in violation both of the Agency's charter, which prohibits C.I.A. agents from conducting domestic intelligence operations, and of federal law, which requires a court order for interceptions of private communications. All in all, it began to look as if a coverup was under way—one that would dwarf the coverup attempted by the Nixon Administration in the Watergate affair. At the same time, though, it appeared that the Justice Department's investigation of the F.B.I. was continuing. During the final months of the Ford Administration, the press reported that Department prosecutors had been offering F.B.I. agents who were believed to have committed crimes on orders from their superiors a choice—immunity from prosecution if they testified against those superiors or imprisonment for contempt of court if they refused; most of them, it was stated, had chosen to talk. Still, nothing happened. The issue was a sizzling-hot political potato, and President Ford clearly didn't want to touch it. Just as clearly, something had to be done, not only to restore confidence in the F.B.I. but to reform the organization. After all, the nation must have a trustworthy law-enforcement branch to investigate federal crimes.

EARLY last April, two and a half months after the Carter Administration took over, a federal grand jury indicted a former F.B.I. official named John J. Kearney on charges that he had committed several felonies while serving in the Bureau's New York office during the early nineteen-seventies. At that time, Kearney had been supervisor of the internal-security division's Squad 47, made up of some sixty agents whose main task was tracking down members of the terrorist organization known as the Weather Underground. He has been accused of conspiring with his subordinates to violate federal law and of violating that law by intercepting mail and wiretapping without a court order. According to newspaper reports, the subjects of this particular surveillance were not Weather Underground fugitives themselves but rather friends and relatives who might be in touch with them. Federal law requires that a federal judge in the jurisdiction concerned must, before approving mail and telephone surveillance, conclude that there is "probable cause" to believe a crime has been, is being, or is about to be committed. In this case, apparently, no court approval was sought because none would have been granted—there being no evidence that the subjects of the surveillance Kearney is charged with ordering were guilty of any wrongdoing under the law.



The Kearney case is said to be the first in which a former or present F.B.I. agent has been indicted for a felony committed in the line of duty since the Bureau was set up, in 1908. At least six indictments of other former and some present F.B.I. men are expected. Sources in the Justice Department say that the plan there is to begin by prosecuting relatively low-level officials and then to move up through the Bureau's hierarchy. Although the acts Kearney was charged with seem modest compared to some of the more vicious practices of the Bureau in recent years, his indictment is believed to be an attempt by the government to make an example of someone who appears to have broken the law in the name of the law. Other indictments are expected to be handed up against those who broke the law in the name of their own personal ideology.

Whatever the government's plans, its indictment of Kearney created a bitter furor within the Bureau. Its members, from the bottom to the top, reacted to the news with expressions of bewilderment, indignation, anger, and



"We were here ten years ago. That was the time we went to Harry's Bar and Roger fell in the Grand Canal."

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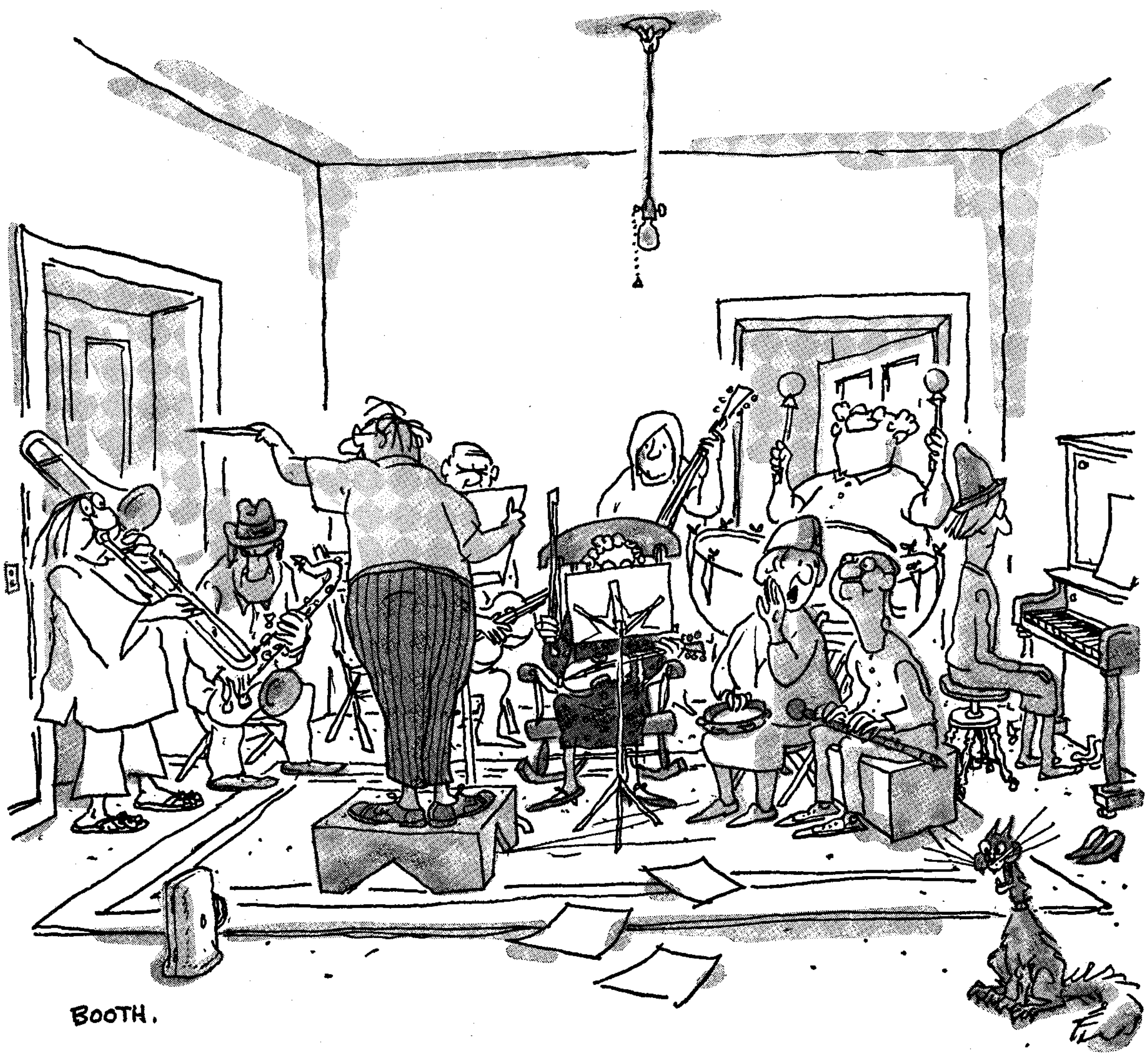
fear. "Morale here has been shot," a veteran agent in the New York field office reported. And at the J. Edgar Hoover Building, in Washington, an official said, "This whole office is upset." When Kearney arrived to be arraigned at the federal courthouse, at Foley Square, in New York, a week after he was indicted, three hundred F.B.I. agents were assembled on the steps outside to demonstrate their support for him. The press had been alerted to the demonstration, and dozens of reporters, photographers, and television cameramen were on hand to record this display of theretofore anonymous F.B.I. agents. (Undoubtedly, foreign espionage agents spent the next few days blowing up photographs and memorizing the faces of the agents, who stood, row upon row, like a college class on commencement day.) The demonstrators applauded Kearney for a full minute, and then Patrick Connor, a special agent, made a brief speech in which he told Kearney that his former colleagues had come together "to give testament to your just and moral leadership over a period of years in the fight against the enemies of our nation—namely, anarchy and terrorism," and added that when the facts of his case were presented to "the American people and their voice is heard, your vindication will be assured."

Up to that point, Clarence M. Kelley, Director of the F.B.I., had said nothing publicly about the case, but a few hours later—apparently stung by



"Mrs. Ritterhouse says if you want to buy fresh seed clams, rendezvous tonight at midnight one block north of the Fulton Fish Market. Pass it on."

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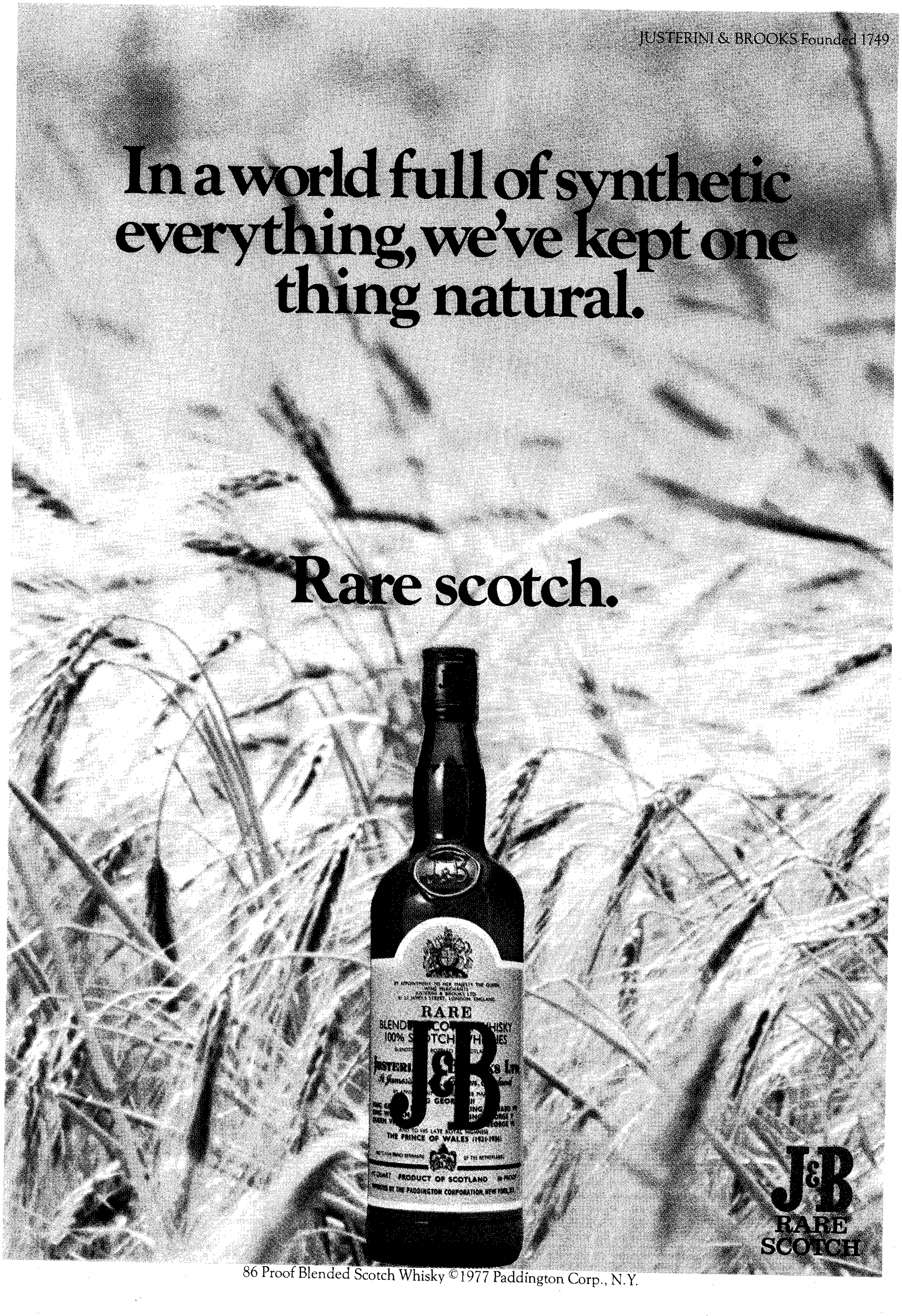
criticism from within the Bureau that he had let down his men—he issued a statement, which said, in part, "I am deeply troubled by the recent indictment of former F.B.I. supervisor John Kearney. . . . I intend to use every means at my command to assure that his current predicament is resolved as soon as possible. I am working with Attorney General Griffin Bell and have acquainted him with all the factors which I consider important to a just and fair resolution of this matter. Morale of the F.B.I. has been seriously affected by the indictment of Mr. Kearney." Shortly afterward, each of the Bureau's fifty-nine field offices was asked to select, by secret ballot, two representatives who might attend a meeting with the Attorney General. The list of a hundred and eighteen names was forwarded to his deputy, who chose ten agents from around the country. On April 25th, they conferred with Bell for an hour and a half. The meeting, Justice Department spokesmen emphasized to reporters, had been convened to discuss morale in the Bureau rather than the prosecution of Kearney. The following day, Bell appeared before a Senate appropriations subcommittee, and in the course of his testimony he said that practices like those described in Kearney's indictment had been going on for forty years. What was "desperately" needed, he added, was a charter devised by Congress to define the F.B.I.'s role in domestic-security cases that are not directly connected to crimes. Of course, some definitions of that role were already available. The F.B.I.'s basic manual of instructions for agents begins, "Fundamental to all investigations by the F.B.I. is the need to protect the constitutional rights of any individual while still thoroughly and expeditiously discharging those responsibilities with which it is charged by statute," and the section dealing with internal-security cases begins, "Under no circumstances is an investigation [to be] conducted of an individual on the basis that such individual supports unpopular causes or opposes government policies." Beyond this internal "charter" are the laws that the F.B.I. is charged with enforcing. Not only are those laws clear but a large proportion of F.B.I. agents are lawyers. After listening to Bell's statement and his answers to various questions put by members of the subcommittee, Senator Lowell Weicker, Republican of Connecticut, lost his temper and shouted, "Damn it, can't we have law enforcement *and* the Constitution in this country?"

OVER the past few months, present and former members of the F.B.I. have mounted a letter-writing campaign around the country designed to persuade, or compel, the Attorney General to drop the prosecution of Kearney and not to proceed with other prospective indictments. These men believe that they have dedicated their lives to protecting their country and are now being unfairly hounded for having taken some modest legal shortcuts to defeat the enemies of this nation. They believe that it is contradictory for the government to prosecute agents who broke the law while searching for fugitive draft resisters during the Vietnam war and then to grant amnesty to many of these fugitives. They believe that it is unfair for the government to punish members of the F.B.I. for illegal conduct only a few months after President Ford decided not to punish members of the C.I.A. for similar conduct. They believe that it is unjust to single out a man like Kearney, who served in the Bureau for twenty-five years and was widely respected by his colleagues, because, as one of them said, "a lot of us did some of these things in the past." They believe that since unlawful prac-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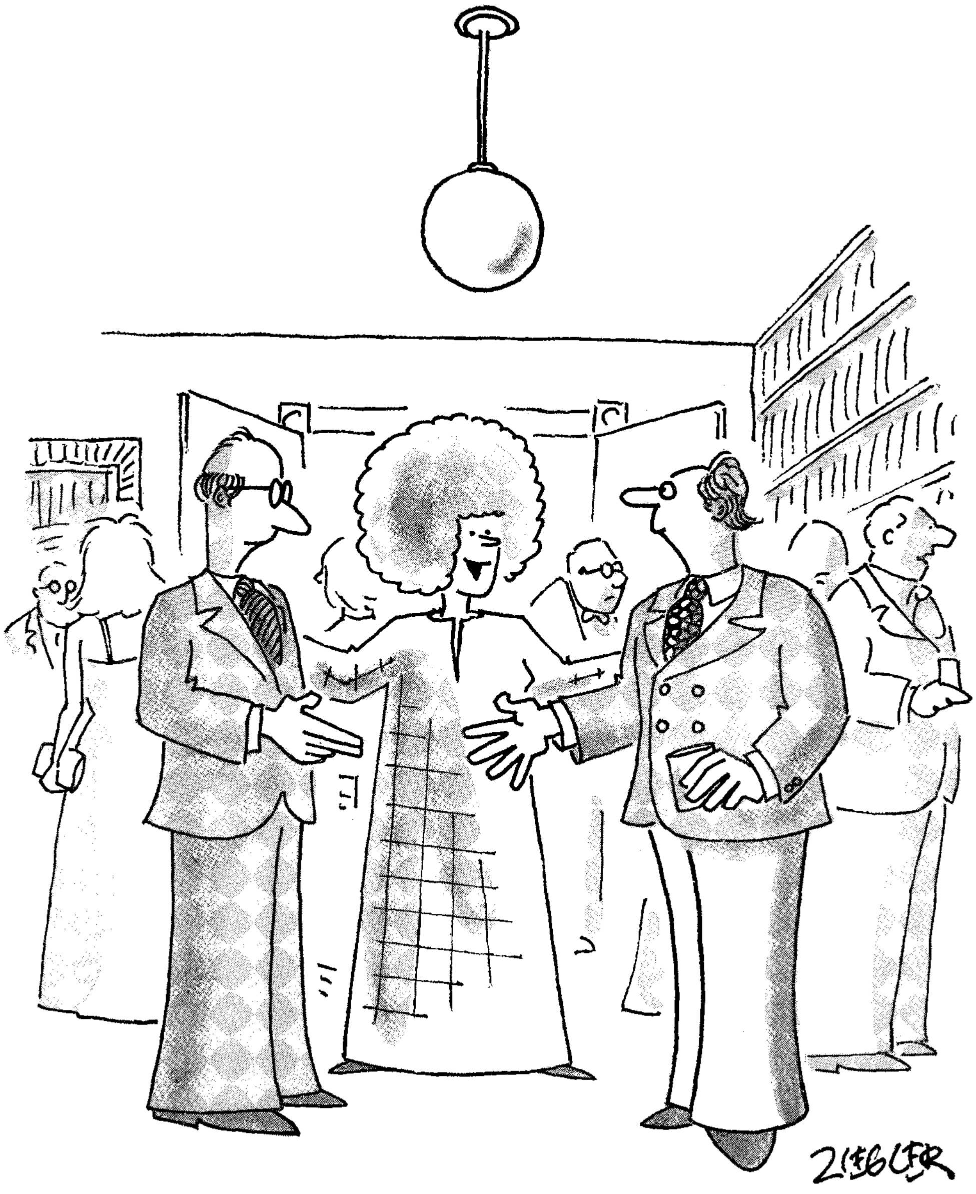
tices were not only condoned but encouraged by top F.B.I. officials—for instance, agents who were especially zealous at illegally tapping telephones, opening and reading personal mail, bugging private premises, and burglarizing received cash bonuses, which were known within the Bureau as Most Valuable Player Awards—the subordinates who merely carried out this policy should not be prosecuted for activities that had been regarded as standard operating procedure for decades. And, finally, they believe that the government is destroying their morale by pitting them against each other—that is, by giving low-level agents the choice of informing against the superiors who ordered them to break the law or being imprisoned for contempt.

However sympathetic one may be to the F.B.I.'s current plight, these objections all obviously dodge the basic issue of the case. For to break some laws in order to enforce other laws is not to fight anarchy and terrorism but to create them. "In a government of laws, existence of the government will be imperilled if it fails to observe the law scrupulously," Justice Louis Brandeis wrote in one of his most famous opinions. "Our government is the potent, the omnipresent teacher. For good or for ill, it teaches the whole people by its example. Crime is contagious. If the government becomes a lawbreaker, it breeds contempt for law; it invites every man to become a law unto himself; it invites anarchy. To declare that in the administration of the criminal law the end justifies the means—to declare that the government may commit crimes in order to secure the conviction of a private criminal—would bring terrible retribution."

After the Attorney General met with F.B.I. representatives from around the country, he spoke to reporters, who asked what was at stake in the Justice Department's investigation. "What's at stake is the rule of law," he answered. "If you break the law, ordinarily you accept the consequences." Members of the Bureau not only refuse to accept the consequences but refuse to admit that their past behavior was wrong. Indeed, they seem to feel—as Connor implied in his speech at Foley Square—that they were right and that they will be vindicated by the American people when the facts are known. Connor's statement, which was ominously reminiscent of the Nixon-Agnew appeals to "the silent majority," and the attitude of his associates in general lack the one attribute that might encourage official leniency: contrition. In fact, the members' obdurate self-righteousness could ultimately persuade the prosecutors that only the sternest punishment will change the basic attitude that led to all this lawbreaking. Moreover, the complaint that the prosecutors are behaving viciously by forcing members to testify against themselves and each other is exceedingly odd in view of the fact that the Department's tactics of which they complain are exactly the same as the Bureau's tactics in its pursuit of fugitives over the past half-dozen years—the period in which its activities are being investigated. The principal tactic used by the F.B.I. in such cases was the so-called use-immunity law, which was enacted during, and at the behest of, the Nixon Administration. Under this law, witnesses before federal grand juries can be compelled to testify against themselves and others as long as their testimony is not subsequently used in any way to prosecute the witnesses themselves. Since this statute was enacted by Congress, in 1970—and, to the astonishment of even the most pessimistic legal scholars, was upheld by the Burger Court—the F.B.I. has taken advantage of it by getting compliant United States Attorneys around the country to compel grand-jury witnesses, in hundreds and hundreds of cases, to inform against their associates, friends, and relatives or go to prison for contempt of court. It is an odious law, for it wipes out the Fifth Amendment's sanction against involuntary self-incrimination. Still, it is strange to hear F.B.I. men complain about being treated as they have treated so many others.

IT has often been said that the trouble with the F.B.I. is that it behaves as if it were above the law. An explanation for this behavior may be



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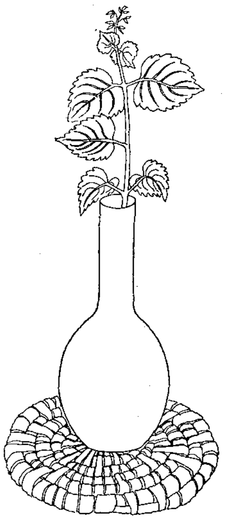
found in the lament that has been heard over and over from the F.B.I. since Kearney was indicted: morale in the Bureau is being destroyed. It seems that everyone in the organization, from the lowest agent in the field to Kelley in headquarters, has made this into the main defense. Its irrelevancy, silliness, and reiteration together suggest what has been wrong with the F.B.I. all along—its members' loyalty is finally not to this nation, to its laws, and to its democratic ideals but rather to the Bureau itself. Only if the Bureau is all-important can the morale of its personnel be considered more vital than the rule of law, which is the foundation of our society. But, given the members' dedication to the F.B.I. and given the prospect that it faces public disgrace, it is small wonder they are upset. Everything they cherish—their home, their purpose, their honor, their glory—is at stake.

The F.B.I.'s once high morale was a spurious concoction, created by public relations and sustained by the fear of reprisal. By means of an endless flow of self-praise, the Bureau's public-relations apparatus convinced the American people that the F.B.I. was the most élite corps of law-enforcement officers in the world and that its men were rigorously and expertly trained, selflessly dedicated to the relentless pursuit of society's enemies, and invincibly pure. Nothing that might raise still further the public esteem for the Bureau was ignored by its public-relations officers. There were unabashedly flattering portrayals of agents at work, in movies, radio programs, television series, and books; there were guided tours of F.B.I. headquarters in Washington, one of the most popular treks among the millions of citizens who visit the capital each year; and there was the Bureau's constant juggling of statistics to make its record more impressive. On this last point, the F.B.I. seemed as obsessed by its head count of captured lawbreakers as the Pentagon was during the war in Vietnam by its body count of dead Vietcong. The Bureau added to its statistical achievements by concentrating on the criminals who were most easily traced and caught—bank robbers and interstate auto thieves, many of them amateurs, whose crimes would more properly and perhaps more effectively have been left to local authorities—and for many years it avoided organized crime; it has always stayed away from the narcotics business. Despite the Bureau's success in creating a mystique about itself, some evidence scattered among recent disclosures of the F.B.I.'s misconduct indicates that its agents not only did what they weren't supposed to do but weren't very good at what they did. "Their laboratory work is marvellous," an assistant district attorney here who has frequently dealt with the Bureau said not long ago. "You give them a strand of hair from a suspect, and they'll tell you his age, height, weight, race, and what he had for breakfast. The trouble is they can't catch anybody." After all the time spent by Squad 47 in its search for nineteen fugitives in the Weather Underground, sixteen of them are still at large. Two turned themselves in to local authorities in the Midwest a couple of months ago, but the F.B.I. didn't hear about their surrender and went on looking for them for several weeks. A third surrendered a few weeks ago.



While public adulation of the F.B.I., and the political support this guaranteed, provided a large measure of protection against attacks on the Bureau, there was always the chance that Congress might demand a thorough investigation of its practices—especially its involvement in political affairs. That never happened while J. Edgar Hoover was alive. It didn't happen because few politicians would have taken on a man as publicly revered as Hoover or an organization thought to be as capable of reprisal as his was. The widespread and long-held belief that the Director possessed a secret file of dossiers on the intimate lives of many people who were in positions of power apparently was true and was enough to silence most of his detractors. Hoover, in effect, relied on fear to protect his beloved institution, but there is no evidence that he ever threatened anyone with exposure to silence criticism. "I don't believe Mr. Hoover would have done such a thing," one of his strongest critics, former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, said recently. "Actually, there was really a good deal of integrity in the old man. While he was a racist and was outraged by sexual freedom and lack of religious feeling, he possessed a sense of discipline and respect for our institutions. He could have been a whole lot worse—a virtual dictator—if he'd been ambitious for power and truly wrongheaded.” In Clark's view, the circumstances that led the F.B.I. to behave as it has were the refusal of the executive and legislative branches to oversee and control the Bureau's work, together with the temptations, common to all policemen at all times and in all places, to cut corners legally and to get involved in politics. But there were other influences at work, too. Paramount among them was the F.B.I.'s reputation. To bolster that—and the high morale it naturally created among members of the Bureau—they had to try to live up to it. If that meant breaking the law to serve a noble cause, who was there to reproach them?

ATTORNEY GENERAL BELL'S statement that the Bureau's policy of breaking some laws in order to enforce other laws goes back forty years puts the beginning of such practices in the middle to late thirties. As it happens, that was when the F.B.I. got into the business of investigating political matters on a broad scale. In a recent issue of *The Civil Liberties Review*, Frank Donner, a constitutional lawyer, traces the F.B.I.'s concern—or obsession—with "internal security" back to the summer of 1936. Donner writes:

> In August, 1936, President Franklin D. Roosevelt met with FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover to explore a proposed investigation of domestic Communism and Fascism. . . . Hoover lacked authority to conduct counter-subversive investigations; the pertinent appropriations statute confined the Bureau to "the detection and prosecution of crimes." But the director had the answer. There was still on the books a 1916 statute authorizing expenditures for investigation of matters referred to the Bureau by the Secretary of State. Why not have the State Department request such an investigation, which could be acted on under the authority of the statute and funded through the already approved Bureau appropriation?

According to memoranda written by Hoover afterward—the only records of the meetings, which Roosevelt wanted kept confidential—the President called in Secretary of State Cordell Hull to discuss the proposal, got his approval, and then instructed Hoover to investigate the activities of Communist and Fascist organizations in the United States. Hoover had long been investigating domestic political activities, such as those of the American Civil Liberties Union, even though he had promised when he took over as Director of the Bureau, in 1924, that it

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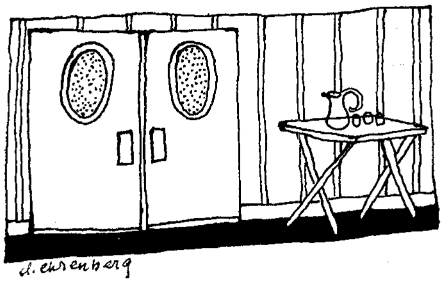
would never meddle in political affairs; to see that it didn't Congress had restricted its function to "the detection and prosecution of crimes." According to Professor Athan G. Theoharis, in an article published by the *Political Science Quarterly* last winter, Roosevelt meant to grant the Bureau very limited additional authority. "He directed a program to discover the relationship between Communist and Fascist activities within the United States and the actions of foreign powers and/or agents, not one [of] which would focus on domestic radicalism or 'subversive activities.' " Again, Hoover had already been investigating radical and "subversive" activities—illegally—and now he used the President's oral instructions to expand the F.B.I.'s secret intelligence network of informers and agents planted as spies. Before long, he was looking into "subversive activities" within such broad areas of American life as basic industries, colleges and universities, newspapers, and the government itself. As shaky as the F.B.I.'s authority for gathering political information of any kind was, Hoover was unwilling to seek statutory approval for it—in all likelihood because he feared that Congress not only would refuse him but would curtail or abolish the program he had already embarked on. In a confidential memorandum that he sent to his associates in October of 1938, he wrote, in part:

> In considering the steps to be taken for the expansion of the present structure of intelligence work, it is believed imperative that it be proceeded with, with the utmost degree of secrecy in order to avoid criticism or objections which might be raised to such an expansion by either ill-informed persons or individuals having some ulterior motive. . . . Consequently, it would seem undesirable to seek any special legislation which would draw attention to the fact that it was proposed to develop a special counter-espionage drive of any great magnitude.

On September 6, 1939, a few days after the Second World War began in Europe, President Roosevelt issued a proclamation announcing that the F.B.I. would "take charge of investigative work in matters relating to espionage, sabotage, and violations of the neutrality regulations." These were federal crimes and fell under the Bureau's existing statutory authority, so that part of the proclamation was not remarkable. But in concluding it the President stated, "To this end I request all police officers, sheriffs, and other law-enforcement officers in the United States promptly to turn over to the nearest representative of the Federal Bureau of Investigation any information obtained by them relating to espionage, counterespionage, sabotage, subversive activities, and violations of the neutrality laws." How "subversive activities" got in there isn't known. Legally and logically speaking, however, its inclusion in a list of matters that law-enforcement officials were asked to report to the F.B.I. didn't automatically give the Bureau the right to investigate such activities; that is, they were not the same as the crimes listed in the opening sentence of the proclamation. Perhaps the term was put in to encourage local police officers who were unfamiliar with federal laws to pass on any information about suspicious behavior, so that the F.B.I. could determine whether federal crimes had been committed. In any event, the Bureau seized on the statement as a grant of authority for a virtually unlimited investigation of subversion. "Although it was issued in the form of a public notice," Donner writes, "this document has been repeatedly referred to [by the Bureau] as a 'Presidential directive,' the Magna Carta of the Bureau's intelligence mission." As a means of persuading later Presidents to confer authority for such a mission, Hoover often cited this "directive" as a precedent—and misrepresented both its form and its content. By means of this distortion, he persuaded Presidents Truman and Eisenhower to authorize the F.B.I.'s investigation of "subversive activities," but since the authority was based on misrepresentation, it could hardly be considered valid, so today the Bureau's claim that it is empowered to conduct political-intelligence operations rests mainly on Roosevelt's proclamation of 1939.

While the term "subversive activities" conveys an ominous impression of despicable and treasonous acts, it is legally meaningless. Just as only Congress could expand the statutory limits it had placed on the Bureau's function, only Congress could say what specific kinds of "subversive activities" were crimes. Congress never did that, so Hoover took this task upon himself, too, and in time the nebulous term was used to embrace any words and



acts that seemed to him a threat to the internal security of this nation. Hoover personally supervised surveillance over many "radicals," including Justice Felix Frankfurter, one of the most conservative men ever to serve on the Supreme Court, and Helen Keller, the blind and deaf author, who was described in her F.B.I. dossier as a "writer on radical subjects." In time, Socialists, labor organizers, advocates of racial equality, organized and disorganized radicals, opponents of American foreign and military policies, and members of the women's movement became targets of the F.B.I.'s intelligence-gathering mission. Some of the methods the Bureau used to keep tabs on these people were probably permissible, but some clearly were not. The difficulty in determining what was legal and what was illegal is that the law in this area—the limits on the government's right to protect itself—is exceedingly vague and confusing. For instance, the F.B.I. had the legal right to investigate those who it had probable cause to believe were planning to overthrow the government by force and violence. But the F.B.I. had no legal right to go on investigating them if it found no evidence of such intent. At what point, though, is evidence, or lack of it, clear? For another example, at what point does a permissible law-enforcement technique like physical surveillance of suspects begin to violate their constitutional rights of free speech and assembly or the right to be secure against unreasonable searches? The vagueness of the law governing such matters invited abuse of the law, and F.B.I. agents were bound to take advantage of the latitude that it seemed to allow them. And once they had moved into the gray area—say, by tailing someone they mistrusted but had no evidence against—it was a short step into the black area of clear illegality. Many of their targets had committed no crimes and could not be investigated by legal means; that is, no federal judge would give permission to the F.B.I. to install a wiretap or search an office when there was no probable cause to believe that the target had done anything wrong. Stymied by the law and yet firm in the belief that subversives were out to bring down the Republic, the F.B.I. began pursuing them in the only way left to it: by breaking the law.

Although there is no hard evidence to show how the F.B.I. has allocated its time over the years, a published analysis of the files stolen in 1971 from its offices in Media, Pennsylvania, by

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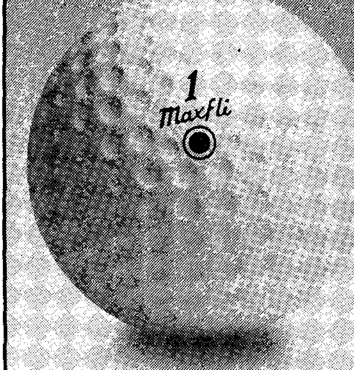

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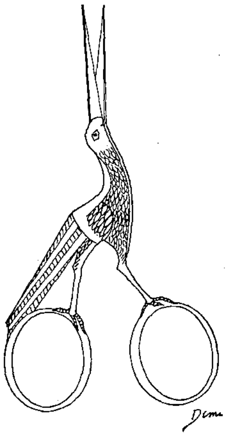
an underground outfit called the Citizens' Commission to Investigate the F.B.I. (whose lack of good citizenship rivalled the F.B.I.'s) indicates that it has had a preponderant concern with political matters. Putting aside documents such as manuals and routine forms, the analysis shows that in this field office, near Philadelphia, agents devoted less than two per cent of their paperwork to organized crime, around twenty per cent to draft resistance and military desertion, twenty-one per cent to such crimes as bank robbery and interstate theft, and fifty-seven per cent to political intelligence. Among the political organizations kept under surveillance were two on the far right and more than two hundred on the left and far left.

Most of the Bureau's political-intelligence work throughout the country has been not only illegal but a thorough waste of time and the taxpayers' money. As evidence produced in a current civil lawsuit against the F.B.I. has shown, the Bureau kept the Socialist Workers Party—a small, peaceable, and wholly ineffectual political party—under surveillance for thirty-four years. In one six-and-a-half-year period, agents broke into, ransacked, and burglarized the S.W.P.'s headquarters in New York at least ninety-four times, and compiled dossiers totalling eight million pages. If they had devoted these tens of thousands of man-hours to pursuing true criminals—say, those involved in organized crime—they might have served the public interest as they were meant to.

Just as the F.B.I.'s illegal assumption of the authority to investigate subversive activities led to illegal methods, the failure of those methods to produce evidence that could be used to take legal action against radical and liberal political movements led to further lawlessness: active efforts to destroy them. In October, 1961, for example, the F.B.I. put into operation its "S.W.P. Disruption Program." The grounds for this program, as a confidential Bureau memorandum described them, were that the Socialist Workers Party had been "openly espousing its line on a local and national basis through running candidates for public office and strongly directing and/or supporting such causes as Castro's Cuba and integration problems arising in the South." The memorandum is astonishingly revealing about the political sophistication of the F.B.I. If these Socialists were openly espousing their line by running candidates for public office, including the Presidency, these activities obviously weren't illegal. And if their support for the civil-rights movement was subversive, then so was that of many millions of Americans. Despite the S.W.P.'s harmless political efforts, the F.B.I. did its utmost to destroy the Party—by writing and sending fraudulent anonymous letters to its members' employers and by trying to keep the Party's candidates off the ballot.



The Bureau's efforts to destroy civil-rights leaders were even more vicious. The most infamous of them was the attempt to blackmail Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and drive him to suicide. In November, 1964, thirty-four days before King was to be awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace, he received an unsigned note from the F.B.I.:

> King, there is only one thing left for you to do. You know what it is. You have just 34 days in which to do it. (This exact number has been selected for a specific reason.) It has definite practical significance. You are done. There is but one way out for you.

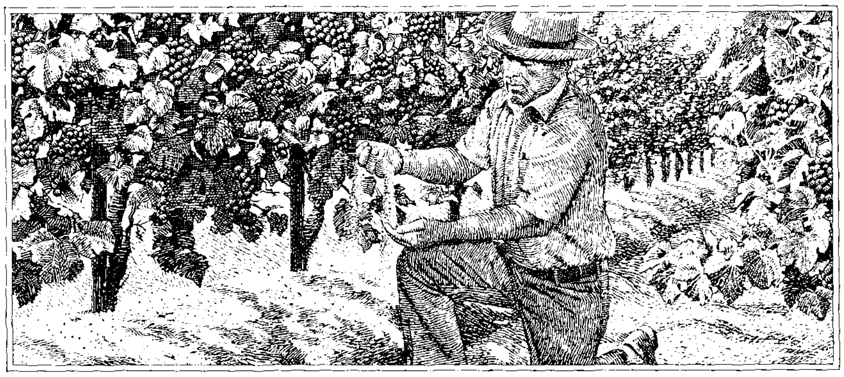
Accompanying the note was a tape recording said to have been made while King was in a hotel room with a woman. A few years later, the F.B.I.'s office in St. Louis sent forged letters accusing some civil-rights workers of marital infidelity. One marriage broke up, and the office reported to F.B.I. headquarters in Washington, "While the letter sent by the St. Louis division was probably not the sole cause of this separation, it certainly contributed very strongly." When this story was revealed, in 1975, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* found it "hard to imagine that there was any tactic too sordid for this federal agency to use." Apparently, such tactics weren't considered at all sordid by top-level F.B.I. officials in Washington. The man who was head of the St. Louis office when the letter was sent—J. Wallace La Prade—is now head of the New York office, the largest in the country.

THE F.B.I.'s subversive activities, in peace and war, are a harrowing example of what uncontrolled police power can lead to. Politically, the issue of punishing malfeasance in the Bureau is hotter than ever. At a press conference shortly after the Kearney indictment was announced, President Carter was asked how he felt about the matter, and he replied that he had "encouraged" the Attorney General "to enforce the law enthusiastically." Then he added that "there's been a great deal of pressure put on Griffin Bell not to prosecute this case or continue with the investigation of the case." In the opinion of some experienced observers, there appears to be a better than fifty-fifty chance that the government will drop the case because of the intense political pressure. If it does, the Carter Administration will be as guilty of undermining the rule of law as the F.B.I. has been.

Admittedly, the problem is legally and politically complex, but efforts must be made to resolve it sensibly and fairly and constructively. To begin with, those involved, on both sides, have to stop thinking in terms of punishment and start thinking in terms of reform. At the heart of the problem is the attitude that prevails to this day among members of the Bureau—the belief that they had a *right* to persecute and destroy people whom they considered, entirely on their own and without a scrap of law or a shred of evidence, to be a menace to American society. Probably nothing is more difficult than reforming an attitude that has been collectively shared, deeply believed in, and zealously acted on for such a long time. But an attempt has to be made. Retribution won't solve the problem, and would probably make it worse by deepening the F.B.I. agents' bitterness. Their continuing use of the absurd arguments that their lawbreaking was so commonplace as to be excusable, that it is unfair to prosecute anyone in the Bureau since so many agents broke the law, and that their morale is in jeopardy shows how misguided and self-righteous they still are. Perhaps the best example of their failure to understand what they have done was the demonstration at Foley Square in Kearney's support. At the time, various news commentators and even some of the demonstrators expressed ironic amusement at the agents' use of a tactic that they had long considered sufficient evidence of subversion to justify infiltration, spying, and disruption. Beyond this obvious irony, though, lies an ominous parallel: members of the F.B.I. and terrorists in the Weather Underground both excuse their crimes in the name of a higher good that they alone define.

No one in the Bureau has displayed a more stunning inability to grasp the

On cultivating the vineyard for better wines.



Cultivating—which is simply the turning or loosening of the soil by mechanical means in order to control weeds and aerate the soil—might seem to some to be the most prosaic of all vineyard operations.

Yet, the truth is, we find its contribution to the production of fine wines far more complex than one might expect.

Weeds, to be sure, are undesirable. They compete with our vines for valuable nourishment and moisture in the soil.

But that is only one reason we take great care to manage an efficient and extensive cultivation program.

Frost Protection

Our experience shows that a moist, clean vineyard—one without weeds—also offers our vines measurable protection against morning frost during March, April, and early May.

Normally, during the day, the soil is warmed by the sun's rays. Then in the early hours before the following dawn, the heat that has been absorbed by the soil is released in the form of radiation, thus warming the vines above.

However, if there are weeds growing on the ground, they will shade the soil. Thus, its temperature will be cooler than if the sun were striking it directly.

Since the temperature difference between a clean vineyard and one with weeds can be as much as six degrees, and since in most instances a mere three or four degrees difference between the ground and the air is enough to protect our vines' tender young buds against frost damage, we do everything we can to keep our vineyards clean.

Our goal, of course, is to ensure that the tender buds ultimately develop into the best possible grapes for our wines.

Pest Protection

Cultivation in the early spring also helps us control insects and pests by destroying their breeding places, both above the soil and just beneath its surface.

In the Gallo vineyards, we might point out, we probably do more cultivating than normal simply because we prefer not to use herbicides when we can avoid them.

That same policy applies to the use of insecticides. We prefer natural controls.

For example, in one of our vineyards, instead of spraying to eliminate the destructive leaf hopper, we planted a number of wild blackberry bushes nearby to provide a refuge for several colonies of wasps.

The wasps then laid their eggs within the eggs of the leaf hoppers and thus prevented them from hatching.

In another case, rather than spray with an herbicide to control an obnoxious weed called puncture vines, we used weevils.

These natural enemies then burrowed into the germ of the puncture vine seeds and prevented them from sprouting.

By so protecting and nurturing our vines, we naturally improve the quality of the grapes that go into our wines.

Other Uses

We also rely on cultivation to enhance the effectiveness of our fertilization programs.

Fertilizers—except for nitrogen and boron—tend to become fixed in the surface soil. In order to be sure that these nutrients reach the roots of our vines, we disk them under the ground.

Then, too, during vineyard operations, soil often becomes compacted, a condition that could destroy the vine's fine root system.

To rectify this situation, we cultivate and loosen the soil, thus providing the roots some growing room. Proper cultivation makes stronger vines: and stronger vines make better grapes.

Why We Do It All

It is only by taking full advantage of all the opportunities available to us in the practice of cultivation—as in all the other facets of the art of viticulture—that we can hope to achieve our goal.

Which is, simply, to provide you with the finest wines we, or anyone else, can possibly produce.

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simple truth of what has happened than its Director. On May 1st, in a Loyalty Day speech that he delivered in Alabama before a Veterans of Foreign Wars assembly, Kelley attributed his men's past misbehavior to "the public pressure, public demands that a heinous crime be solved promptly and by whatever methods lend themselves to its solution." What heinous crime had members of the Socialist Workers Party or Dr. King or all the other innocent victims of the F.B.I. committed? And when did the public demand that they be harassed and denied their constitutional rights? After blaming the American people for the F.B.I.'s crimes, Kelley said, "So it is essential that the public as well as law-enforcement officers be loyal to the spirit of the law." On this score, the public is way out in front.

Full disclosure of the F.B.I.'s misdeeds—the tale of a secret-police force that determined for two generations what forms of political activity the American people could properly engage in—has to be put on the record, to alert the public and prevent a recurrence. This can be accomplished only through prosecution of those who committed the worst crimes. But the crucial step in changing the basic attitude within the Bureau will come at the time of sentencing those who are found guilty. Imprisonment, though certainly deserved, is no answer, and would almost certainly make matters worse for the Bureau, for the government, and for the country. At the very least, it would probably confirm the conspiracy theory that agents seem to hold today. When Kearney was indicted, for instance, an agent in the New York office said, "There's a feeling that the Justice Department has turned on us." Then, too, prison rarely rehabilitates anyone, and in this case rehabilitation is essential. The government's goals should be to repair some of the damage done to individual victims of the F.B.I., to discourage future abuses, and to teach members of the F.B.I. what their proper role in our society is. To these ends, Congress could enact a law that would provide restitution to past victims who could demonstrate that damage had been done to them, and another law that would allow future victims to sue both individual agents and the Bureau itself for illegal violations of personal rights. As for the actual sentences imposed on convicted defendants, these should fit not their crimes but the cause of their crimes—again, their attitude.

Justice Department prosecutors who recommend sentences and federal judges who impose them might study the example recently set by Judge Stanley Kane, who presides over a local court in Hennepin County, Minnesota. Confronted with the problem of dealing with a white man who was convicted of cutting a black man with a broken bottle in a fight, Judge Kane put the culprit on probation for five years and ordered him to pay his victim's medical expenses; the terms of his probation are that during this time he will do unpaid "useful" work in a minority community, take college courses in race relations and minority history, and write and submit to his probation officer papers explaining what he learns. Clearly, members of the F.B.I. have a lot to learn—the history of the long and painful struggle to establish the legal principles that are embodied in our Constitution and Bill of Rights, for instance, the precious significance of the rule of law, and the nature of a democratic society. Perhaps it would help if the Justice Department assembled a group of leading historians, constitutional-law scholars, civil-liberties lawyers, and a few convicted F.B.I. men to discuss all sides of the social, political, and legal problems that law-enforcement officials and ordinary citizens face in our society today. The purpose of the discussions should be to devise a course in these subjects which would be made a standard part of the curriculum at the F.B.I. Academy—to be taken by all trainees and by agents in the field. The government might show its compassion by assigning the most culpable of the F.B.I. agents—men who are as sincere as they are misguided—to be instructors in these courses. They deserve another chance to fulfill their duty to their country as decent, dedicated, and, finally, enlightened servants of the law.

—Richard Harris

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Marion (Mass.) Sippican Sentinel*]

Mrs. Parker Converse has the honour to announce the marriage of her daughter Patricia Converse McDonald to Mr. William James McDonald, Jr., on Saturday, December 18th.

The ceremony was performed by the family minister, Rev. Ernest Cockrell, and took place in Mr. and Mrs. McDonald's new home on Converse Point, which they will move into after a brief wedding trip.

Witnesses were Mr. and Mrs. C. Angus McDonald, and Mr. George Heath, who was installing plumbing in the house at the time.

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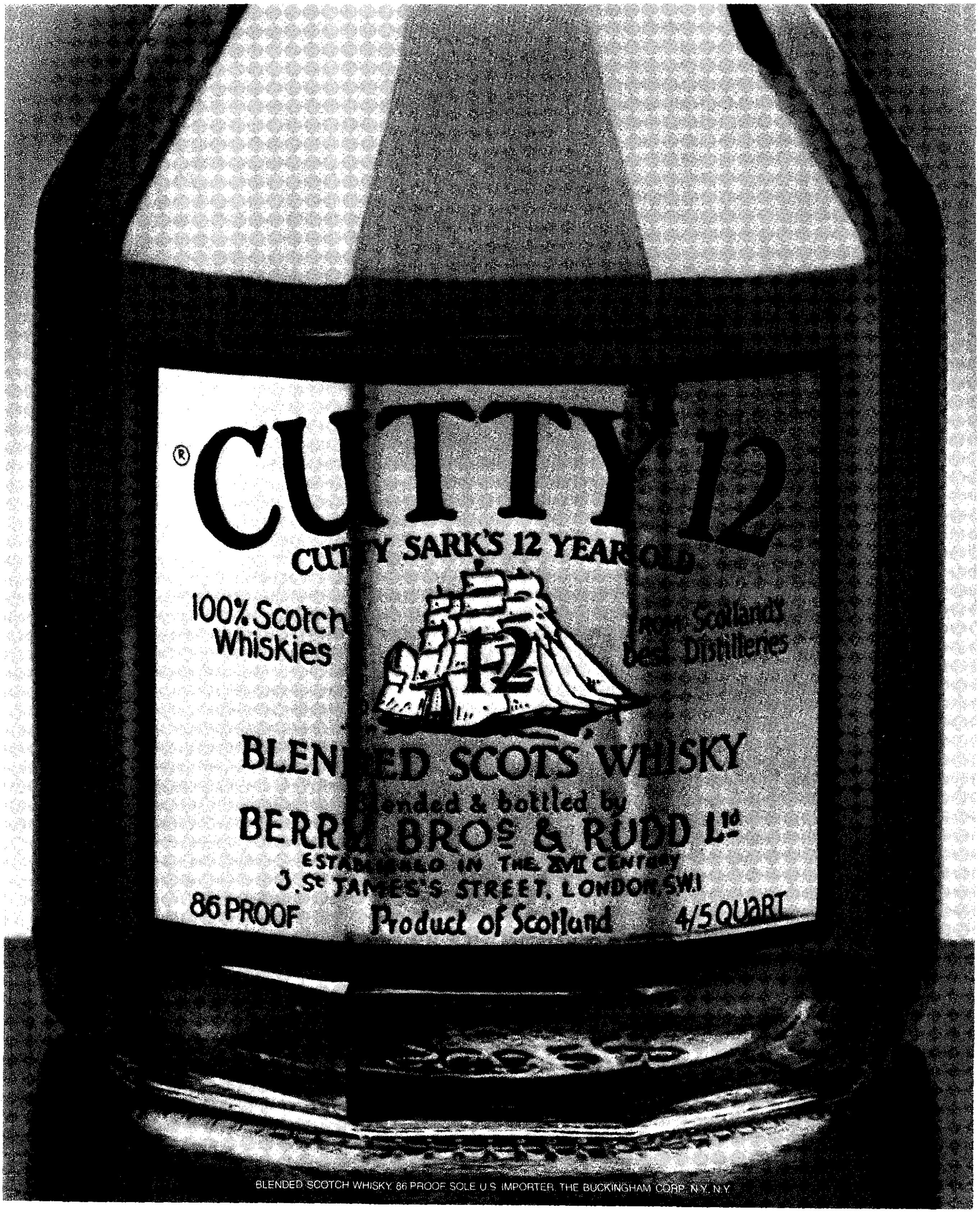
Why not? You may discover a 12 year old Scotch that's even more elegant. Cutty 12. Many people find Cutty 12 noticeably smooth and flavorful, with a less smokey taste. And for no more than you pay for a bottle of Chivas Regal, Cutty 12 arrives in a ship's decanter. So, all things considered, you may well find Cutty 12 the most satisfying 12 year old you can buy.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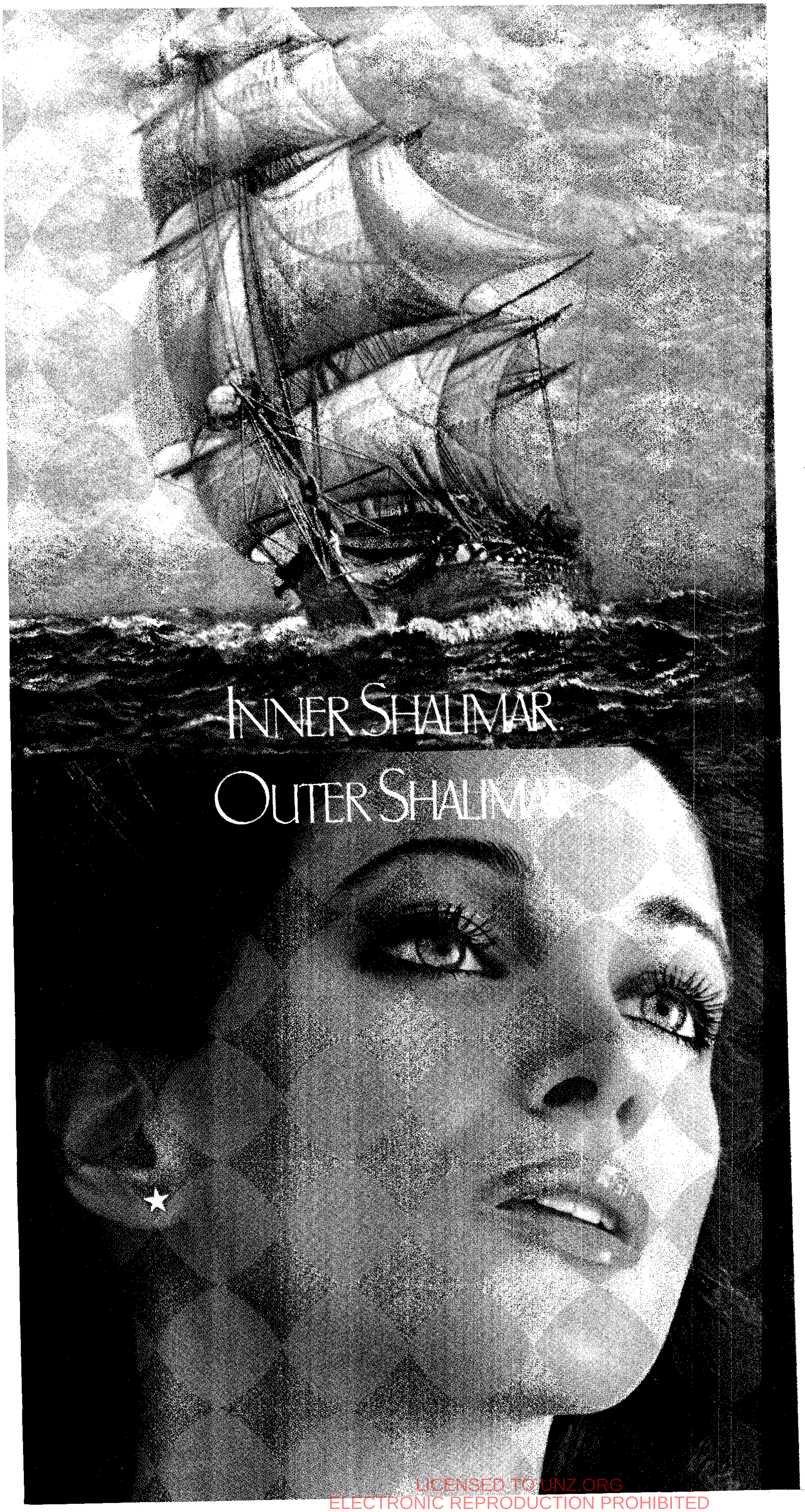

INNER SHALIMAR.
OUTER SHALIMAR.

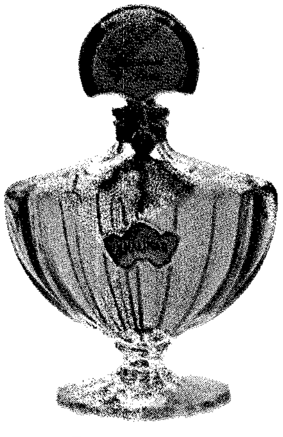
Like every woman, every great perfume has both an outer expression and a deeper, inner mood.

How many bold smiles reveal an inner shyness? How many accidental touches are meant as an inner embrace, warm and loving?

Outwardly, Shalimar expresses elegance, calm... a serene femininity.

But stay with the magnificent scent long enough and you will discover its inner mood...a clipper ship slicing through the seas, the power of a storm about to break, a deep sensuality waiting to be released.

You don't just dab on a perfume like Shalimar. You wear it body and soul.



SHALIMAR
BY GUERLAIN.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

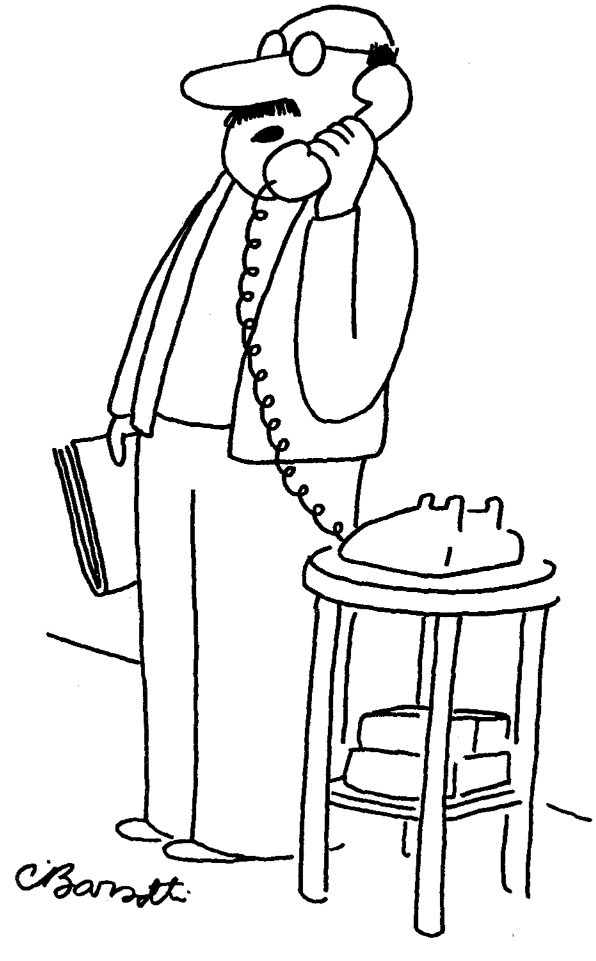
A Fable

ITALY in 1897. Glimmering creamy dresses, parasols, children playing, lacy curtains blowing in the breeze. Trains letting loose clouds of steam around the hems of women's fur-trimmed travelling clothes. Tea in the garden under huge trees. Power, riches, beauty. And then, suddenly, the fall of this apparently impregnable family, called Murri. Mauro Bolognini's "La Grande Bourgeoise" has the quality of a fable. The tenderly beautiful Catherine Deneuve (Linda) is married to a doctor who suffocates her with his boorishness. Riches, it seems, can buy anything in the Italy of the time; a cleric of high degree orders the Count and Countess Bonmartini to live separately in the same quarters, and instructs him to give the Countess every freedom she wants. Freedom for what? To read, to lie in bed, this sickly beauty, and, most of all, to think of Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), her brother and the love of her life. Luck flickers around the apparently blessed Murris, children of a great scholar, played by Fernando Rey. After halcyon days powdery with heat, things begin to go drastically wrong. (The story is based on a real incident.) The Murris are wealthy and powerful Socialists: a mixture that has always provoked wrath in the mass of poorer, working-class Socialists. When Tullio, agonized by his sister's suffering, plots and commits the murder of her husband, he uncovers who knows how much murk of social hatred. The handsome brother in the white tailored suit is spattered with public rage and brought to trial. His eye sockets are as lilac as those of his sister, who is charged with incitement to murder. Money could buy the rules of marriage which Linda wanted, but it can't buy a reprieve; we see in motion the widespread glee about the fall of the rich and gifted, and the general pleasure in the plunder of the Murris' good fortune. Neither the public nor the law cares much about the fate of Linda's brother's mistress, who has been accused of being an accessory. They want bigger prey to suffer.

What is to blame? A staled idea of marriage? Socialists who live like grandees? Monarchists who are the Church's rival in power but don't hesitate to use the Church for their own ends? A Church that wants to keep in with the powerful even when the powerful are its philosophical enemies? An incestuous love? Professor Murri, who sits often with his cane between his knees, is a marvellous character: he has a speculative mind racked by this situation, which he can never define for himself. He could bear his children's grief better if only he had a chance of ever knowing the truth.

Bolognini has made an intellectually exquisite film. It is often said that the cinema is poor at investigating ideas, but this film's mind has a noble structure. The film is beautifully acted, and could justly be called everything that Shelley's "The Cenci"—with its incest theme—is not. There is nothing lurid here; the film's intelligence is as clear as water, and the voices of its characters carry.

ANTHONY PAGE'S "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" treats the subject of a pretty, schizophrenic girl with pity and understanding. It is a fine film about a character who must have been as difficult to report on and make coherent to us dramatically as she would have been in reality. We end up having learned a good deal: Life never promised us a rose garden.



"Arthur Braddock, of the Big Apple, speaking."

The film starts with Deborah Blake, played by Kathleen Quinlan, driving up to yet another hospital with her parents. She doesn't seem frightened; she is almost excited, in the margin of life she inhabits. She seems to be hoarding a secret. At least, this is *her* place, *her* property to unpack with the thoroughness *she* has. Her fantasy land, to which she can always retreat, is a desert country full of ritual magic and mask-faced tribal chieftains. She can roam free there, riding a horse, her hair streaming behind her. Her territory is ruled over by tyrants devised by her to keep herself in obeisance. One of the strange and impressive elements of the film (screenplay by Gavin Lambert and Lewis John Carlino, adapted from a novel by Joanne Greenberg) is the low-key love for the patient by the woman psychiatrist, Dr. Fried (Bibi Andersson). The Doctor has a steady-eyed repose and attentiveness that are enough to pull Deborah back from the brink. The girl calls suicide her "hobby," with the flippancy of the desperate. She watches the other people at the hospital. They are lost and errant, slithering in and out of tantrum with the persecuted's mixture of the knowing and the wizardly. They make her take refuge in her own imagined country.

With the help of the tranquil Doctor, Deborah eventually sees that she has been giving herself hard terms to live by. One is left almost as moved as therapist and patient. The girl clings to the Doctor as if the demons and evil spirits that she sees sprouting wherever she looks were in danger of precluding her right to love her. The Doctor goes away on holiday. Panic sets in. Deborah's illness is not irreversible; through the dank crypt walls of her personality, the sense of a good mind struggling to get out is very strong. William Blake wrote: "For a Tear is an Intellectual Thing."

AFTER these two delicate-natured films, the new Bond. It is a savage and brutish piece of work, full of pre-

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tended sophistication, with a marring humor at the level of pulling away someone's chair just when he is going to sit down. "The Spy Who Loved Me" (the spy being Roger Moore, the director being Lewis Gilbert, and the picture featuring Barbara Bach as a coldly luscious Russian spy, the standard Bond girl-object) resembles its predecessors in being like a spree at F. A. O. Schwarz, plus the gag of its happening mostly under water. There is a lethal Bond car with accoutrements that can turn it into a submarine; there is a nuclear-submarine-kidnapping ship that the Russians think the Americans are running and the British think the Russians are running; and there is a vicious, seven-foot-two, moronic-looking, bloodsucking man named Jaws, who has magnetized teeth that lead to repulsive catastrophes. What chauvinism, what ingenuity of bloodlust. Gone are the days of the early James Bond pictures, with their gaiety and circus hucksterism.

IN French film comedy there is an equivalent of the soubrette among people. "Pardon Mon Affaire," directed by Yves Robert, has all the harmless affectations of what used to be called a bit of fluff. The hero, Étienne, played by Jean Rochefort, is a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario, who makes an almighty mess of his attempts to have a love affair. Women, including his wife, watch with fond helplessness as he fumbles assignations and generally behaves like an elephant that has no idea of its size and tries to fit all four legs onto a human lap.

With the intent of pursuing a girl he dotes on who goes riding, he pulls on his old boots, watched with sympathetic experience of his gaffes by his family, and then walks in the boots like a policeman whose feet hurt. His breeches droop in mournful curves. He manages to arrange a date with his patient girl in London, telling his wife that he has to be in Brussels; his plane, of course, is diverted to Brussels by weather conditions. His male cronies follow the complexities of his dilemmas with concern. This is a film full of jokes that aren't really funny, and it is sabotaged sometimes by Comédie-Française coquetry, but its good mood saves it.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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WANTED!

3 ambitious persons who will respond to a challenge! You must be ethical or oriented to people.—*Adv. in the Tucson (Ariz.) Arizona Daily Star.*

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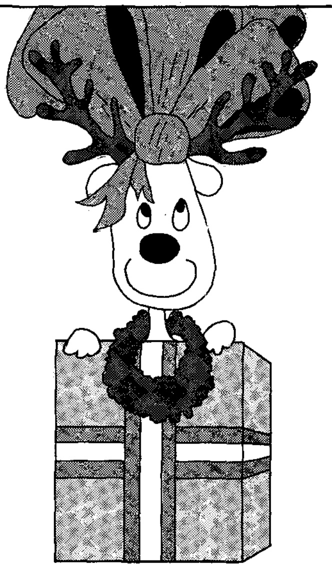

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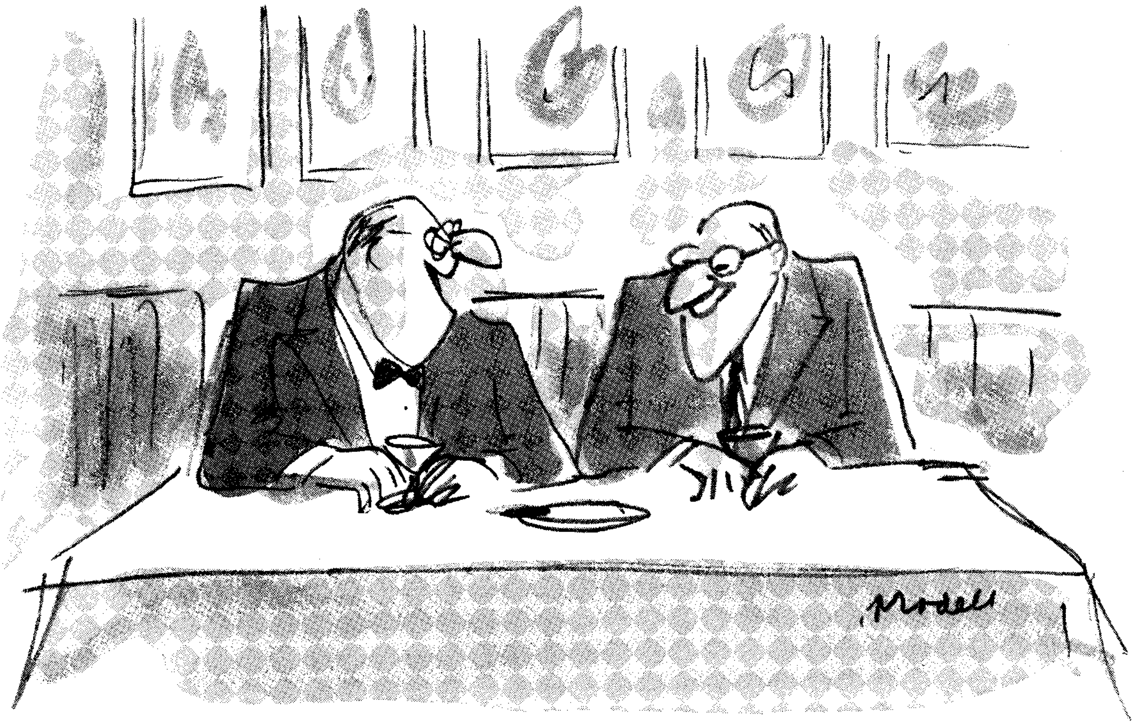
THE SPORTING SCENE

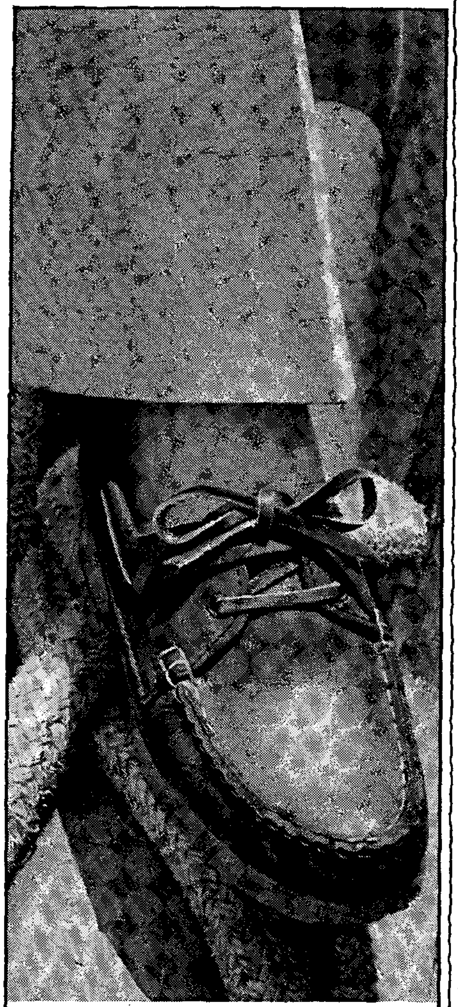
TULSA AND TURNBERRY: TWO EXCEPTIONAL OPENS

ONE of the many points of difference between the United States Open and the British Open—perhaps the two most important golf competitions in the world—is that the British championship, since its inception, in 1860, has been played on only fourteen courses, while ours, which was started thirty-five years later, has been played on nearly fifty courses. There are a lot of reasons for this disparity, such as the size of the United States and that of Great Britain and Northern Ireland (with a combined area smaller than Oregon); the unwritten law that the British Open is played exclusively on seaside courses; and the preference of the Royal & Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, which conducts the British Open, for limiting the number of courses in the championship rotation (or "rota," as the British say), as opposed to the policy of the United States Golf Association, which conducts our Open, of holding our championship in all sections of the vast continental spread of our country. In respect to this last matter, most golfers regard Baltusrol, in Springfield, New Jersey, and Oakmont, outside Pittsburgh, as exemplifying the traditional U.S. Open venue, because these two clubs have put on the most Opens. However, when you come right down to it, each has held the championship only five times (Baltusrol in 1903, 1915, 1936, 1954, and 1967; Oakmont in 1927, 1935, 1953, 1962, and 1973), and in Baltusrol's case, it should be noted, three different courses have been used. On the other hand, St. Andrews has been host to the British Open twenty-one times, and Muirfield, some fifteen miles east of Edinburgh, a good solid eleven. I mention all this because 1977 was a rather unusual year in that neither championship was being played at a truly familiar course. Southern Hills, that splendid course in Tulsa, where our Open was won in mid-June by Hubert Green, was staging it for only the second time, and the British Open, which Tom Watson won in early July, was played for the first time ever on the Ailsa course, in Turnberry, about fifty miles south of Glasgow. Technically, I gather, one should refer to it as the Ailsa course of the Turnberry Hotel. The Ailsa and a second course, the Arran, are owned by British Transport Hotels, Ltd.—a formidable chain, which also runs the famous Gleneagles Hotel and its three courses, and which brought off a considerable coup about ten years ago with the creation of the Old Course Hotel, just off the seventeenth hole at St. Andrews. The hotel at Turnberry, a long, low white stucco building with a pinky-brick-colored slate roof, is perched atop a fairly high ridge and overlooks the two courses.

The wonder, I suppose, is that it took the R. & A. so long to award the Open to Turnberry (which is how golfers refer to the championship links), because for twenty years and more the course has generally been acknowledged to be the best on the West Coast of Scotland. However, the R. & A., as Wordsworth said of the Thames, glideth at its own sweet will. In 1961, it gave Turnberry a tryout by holding the British Amateur Championship there, and two years later it used the course as the site of the Walker Cup Match. Turnberry acquitted itself favorably both times, and this undoubtedly had a good deal to do with its receiving the ultimate laurel, the Open. Tied in with this is a somewhat more complicated story. Whenever you hold a golf event of some importance in Scotland—as a rule, the Open is played alternately in England and in Scotland—you must take pains to see that neither the East Coast nor the West is slighted. As far as championship courses are concerned, the East Coast has always been well endowed. To begin with, there is St. Andrews itself, which sits on a small bay off the North Sea. Then, there is Muirfield, undoubtedly the finest classic course in Britain. Muirfield, situated on the south shore of the Firth of Forth, first held the Open in 1892, shortly after succeeding grim, obsolete Musselburgh, on the outskirts of Edinburgh, as the home of the world's oldest golf club—the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, established in 1744. Add to this duo chill Carnoustie, on the north shore of the Tay estuary, which was admitted to the rota in 1931, and you have three excellent championship courses. What about the West Coast? Well, the Open was a West Coast monopoly during its first eleven years. The club that initiated the championship was Prestwick, which occupies a rambunctious stretch of duneland on the east shore of the Firth of Clyde, and from 1860 through 1870 the Open was played there. In 1871, the Open was temporarily suspended, and when it was resumed, the following year, a new pattern was introduced: Prestwick held it in 1872,



"You're a lot like me, J. B.—a real survivor."



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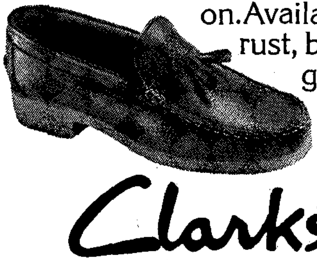

St. Andrews in 1873, and Musselburgh in 1874, and it continued to be rotated over those three courses until 1892, when the championship underwent a number of revolutionary changes. Among other things, it was extended from a thirty-six-hole competition to a seventy-two-hole competition, and several new courses, including some in England—Sandwich and Hoylake, in particular—became regular members of the cast. It wasn't until 1923, though, that a second course on Scotland's West Coast, Troon, just north of Prestwick—the two courses are actually contiguous—was chosen for the Open. Troon shortly became the only West Coast course on the rota, for after 1925 Prestwick was dropped. Its grounds were not commodious enough to accommodate the swelling galleries, provide adequate parking space, and meet the sundry other demands of a modern golf championship. Moreover, the course did not have the necessary length to test the top golfers in the world, and, ironically, the very features of Prestwick's terrain which had caused the most excitement in the early years of the Open had become sadly outdated. For example, on the short fifth hole and the two-shot seventeenth, the greens were completely hidden from view by huge sand hills. The sand hill on the fifth was proudly called the Himalayas, and the one on the seventeenth the Alps, since in that period a blind approach shot was esteemed as the last word in golf-course *haute couture*, and other clubs envied Prestwick's good fortune in having been so generously endowed by nature. Today, the crusty old course serves as a fascinating museum of what golf was like in the days of the gutta-percha ball.

When a golfer thinks of Turnberry, the first thing that comes to mind, I suppose, is the glorious vista from the hotel on the ridge: the two courses below are spread out over the tumbling duneland along the Firth of Clyde; the Mull of Kintyre and the jagged hills of the island of Arran rise in the distance across the firth; and to the south Ailsa Craig, a colossal granite rock shaped like the top half of a Rugby football, thrusts itself out of the water.

IT would be difficult to find a golfing locale that normally offers a sharper contrast to Turnberry than Southern Hills does in mid-June. Over the years, the United States has had some uncomfortably torrid Opens—the one in 1964 at Congressional, near Washington, D.C., and the one in 1969 at Champions, outside Houston, to name just two—but I don't believe that any of them were as searing and debilitating as the Open held at Southern Hills in 1958. In early summer, the temperature in Tulsa usually averages between eighty-five and ninety degrees, but it climbed to a hundred several times during that Open. On the last day, for one of the few times in the long history of the event, several greens on the course, dangerously close to dying because of the intense heat, were syringed even while play was going on. (In golf, syringing involves a light spraying that wets the blades but does not soak the soil.) To make conditions still more uncomfortable for both players and spectators, a hot, humid wind off the Gulf of Mexico blew up from Texas fairly early in the tournament and never went away.

As I travelled out to Tulsa this June, there were other aspects of the 1958 Open which I thought about several times: the way a golf ball hit into the five-inch Bermuda-grass rough bordering the fairways invariably slipped down through the wiry, twisting blades and onto the ground itself, making a recovery shot with any club but a sand wedge practically impossible; the astonishing imperviousness of the natives to the heat; and, above all, the elegant golf played by Tommy Bolt, the winner. Bolt hit fifty-nine of the seventy-two greens in the "regulation stroke" and was either tied for the lead or in the lead by himself after rounds of 71, 71, 69, and 72, and he finished with a margin of four strokes over Gary Player, who was making his first start in the championship. These statistics, impressive as they are, still give no indication of the absolutely superb shotmaking that Bolt produced on an exceedingly narrow, fast, and exacting course, and I honestly wonder whether any winner of our Open has ever demonstrated better control of the golf ball from the first tee through the last green. Mind you, no one in the nineteen-fifties ever questioned Bolt's talent. Ben Hogan, I believe, rated only Sam Snead above him as a technician. Bolt's trouble was his lack of self-control. He had the shortest fuse of anyone in golf at the time, and, inevitably, he came to be known as Terrible Tempered Tommy. The 1958 Open afforded an example of his irascibility which was so classic that it has become a part of the game's folklore. During his post-round interview with the press on the second day of the tournament, he mentioned testily that his age had been listed in a Tulsa newspaper that morning as forty-nine, not thirty-nine. The writer for the paper explained that this was a typographical error. "Typographical error, hell!" Bolt roared. "That was a perfect 4 and a perfect 9!" Throughout the tournament, Bolt, as he frequently did, kept up a spirited give-and-take during his interview sessions with certain members of the press who loved to taunt him, and since this raillery often ended in really bitter exchanges, it was amazing how well he managed to keep his emotions in check when he was out on the course. On the last round, when he had the tournament virtually wrapped up with only three holes to go, a strange spectacle occurred. A group of twenty or thirty reporters, few of whom were celebrated for the time they spent watching golf, and most of whom had had run-ins with Bolt at one time or another, filtered out to the sixteenth hole—the seventieth of the tournament—to follow their old buddy as he came strutting down the stretch. Bolt was delighted to see them. Good humor reigned, apparent even in the occasional needling remarks hurled at him and in his retaliatory gibes. Beaming, totally confident despite the pressure he was still under and the fact that he had never won a major title, Bolt took the time before playing each of his tee-to-green shots on the last three holes to describe to his entourage how he intended to hit that shot. As I remember it, things went something like this: "This one is for you, Freddy, my boy," Bolt would announce, singling out some familiar friendly enemy before hitting, say, his second shot on the par-5 sixteenth. "I'm not gonna do anything fancy with this one. Just gonna hit a nice little 3-wood down the right side and keep it out of trouble. I don't need no birdie." There would be some sort of reply from Freddy, my boy, on the order of "Just get it off the ground, Tommy." After Bolt had rifled the ball down the fairway to the exact spot he had in mind, he would turn and ask the reporters how they liked that one, and the air would be filled with cries of admiration and undying affection, along with a few disparaging cracks. This unlikely procedure continued as Bolt played the last three holes—and parred them all. It was a love feast, really. Yet when I consider how treacherous a game golf is and how often a seemingly insurmountable lead can vanish like a puff of smoke, I am still aghast at the recollection of Bolt and company

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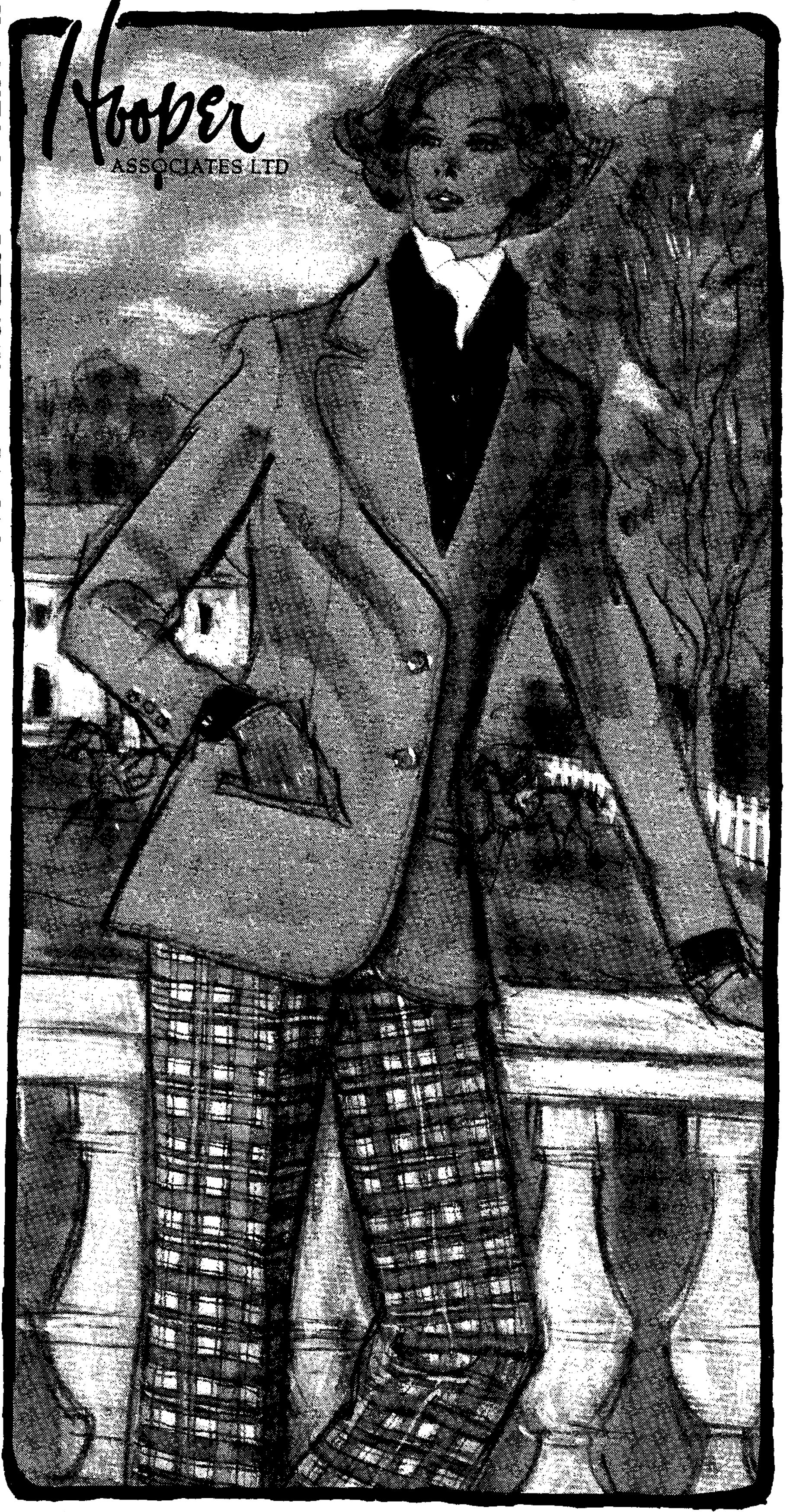

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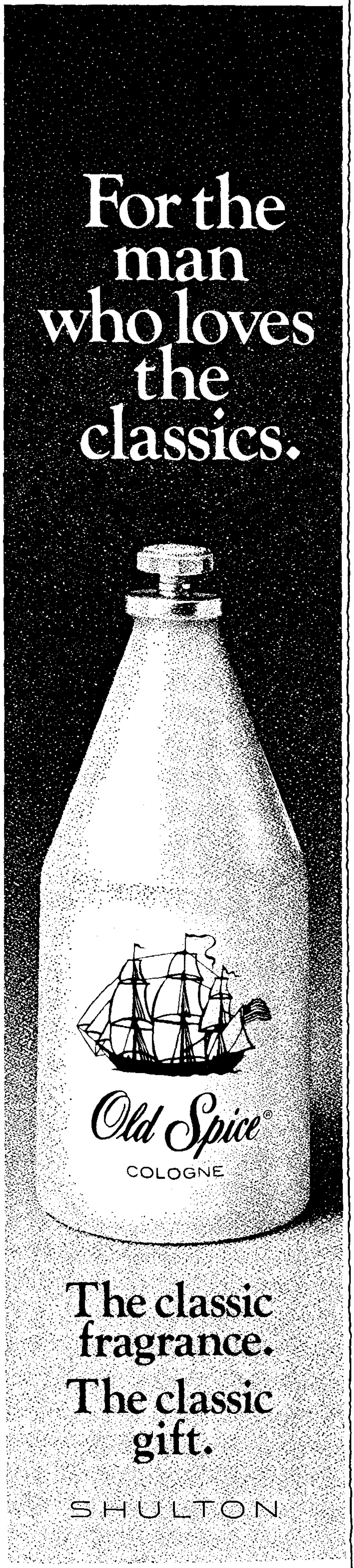
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indulging in this strange repartee on those closing holes. It surely must stand as one of the most bizarre triumphal marches in sports history. Of course, it might have been the heat.

Southern Hills Country Club came into existence in 1935, a century after Tulsa was founded, on the east bank of the Arkansas River. (The Creek tribe had been moved to Oklahoma—then known as Indian Territory—by our government in the eighteen-thirties, and this particular settlement had been called Tulsey, a corruption of *tvlse*, a Creek word meaning "old home.") What led to the genesis of Southern Hills was a rumor that began to circulate in 1934 to the effect that the Tulsa Country Club, the city's leading golf club, was going to be turned into a public course. Appalled by this prospect, a number of ardent golfers who were affiliated with that club approached Waite Phillips, one of the richest men in town—an independent oilman who was a brother of Frank Phillips, the head of the giant Phillips Petroleum Company. (Oil had been discovered in 1901 at Red Fork, across the Arkansas from Tulsa, and the city had become the center for refining and shipping the oil from that field and other mid-continent fields.) During the Depression, Waite Phillips had bought up, among other properties, hundreds of acres of green, rolling land to the southeast of Tulsa, and, knowing this, the golfers from the Tulsa Country Club asked him if he might be interested in building a new golf course on part of this land. Phillips shortly afterward presented the members of this group with a counter-proposition: he offered to give them three hundred acres of land provided that they were able to raise a hundred and fifty thousand dollars and that they spend that sum over a two-year period in establishing a first-class country club with a golf course, a swimming pool, tennis courts, riding trails, and other recreational facilities. He made this offer on December 30, 1934, and gave the group fifteen days to come up with the hundred and fifty thousand dollars. On the fourteenth of January, the group notified Phillips that it had received pledges totalling a hundred and forty-six thousand from prominent local citizens, thus in effect meeting the conditions of the offer, and the deal was on.

Work on the course began on February 18, 1935, under the direction of Perry Maxwell, a golf-course architect from Ardmore, Oklahoma. Maxwell, independently wealthy since birth, had been in banking for a number of years, but when he was forty he decided to devote himself primarily to his long-time hobby, golf-course architecture. When he was twenty-six, he had designed his first golf course, Dornick Hills, in Ardmore. After his retirement, Maxwell was kept extremely busy building courses, most of them in the South Central States. They included Hillcrest, in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, and Nichols Hills and Twin Hills, in Oklahoma City. A friend of Waite Phillips, Maxwell had often remarked to him that the acreage he had acquired southeast of Tulsa was admirably suited to golf, and there is little doubt that his friendship with Phillips was a principal reason Maxwell was selected as the architect of Southern Hills, though officially he was appointed by Don Bothwell, the member of the board of the new club who was responsible for the golf course. By the mid-nineteen-thirties, Maxwell, who had studied the best Scottish courses assiduously, had arrived at a basic philosophy of golf-course architecture. In a word, this was that the land was the all-important thing and should be changed as little as possible in building golf holes on it. That way, you created a course with character. It was not surprising that Maxwell, guided by such a clear and simple approach to his work, completed his assignments in far less time than most of his colleagues. At Southern Hills, using a single tractor and, for the rest, mules and drag pans, he moved a minimum of earth. He followed the natural conformation of the terrain closely, paying particular attention to the one brook that wandered through the property. By August of 1935, the fairways were cleared, shaped, and sprigged with native Bermuda-grass stolons. By October, the greens were contoured and sowed with Seaside Bent, and even though they had to be ripped up and resowed in January of 1936—cottonseed hulls, which had been used in the soil mixture, had generated too much heat and prevented the grass from growing in properly—by May 23rd, when the course was officially opened, the greens were in very playable condition. Not only had Maxwell brought in a superior course in just fifteen months but it had cost astonishingly little—a hundred and thirteen thousand dollars. Of this amount, a little less than half—fifty-two thousand—

had been spent on the drainage and irrigation systems, crucial factors in a part of the country which often goes for weeks under a scorching sun with no rainfall to speak of. (Just prior to the Professional Golfers' Association Championship held there in August, 1970, Southern Hills underwent a succession of days in which the temperature hovered between a hundred and seven and a hundred and nine degrees.) To handle the water problems, Maxwell had called in a specialist from Chicago, who drilled seven wells, created a huge storage lake, put in miles of drainage pipes, installed an intricate sprinkling network, and, all in all, did such a superlative job that the club's watering system can today, with the addition of a second storage lake, produce thirty-three hundred gallons a minute. The course, all hundred and seventy-five acres of it, can be watered in four hours.

Southern Hills was an unqualified success. Everyone who came to look it over perceived instantly the great feel that Perry Maxwell had for handling land. He received many offers from that time on, and could pick the projects that appealed to him most. Of his later work, perhaps the best known is the nine-hole layout he did in 1937 for Prairie Dunes, a little bit of old Scotland in the heart of Kansas. (His son Press Maxwell added a second nine, which was opened in 1957.) In 1937 and 1938, partly on the strength of what he had demonstrated at Southern Hills and partly because he was a good friend of the late Alister MacKenzie, he was invited to the Augusta National, the sanctum sanctorum, by Bobby Jones, its co-designer with MacKenzie, where he revised two holes—the seventh and the tenth. Horton Smith, one of the prominent golfers of that period, had suggested that the seventh, an easy drive-and-pitch par 4, might be improved if in place of the undistinguished original green a small green surrounded by bunkers was built. Maxwell supervised the construction of a new plateau green well above the fairway, and, as the pines lining the slim fairway grew taller, the seventh became an enticing and difficult change-of-pace hole. The alteration that Maxwell made on the tenth was far more significant. On this par 4, where the fairway descends a long slope, the green had been situated in a hollow at the foot of the slope—a bothersome position, since the hole did not play long enough and the green did not drain well enough. It was Maxwell's idea to move the green to a piece of higher

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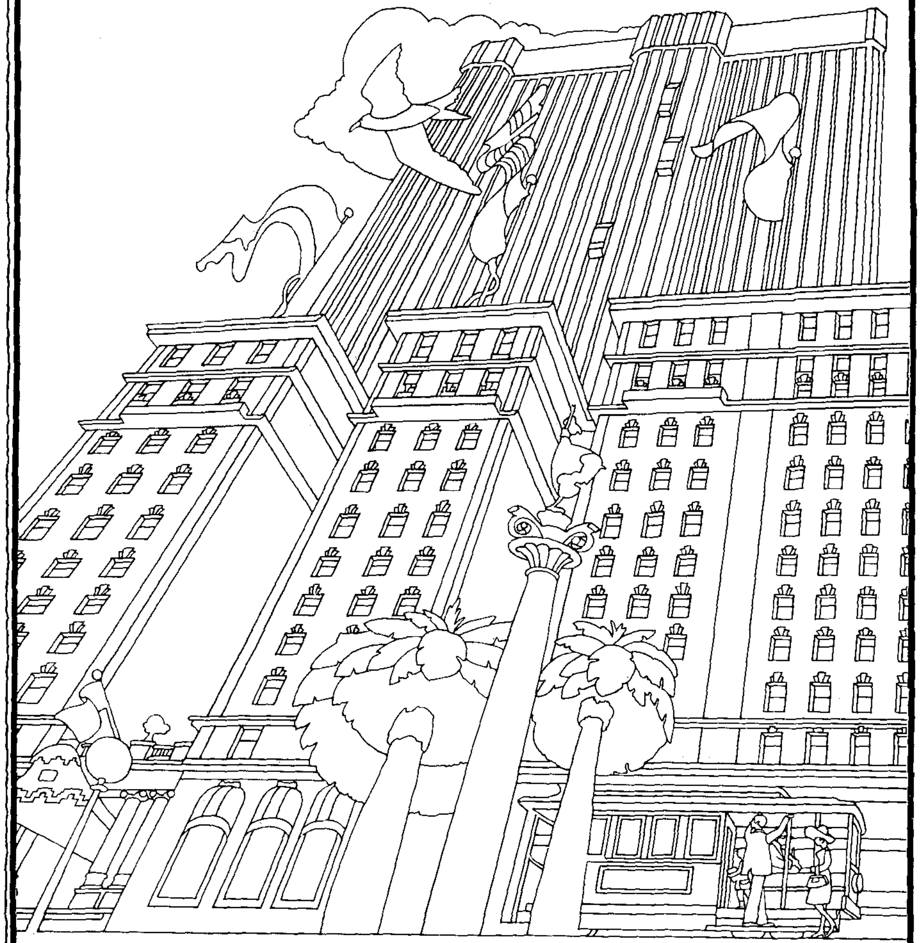

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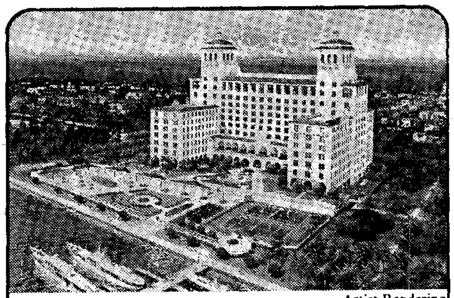
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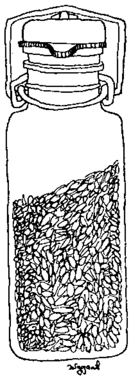
ground beyond the original green and to the left. This changed a frog into a prince. The remodelled tenth, with its green wedged into a stand of pines that towers a hundred feet above it, has been regarded ever since as one of the best and most majestic inland par 4s in the world.

The deliberation with which the U.S.G.A. examined the merits of Southern Hills as a site for national championships recalls the cautious series of steps later taken by the R. & A. in the case of Turnberry. In 1946, the U.S. Women's Amateur Championship was held at Southern Hills, and in 1953 the Junior Amateur Championship. The course performed well, and it was awarded the 1958 U.S. Open. Southern Hills is never at its best in mid-June, and it played harder for the Open than it had been expected to. For all his masterly golf, Bolt's four-round total was three strokes over par for the championship course—6,907 yards long, par 70. The hard-baked fairways, only twenty to thirty-five yards wide, gave the field little margin for error, and the Bermuda-grass rough, which had been allowed to grow too high, did the rest. (I remember that on the opening round a traffic jam occurred on the second hole when at least one golfer could not find his ball after driving into the edge of the rough. It was the first time I had ever seen a golfer lose a ball in a major championship without actually hitting it into a pond.) Nevertheless, everyone came away with enormous respect for Southern Hills. It had shown itself to be, among other things, as good a driving course as there was in the country. Eight of the par 4s and one of the two par 5s were artfully designed dogleg holes, several of them lined on both sides, others on just one side, with Oklahoma scrub oaks, cottonwoods, elms, and pin oaks. A golfer had to play a very accurate tee shot away from the trees clustered in the angle of the dogleg or else he had to drive beyond the point where the trees ended in order to have an open shot to the green on his approach. When Bolt was asked which club had won him the Open, he pointed to his driver.

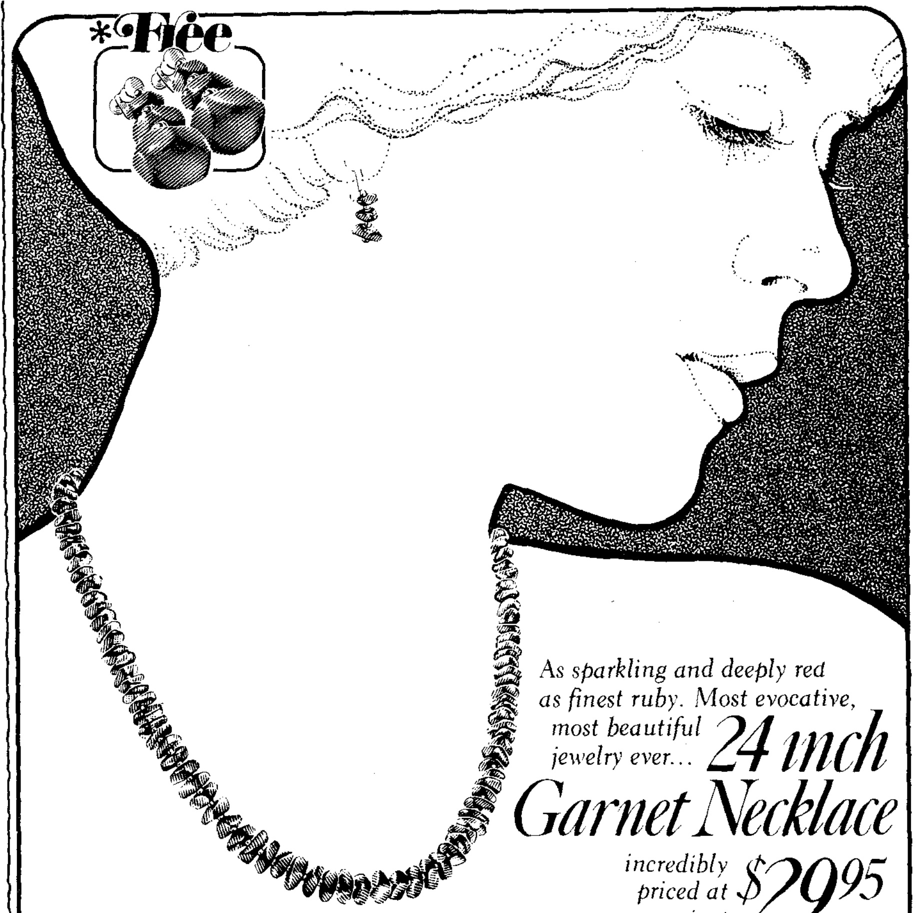


Over the years between the 1958 Open and the 1977 Open, relatively few changes were made at Southern Hills. The bunkers were filled with new sand—a type called No. 6 Wash, which comes from the Arkansas River. The grass on the greens, Seaside Bent, was replaced by C-7 Cohansey Bent. One green was resited, and another was made much larger. One tee was moved, and several others were modified. For the recent Open, the course measured 6,873 yards, or thirty-four yards less than it had in 1958; some of this yardage was "lost" when the holes were remeasured a while back. Par for the championship course was still 70. On the eve of the Open, when a few of us stood on the ridge on which the clubhouse is perched, somewhat like the Turnberry Hotel—that ridge is the only considerable rise on the entire tract—we gazed down on a course that appeared to be essentially the same as it was two decades ago. Some of the trees had grown taller, and some flowering shrubs had been planted, but that was about it. In the distance, however, new clusters of glistening rectangular buildings in downtown Tulsa rose a good deal higher than an elephant's eye.

WHEN one went out on the course on the day of the opening round, though, it quickly became evident that the playing conditions at Southern Hills were quite different from those during Bolt's Open. While the fairways were as tight as before, the Bermuda-grass rough was comparatively docile. The first six feet of the rough was only two inches high, and most of the deeper stretches were between two and a half and three and a half inches high. By the fourth, and last, day of the championship, the rough, with the aid of a chemical booster, had shot up noticeably and begun to take on the texture of Brillo, but in my opinion it was just about ideal for the course throughout the tournament—never too passive, never too resistant. If the course played easier from tee to green than it had in 1958, the green areas were much harder to cope with. For a starter, the No. 6 Wash from the Arkansas River proved to be very soft sand—not much of an improvement over the fine silica of 1958—and a golfer whose shot found a greenside bunker was frequently confronted with a buried lie. The touring pro these days is accustomed to "getting up and down" in two from sand, but this seldom happened at Southern Hills. But the chief problem for the field was putting the undulating greens. Cut to only three thirty-seconds of an inch, they were as fast and slick as any U.S. Open greens since those at Oakmont in 1935. For example, Ben Crenshaw, one of the best putters in the game, confessed after the second round that he had

had only two putts on which he felt it was safe to really go for the cup. Crenshaw went on, "There are a lot of small breaks on these greens you can't read, and, as a result, except when you have an uphill putt, you must putt defensively." During the championship, the greens had to be syringed at regular intervals, for after the first round, when the temperature was only in the middle eighties, and a cooling breeze moved over the course, it was terribly humid and hot—in the mid-nineties. (On the day of the final round, a member of the ground crew who had just syringed a wilting green heeded the pleas of a mass of wilting spectators and, swinging his hose around, syringed them.) But the main point I want to make is that the various elements—the fairways, the rough, the hazards, and the greens—combined splendidly at Southern Hills, and it proved to be a wonderful Open course. It put continuous pressure on the players, never letting them forget that sooner or later they would have to pay a price for missing a fairway or a green or for misreading a putt. It made them study every shot—particularly the approach shots to the subtly contoured greens, for in order to avoid having a slippery downhill putt or one with a worrisome sidehill break they had to think out and execute the specific shot called for if they wanted their approach to end up below the hole, by far the safest position to putt from. With such nice control required, a par had to be earned even on the five short par-4 holes, which measured between 354 and 383 yards—something that doesn't happen often in this day of the power hitter. Oh, there were some flaws in the way the U.S.G.A. had prepared the course. I am referring particularly to some brink-of-the-abyss pin positions selected by Frank D. Tatum, Jr.—the talented head of the U.S.G.A. Championship Committee—who if he had all of Europe as a green might be severely tempted to set the pin on the St. Gotthard Pass the first day of a tournament and then on the Isthmus of Corinth, along the Amalfi Drive, and in Penzance the next three days. But, to return to my main point, Southern Hills did not make the spectacular demands a Pebble Beach does, yet the demands were there, all right, and this year we had an archetypical U.S. Open course, requiring judgment, accuracy, finesse, touch, and endurance of those who would do well.

On the morning of the fourth round, seventeen golfers were bunched within five strokes of the leader, Hu-



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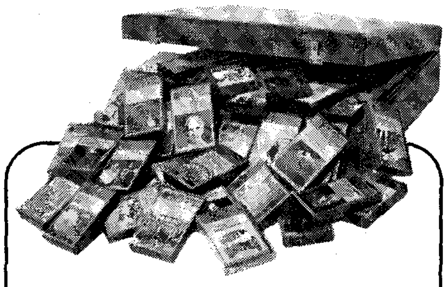

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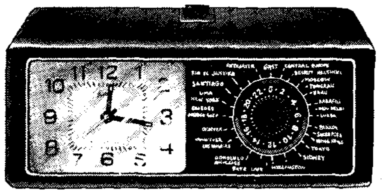
bert Green. This group included Gary Player and Jack Nicklaus—neither of whom, it transpired, was about to make the kind of rush he had so often uncorked during the make-or-break hours of a championship. For the rest, the challengers were a potpourri of almost complete unknowns, such as Don Padgett and Gary Jacobson; experienced golfers who had never won an important professional tournament, such as Rod Funseth and Steve Melnyk; and a few men with impressive credentials, such as Lou Graham, the 1975 U.S. Open Champion, and Tom Weiskopf, the 1973 British Open Champion. Graham, Weiskopf, and Tom Purtzer, the twenty-five-year-old winner of this year's Los Angeles Open, made good runs at Green on the last nine holes, after he had begun to waver, but Graham was the only one who sustained his challenge until the final hole. The growing possibility that Graham might overhaul Green made the last hour of the Open intensely dramatic.

BEFORE we deal with that, let us concentrate for a moment on Hubert Green. Like Bolt in 1958, Green either was tied for the lead or was the undisputed leader after each round. He opened with a 69, as did six other players. He jumped in front by a stroke at the halfway mark by adding a 67, on which he holed four sizable birdie putts, including a sinuous forty-five-footer. He maintained that slim margin with a 72—a much better round than the score implies, since he made practically nothing on the greens, despite being frequently in birdie range. He finished that third round strongly, with a succession of beautifully struck approaches, which suggested a positive frame of mind. And yet the fact is that few people were convinced that Green would be able to hold on during the fourth round and win the Open. A thirty-year-old Alabamian from a well-to-do Birmingham family, Green, who graduated from Florida State University in 1968, joined the professional circuit in the fall of 1970, and came of age last year, when he won three tournaments in a row in the process of collecting $228,031 in prize money. Nevertheless, he has seldom been a serious challenger in the events that count the most. His best finish in a major championship came in 1974, when he was fourth in the British Open. His temperament, which is excitable, is not an asset, as he is the first to acknowledge. A tall, lean fellow (six feet one, a

it's a small world



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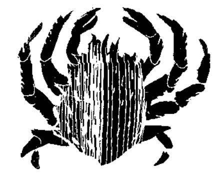
hundred and sixty-five pounds), with curly black hair and searching blue eyes, he is forever fidgeting on the course. In fact, he is probably the most restless tournament golfer since Cary Middlecoff, and perhaps the most basically nervous tournament golfer since Leo Diegel, a man with a touch of genius who won two P.G.A. Championships in the nineteen-twenties and might well have won our Open and the British Open at least once if he had been blessed with a more pacific nature. (At times, he used to leap on top of benches and tee boxes in his anxiety to see where a wayward drive had ended up.) To ease the tension that comes over him in competition, Green talks constantly—to his caddie, the people playing with him, the officials, anyone—and, while this helps to keep him calm, he remains susceptible to making costly errors at critical moments. In this year's Masters, for instance, he was battling for the lead on the second round when, after hitting his iron shot on the par-3 twelfth into a bunker behind the green, he chopped his wedge recovery over the green and into Rae's Creek, and though he subsequently played himself back into contention, he never again looked like winning the tournament. Along with being inordinately high-strung, Green has far and away the most unorthodox technique of any top-level golfer today. On his full shots, he sets up at the ball with his legs straight, his hands precocked several inches forward of the ball, and his back tilted at the waist at a forty-five-degree angle. He swings the club just about as fast as Billy Joe Patton ever did. He takes it back in a somewhat jerky and very upright arc, and, just before the club reaches the point where the shaft would be parallel with the ground, he whips it down and through the ball with such blurring velocity that you wonder how he manages to coördinate his hands, arms, and body to produce the crisp, full-blooded shots that come streaking from his clubhead. The explanation is that he has marvellous hand action and a phenomenal ability to move his body—his hips, in particular—with the speed and balance of a gymnast as he comes into the ball and then completes his swing. His method in the green area is equally idiosyncratic. On chip shots, the copybook form is to play the ball opposite the left heel; Green plays it a couple of inches back of his right heel. When he putts, he crouches low over the ball, and his hands, which are separated, are wound around the shaft at the bottom of the leather grip. He can putt. To sum things up, few people denied that Green was a proficient and sometimes brilliant golfer, but a good many students of the game always had reservations about his ability to win one of the big championships, because they felt he lacked the necessary emotional and technical soundness.



ON the last day at Southern Hills, Green, paired in the final twosome with Andy Bean, got off fast, dropping a twenty-five-foot birdie putt on the third hole and setting up another birdie on the fourth by lobbing an 8-iron seven feet from the cup. This burst put him four under par for the tournament and gave him a four-stroke lead over the nearest contender—until he hooked his approach to the ninth green and his tee shot on the tenth, and missed his pars on both holes. Now he was eminently catchable, if someone got hot. It was then that Graham, a tall, quiet Tennessean, who was playing four pairs in front of Green, gradually entered the picture. A birdie on the twelfth meant very little, and so did another birdie, on the fourteenth—Graham was still three strokes off the pace. However, it was a different story when, without the slightest change in his invariably placid manner, he went on to birdie the fifteenth and then the sixteenth. Now he was only a single stroke behind Green. On the seventeenth, a 354-yard par 4 that twists to the right, it appeared that Graham's rush was finished when he snap-hooked his tee shot deep into the woods on the left—some twenty-five yards from the fairway and about a hundred and sixty-five yards from the pin, which on that day was at the back left-hand corner of the raised green. Graham then played a shot that had to be seen to be believed. Hooding the face of his 3-iron, he punched the ball beneath the branches that were in his line, and as the ball neared the green, buzzing on a low trajectory, the intentional hook that he had played for took perfectly. The ball, after landing on the upslope to the green, hopped through the opening between the two front bunkers and curled directly toward the pin. It stopped eight feet away. Had Graham made that birdie putt—it slid by the cup on the left—and then gone on to win, his recovery from the woods would surely be regarded as one of the greatest clutch shots ever played in the history of tournament golf. He went

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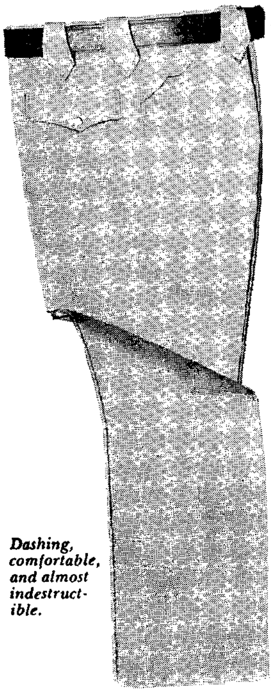
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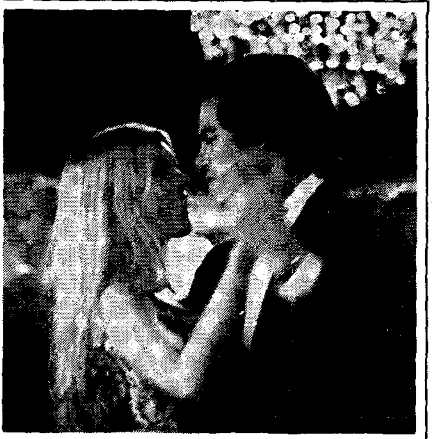
on to par the last hole and to post a total of 279, one under par.

In the final analysis, Green won the 1977 Open by standing up well to the tremendous pressure of the last nine holes. Following his errors on the ninth and tenth, he played four good pars. Just after the last of these, on the fourteenth green, an extra burden was thrust upon him: He was informed by the U.S.G.A. officials that the F.B.I. office in Oklahoma City had told them that an attempt on his life might be made, possibly on the fifteenth green. He accepted this news calmly. On the fifteenth, he hooked his drive badly, but it bounced off a tree and back into playable rough, and he was able to salvage his par 4. No incident took place on the fifteenth green. On the sixteenth, a long par 5, he picked up what proved to be a valuable insurance stroke when he put his third shot, a pitching wedge, a foot from the pin. Graham had by this time missed his birdie chance on the seventeenth, so Green now led by two strokes with two holes to play. As it turned out, he needed this cushion, for he played the last two holes in wobbly fashion. He made his par on the seventeenth, but might not have if another sharply hooked tee shot had not got another fortunate ricochet off a tree. He played the final hole, a rugged 449-yard par 4 up the hill to the clubhouse, like you or me: his drive finished in the left rough; his 4-iron second shot splashed into the bunker below the green on the left; he "chunked" his sand shot, to use his own word, barely managing to get the ball out of the bunker and onto the green, forty feet or so from the cup; he struggled down in two putts, holing from three and a half feet for his bogey 5 and a four-round total of 278, a stroke lower than Graham's.

The ordeal behind him, Green was relaxed, amusing, and extraordinarily candid as he talked about the tournament. "A couple of minutes ago, a friend of mine asked me whether I had won the Open or survived the Open," he said. "I told him that I had survived it, no question about it. When you are up against a championship course like this, that puts so much strain on you and gives you so many things to worry about, you have to expect to make mistakes. You can't make too many, though, or you'll pay the penalty." He paused a moment and laughed. "Before you ask me, let me tell you: I choked. I bogeyed the last hole, and I was in trouble on the seventeenth. We all choke in the major tournaments. Some guys just don't choke as much as



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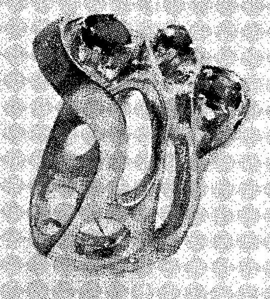

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others. This week, I was lucky enough to be one of those guys."

Green's 278 (69-67-72-70) was a capital performance considering the way Southern Hills was set up for the championship. There is no doubt that he received some helpful breaks at times when he needed them, but, all in all, he drove the ball well over the four rounds, handled the greens intelligently, and probably hit more bold, attacking approach shots close to the pin than any other player. Over the seventy-two holes, by the way, he was in only two greenside bunkers—on the fourth hole and on the seventy-second. Above all, Hubert Green hung in there the whole way. A well-deserved victory.

SOME two and a half weeks later, midway through the first full week of July, a good many members of that band of gypsies that plays or follows international golf was gathered at Turnberry, and on the evening of the first day of the British Open a number of them were looking down from the Turnberry Hotel at the Ailsa course, on which the last threesomes were finishing their rounds. There has been a golf course on this strip of billowing duneland since before the turn of the century, when the owner of the property, the Marquis of Ailsa, had a private course constructed. In about 1909, shortly after the Marquis sold the land to the Glasgow & South Western Railway, two substantial courses were laid out over it by Willie Fernie, the professional of the Old Troon Golf Club, up the coast. The courses were converted into a training station for the Royal Flying Corps during the First World War. They recovered slowly but encouragingly in the nineteen-twenties. Then, in the Second World War, the land was requisitioned as a base by the Royal Air Force Coastal Command, and the two courses all but disappeared from sight as hangars, eighteen-inch-thick runways, and the rest were installed. In the early nineteen-fifties, the courses made a miraculous recovery. Mackenzie Ross, the golf-course architect who had been called in, was not only able to remove just about all traces of the wartime airbase but had improved both the Ailsa and the Arran beyond all expectation. In the case of the Ailsa, he did this by making perceptive use of the heaving, eccentric terrain on many of the inland holes, the precipitous sand hills near the shore and the narrow valleys they enclosed, and the handsome stretches of land directly alongside the Firth of Clyde. In recent years, it has become standard practice to refer

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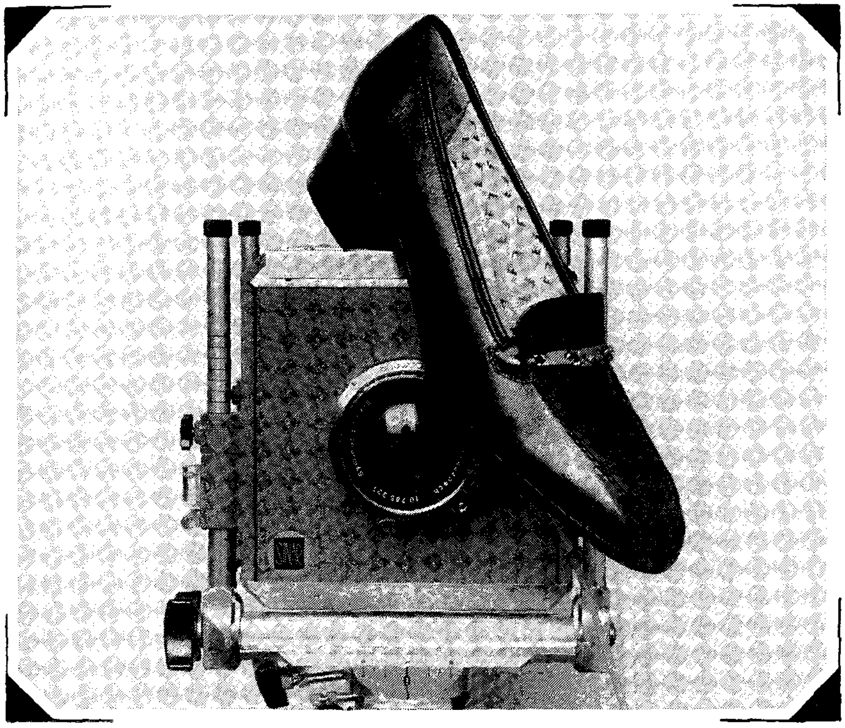

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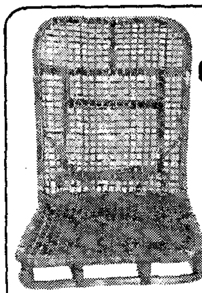

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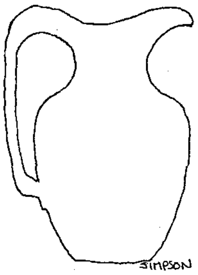
to the Ailsa course as the Scottish Pebble Beach, because seven holes in a row—the fourth through the tenth—follow the firth. In a way, this appellation is misleading, for the holes are not edged by steep cliffs, like the ones along Carmel Bay, nor are they elevated nearly as high above the water. There are two particular beauties—the fourth and the ninth. The fourth is a par 3 of 167 yards on which the tee and the hard-to-hit green are separated by a thick growth of beach grass. The old custom, more common in Britain than here, of giving golf holes names as well as numbers has all but disappeared, because only too often it fostered the same kind of cute, vapid clichés as the naming of beach houses. The fourth hole on the Ailsa, however, is an exception, it is called Woe-be-Tide, which is extremely appropriate when the tide is high and a stiff wind is coming off the water. On the ninth, a 455-yard par 4, possibly the best and fiercest hole on the course, the tee is straight out of a Gothic novel: It sits atop a small, high crag that sticks out into the firth. From the tee, the golfer must carry his drive about two hundred yards across an inlet to reach the nearest part of the curving fairway. How much of the inlet the tournament golfer chooses to bite off depends on the wind. On British seaside courses—and this applies to the holes that do not actually border on the sea as well as to the ones that do—the principal hazard is the heavy, moisture-laden wind. It follows that under ordinary conditions the key to playing the Ailsa well depends on correctly judging the effect that the wind will have on your shots, and making allowance for this. On the Ailsa, as on most seaside courses, the wind keeps shifting—blowing first out of one quarter and then out of another. For example, on the sixteenth, a 409-yard par 4, I have seen a golfer playing with a following wind get home easily in the morning with just a pitching wedge on his second shot, and then, in the afternoon, seen the same golfer playing into the wind fail to reach the green after a solid drive and a well-struck 3-wood. For the 1977 British Open, the Ailsa measured 6,875 yards—two yards longer than Southern Hills. Par, as at Southern Hills, was 70—35 out and 35 in.

Before proceeding any farther, I should explain that for the Open the Ailsa did not look or play the way it normally does. To begin with, there was no rough to speak of. The last three years, Britain has been hit with uncommonly hot and parching summers, and the condition of many of the golf courses—those at Turnberry among them—has suffered severely. This year, the Turnberry area, like most of Britain, was also plagued with a long, wet winter, which prevented the grass on the golf courses from getting a proper start. In addition, the Ailsa, which sorely needed both water and sunshine as the Open drew near, went through a damaging stretch of five rainless weeks just prior to the championship. As a result, the fairways were edged by the wispiest kind of rough—a thin, random collection of fescue, buttercups, plantain shoreweed, Yorkshire fog, dandelions, and assorted other weeds, grasses, and wild flowers. As if this weren't disheartening enough, the weather was wrong for the Open. On the first day, the nice, light morning breeze shut down at noon. In the afternoon, the temperature climbed to about eighty-five degrees and there was seldom a breath of breeze. British linksland courses are designed to be played in a wind, and, inevitably, the scores on the first round ran rather low. John Schroeder, of California, led with a 66. Seven other players were in the 60s, and there would have been more had the pins not been placed in dangerous spots on the hard, kittle greens. Johnny Miller, the defending champion, who had brought in a 69, predicted that if there were more of these windless days on the roughless course the scores might run in the low 60s. Before leaving Turnberry that evening for Ayr, where I was billeted, I took a last look at the Firth of Clyde, silver with mist. It had been covered with mist throughout the day, and, while you could see Ailsa Craig, which is not far offshore, the island of Arran and the Mull of Kintyre had not been visible at any time.



Ayr is some twenty miles to the north of Turnberry, and the drive up the back road, which I took that evening, was the ideal anodyne for the long day in the sun. The road winds through Scottish countryside at its tranquil best. You drive past soft-green sloping fields, some of them thick with Ayrshire cows, others punctuated with hayricks, which in this part of Scotland have a sort of ziggurat shape. Ash, oak, and pine trees separate the fields and line sections of the road. Now and then, for a change of pace, you pass a well-kept ruin or slow down through a village where the gardens of the squat stone houses are aflame with roses, which bloom so brilliantly in Scotland. When you cross the Doon River, you know you are bearing down on Ayr and the heart of Robert Burns country. On this drive, two thoughts filled my mind: first, how wonderful it is that so much of Scotland's countryside remains comparatively untouched, and, second, how disappointing it would be if we had a continuation of this Tulsa-like heat and still air, rather than typical British Open weather, which sends you striding out into a bracing breeze with a tweed cap on your head and a sweater under your tweed jacket, and carrying a raincoat just in case. Well, the way it turned out, we were in for three more hot, sticky, un-Caledonian days.

On Thursday, the day of the second round, Miller was one of the earliest finishers. He had taken a 74, and wore a mournful expression. "I have thrown away any chance I had of winning the British Open," he said. "You can't shoot a 74 and expect to be in contention. There are going to be a lot of very low scores today, the way the course is playing." Miller had hardly finished saying this when Mark Hayes, a young Oklahoman, brought in a 63—a new record low round for the championship. It could easily have been a 62, for Hayes had missed his par on the eighteenth. Then the word circulated that Hubert Green was burning up the course—seven under par for the round with five holes to play. I was one of the detachment that raced out to pick up Green, and saw him bogey three of the last five holes. He had to be satisfied with a 66. Just when it seemed that we were watching the old Tucson Open, things began to settle down, for no apparent reason. In any event, among the players in the running, the lowest round completed late in the day was a 66, by Roger Maltbie, the promising young Californian. This gave him the lead, at 137—a stroke ahead of Green, Nicklaus, Tom Watson, and Lee Trevino, in a tournament that from this point on was almost totally dominated by American golfers. In the end, eleven of the top twelve finishers were Americans.

Late that Thursday afternoon, I was on hand when Henry Cotton completed his second round. The winner of three British Opens (in 1934, 1937, and 1948), and undoubtedly the finest British golfer of modern times, Cotton is now seventy. The oldest of five former champions who received special invitations to play at Turnberry (he had

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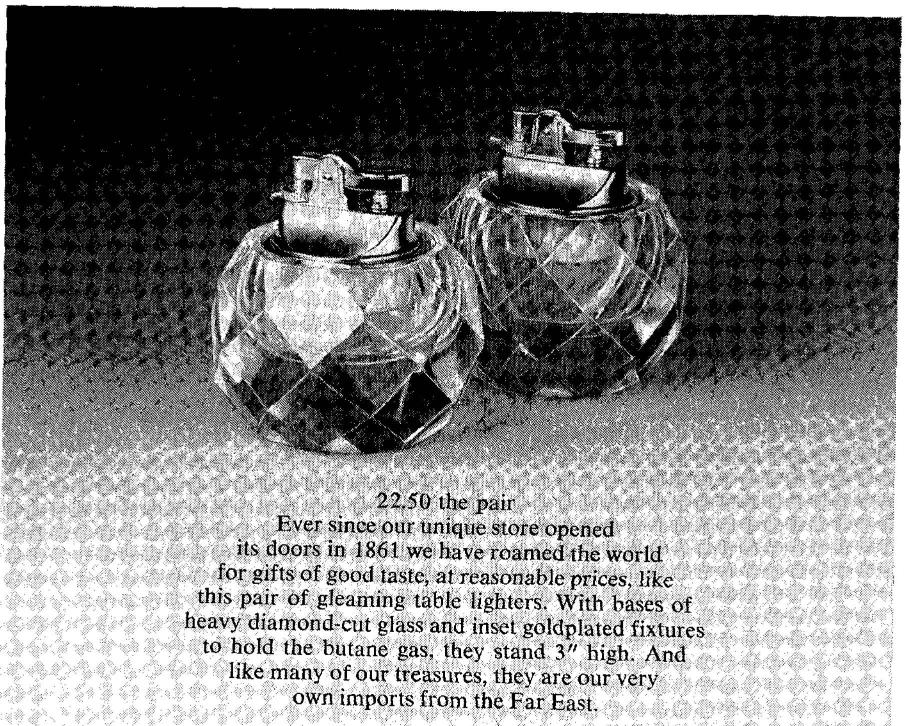

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played in his first Open exactly half a century before), Cotton had jumped at the chance. When he holed a short putt on the home green for an 82—since he did not make the thirty-six-hole cut, this putt undoubtedly represented his final stroke in a British Open—a round of applause erupted from the spectators in the stands. He doffed his cap in appreciation. This gesture evoked another round of applause. Visibly affected, Cotton tipped his cap again, and then, straightening his Lanvin sports shirt, slowly headed for the clubhouse.

IN the years ahead, all that will probably be remembered about the final thirty-six holes of the 1977 British Open is the fantastic duel between Nicklaus and Watson, who were paired on both the third and the fourth day and threw some altogether stupendous golf at each other as they fought it out—neither of them ever taking a backward step—right down to the seventy-second green. In the high excitement provoked by their shotmaking and their admirable combativeness, many experienced golf hands were, understandably, ready to proclaim this the greatest of all British Opens, and, for that matter, the greatest championship ever played anywhere. I don't know if I am prepared to go quite that far, but I do know that I cannot remember a head-to-head battle that can begin to compare with the one that Nicklaus and Watson waged two days running. On the third round, a 66 put Crenshaw only three strokes behind Nicklaus and Watson, and he managed to stay within possible striking distance of the two leaders on the fourth round until, after playing twenty-six consecutive holes without a bogey, he took a six, two over par, on the ninth. Then he collapsed, utterly. In retrospect, over the last two rounds the tournament was, in effect, a match between Watson and Nicklaus, although technically, of course, they were engaged in a stroke-play tournament. In the end, the man who finished in third place, Green, was a full ten strokes behind Nicklaus and eleven behind Watson.

When the Watson-Nicklaus duel began to assume epic dimensions, midway through the third round, it virtually erased interest in everything else that had occurred, or would occur, on the Ailsa course that day. Nevertheless, I should like to mention—much too briefly—a few noteworthy performances on that third day before returning to the leaders. I am thinking of the 67 by Peter Thomson, the Australian veteran who has won five British

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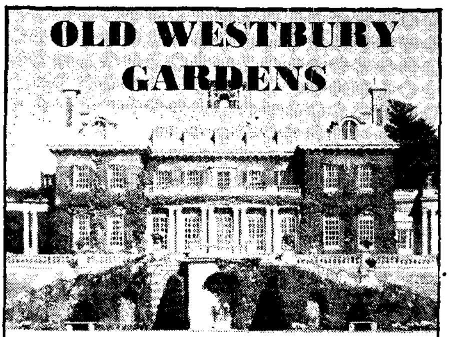

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Opens, the first of them in 1954; also of the 67 by Arnold Palmer, in the course of which, exasperated after foozling several short putts, he decided on the seventh green to try putting cross-handed—the left hand lower on the shaft than the right—and came roaring down the last nine in thirty strokes, holing for one birdie from fifteen feet, for three birdies from thirty feet, and for still another birdie, on the home green, from thirty-five feet. It is years since Palmer, who in his prime sank more long putts than any champion in history, has had a day like this on the greens, and—not only because it is his manner to understate his feelings—I can't remember when I last saw him so honestly delighted with his golf. (On the final round, staying with the cross-handed grip and putting well, he had a 69 and finished in seventh place.) I feel compelled to add one more detail. On the third round, Green, only one stroke off the pace, gave us, on the very first hole, a short par 4, an all too painful reminder of his old penchant for wrecking his chances in a tournament by messing up one hole dreadfully. After pulling his approach into a bunker, he muffed his first explosion shot, hit his second over the green, played a mediocre chip and a poor putt, and wound up with a 7. He had a 74 that day, but maybe winning our Open is beginning to give Hubert Green something he never had before, for he came back on the last round to play a confident, steady 67.

Now to Watson and Nicklaus. No sooner had they teed off on Friday, the day of the third round, than the air began to bristle. Just about everyone in the immense gallery was thinking about their classic encounter on the final nine holes of this year's Masters, when Watson, playing right behind Nicklaus and completely aware of what he had to do to stay with this tremendous finisher, refused to be awed, and finally beat him by birdieing the seventy-first hole. Nicklaus, who is now thirty-seven, has been the best golfer in the world for the last twelve years, or possibly even longer, and he sees no reason to cede his throne to any young pup, since he believes that in many ways he is a better golfer today than he has ever been. Watson, who is ten years younger than Nicklaus, is patently an improved player this year. His left side controls his swing just the way it should, and his footwork is very good—not that these are the things you are most conscious of while watching him. What impresses you most is the quickness and decisiveness with which he plays his

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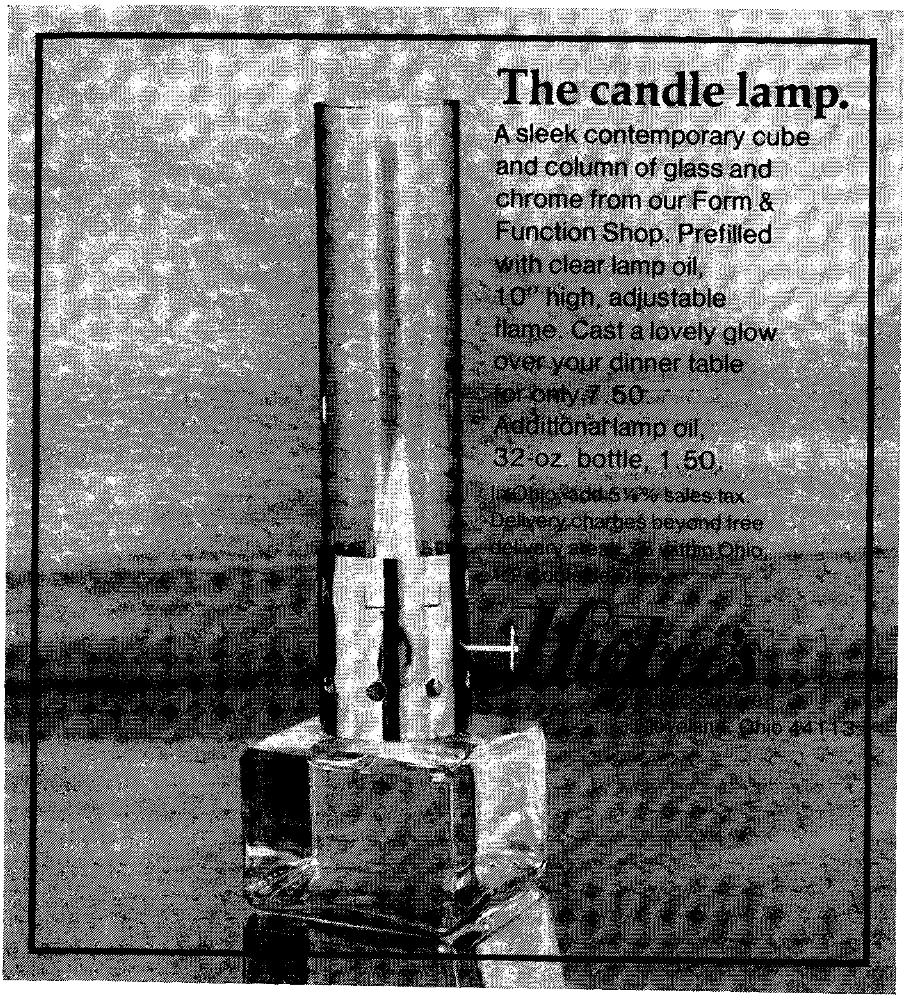

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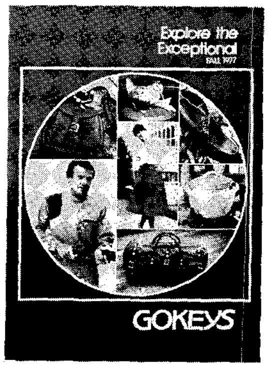

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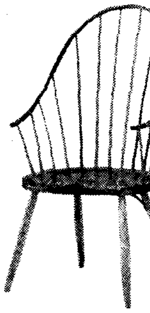

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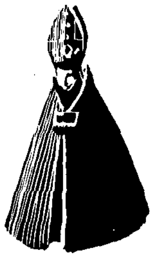
shots, the freedom of his hitting action, and the sharpness with which he strikes the ball. Much as Watson respects Nicklaus, you felt at Turnberry that he relished the challenge of facing him head-to-head. On both days, he played the better golf from tee to green, but Nicklaus came through with so many stunning recoveries and got down so many long and difficult putts in key situations that until the very end he was the man in command and Watson the hard-pressed pursuer.

Perhaps the most effective way to get across the furious attacks and counterattacks that made this protracted confrontation between Watson and Nicklaus so memorable is simply to set down, with a minimum of embellishment, what took place on the significant holes. On Friday, Nicklaus, off fast, birdied the first hole, a 355-yard par 4, when he played his sand-wedge approach three feet from the cup. Watson answered this with a birdie 3 on the third, a 462-yard par 4; his second shot, a 5-iron, left him only a six-foot putt. On Woe-be-Tide, the par-3 fourth hole, both men hit 6-irons, Watson stopping his shot two feet from the pin. Nicklaus, however, holed from twenty feet. Two birdies. On the sixth, a 222-yard par 3 across a deep swale, Nicklaus moved out in front by two strokes. He smashed a 2-iron to twelve feet and made the putt. Watson, who was bunkered off the tee, missed his try for a par from eight feet. On the seventh, a 528-yard par 5 that moves uphill most of the way, Watson reached the green in two. Nicklaus, who was starting to pull his tee shots, was never on the fairway on this hole but curled in another good-sized putt—this one from twelve feet—to match Watson's birdie. Scores at the turn: Nicklaus, 31; Watson, 33.

Starting home, Nicklaus continued to pour it on, birdieing the tenth, a 452-yard par 4, with a twenty-five-foot putt. Watson then holed from ten feet for *his* birdie. The fourteenth is a 440-yard par 4 to an elusive green. Here Nicklaus made his first real error of the day, misreading the three-footer he had for his par. Watson, who had looked as if he might fall a stroke farther behind when his approach bounded over the green, got down in two from the rough with a perfectly gauged chip and actually picked up a stroke. Only one behind now. He got that stroke back on the next hole, the 209-yard fifteenth, when he knocked in a twenty-footer for a birdie 2. On the seventeenth, an eminently birdieable 500-yard par 5, both made their 4s. Nicklaus let a big chance slip away here: his second, a great 2-iron, finished three feet from the pin, but he pushed his putt for an eagle a shade off line. Scores for the round: Nicklaus, 65(31–34); Watson, 65(33–32). Each had made six birdies and one bogey. Nicklaus was never behind on this round, but the two short putts he failed to make on the in-nine had cost him the lead.

On Saturday, Nicklaus was again off fast. He jumped into a two-stroke lead with a birdie on the second, a 428-yard par 4, by playing a remarkable 7-iron from an awkward sidehill stance in the rough (the ball was well above his feet) ten feet from the pin. Watson bogeyed the hole, pulling his approach to the left of the green and taking three to get down. Nicklaus increased his lead to three strokes with another 2 on Woe-be-Tide, holing this time from thirty feet. Watson then mounted a terrific rally. He cut away one stroke of Nicklaus's margin with a birdie 3 on the 411-yard fifth when he followed a lovely 5-iron with a sixteen-foot putt. He cut away another stroke on the long seventh when he reached the green in two, using a driver off the fairway, and two-putted for his birdie. On the eighth, a 427-yard par 4, Watson cut away the last stroke of Nicklaus's lead with yet another birdie: after a 5-iron approach to the heart of the green, he rapped in a twenty-footer. (I don't believe I have ever before seen two golfers hole so many long putts—and on fast, breaking, glossy greens. They were also doing such extraordinary things from tee to green that it was hard to believe what you were seeing.) Then, having come all the way back, Watson once again fell behind. On the ninth, the 455-yard par 4, where the tee is set on the isolated crag, he pushed his drive into the rough on the right, pulled a 1-iron across the fairway into the rough on the left, and needed three more shots to get down. Nicklaus saved his par when he eased a touchy downhill twelve-footer into the cup. Scores on the front nine: Nicklaus, 33; Watson, 34.



On the twelfth, a par 4 only 391 yards long, Nicklaus, after pitching with a wedge, rolled in still another long putt—a twenty-two-footer—for a 3. This birdie moved him out in front by two strokes, and many of us felt at that moment that we had perhaps watched the decisive blow of the struggle. After all, holes were running out fast now—

only six were left—and how often does a golfer of Nicklaus's stature fail to hold on to a two-stroke lead as he drives down the stretch? Watson was not thinking in those terms. At this point, he rallied once again. He birdied the thirteenth, a shortish par 4, with a well-judged wedge shot twelve feet from the pin and a firm putt. Then he again birdied the fifteenth, the 209-yard par 3: using a putter from the left fringe of the green, he stroked a sixty-footer smack into the middle of the cup. Now Watson and Nicklaus were again tied. Everything to play for.

Two pars on the sixteenth. On the seventeenth, the 500-yard 5, Watson was down the fairway with his tee shot, a few yards shorter than Nicklaus, who was in the rough on the right. Considering the circumstances, Watson then played one of the finest shots of the day—a 3-iron that was dead on the pin all the way and finished twenty-five feet beyond it. Nicklaus went with a 4-iron. He hit it a trifle heavy, and the ball came down in the rough short of the green and to the right. Throughout these last two rounds, Nicklaus, on his frequent visits to the rough, had improvised a succession of astonishing shots to scramble out his pars and an occasional birdie, and here he punched a little running chip that climbed up and over two ridges in the green and came to rest three and a half feet past the cup. Watson was down in two safe putts for his birdie 4. Nicklaus, who hadn't missed a putt all day, missed his short one. The ball started left and stayed left and didn't touch the cup. A 5, not a 4, and at the worst time possible. Now, trailing Watson by a stroke, Nicklaus's only hope was to birdie the eighteenth, a 431-yard par 4 on which the fairway bends to the left. After Watson had played a prudent 1-iron down the middle of the fairway, Nicklaus, going with his driver, belted a long tee shot that kept sliding to the right—far to the right, and deep into the rough. He was faced with an almost unplayable lie: the ball had ended up two inches from the base of a gorse bush; and, to complicate matters, a branch of the bush, some two feet above the ground, was directly in the line of his backswing. He would be hard put to it to manufacture any kind of useful shot. Watson to play first, going with a 7-iron. He couldn't have hit it much better: the ball sat down two feet from the pin. Nicklaus now, playing an 8-iron. Still not giving up. With his great strength, he drove his club through the impeding gorse branch, managed to catch the ball squarely, and boosted it

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over the bunker on the right and onto the green thirty-five feet from the cup. He worked on the putt, studying the subtleties carefully, as if the championship depended on it. Then he rammed it in for his 3. Tremendous cheers. Watson chose not to give himself too much time to think about the two-footer he now had to hole to win. After checking the line, he stepped up to the ball and knocked it in. Another salvo of cheers—for Watson, and also for both Watson and Nicklaus and the inspired golf they had played over the last thirty-six holes of the Open. The scores for the concluding round: Watson, 65(34–31); Nicklaus, 66(33–33). (Nicklaus, incidentally, had only one bogey over the last two rounds.) Their scores for the tournament: Watson 68-70-65-65—268. Nicklaus, 68-70-65-66—269. Both shattered to smithereens the old record total for the British Open of 276.

For some reason or other, Jack Nicklaus always moves one more in defeat than in victory. I don't know exactly why this is, for he is an excellent winner. Anyway, he is probably the best loser in the game. He was direct and honest in his assessment of why Watson had won: Tom, he said, had played better golf than he had on both rounds. He had no alibis. Nevertheless, for all his self-possession, it was observable that Nicklaus had been hit hard by losing a second major championship to Watson this year on the final holes after giving the pursuit of winning everything he had. That last phrase is important. No matter what the odds are, Nicklaus never stops fighting, and you never know when he will contrive some small miracle like that impossible 3 on the last hole. In a word, I should say that over the past dozen years, without any question, he has been far and away the best competitor in any sport in which it is one individual against other individuals, not team against team.

How was Watson able to play so superlatively, to keep coming back so valiantly time after time? Alfie Fyles, his gnarled little caddie from Southport, near Liverpool, who also caddied for Watson when he won the British Open at Carnoustie in 1975, put it this way: "His swing is better, more compact. His approach to the game has improved a great deal. He thinks better. He's a mature golfer now." What underlies the confidence that Watson exhibited throughout his extended duel with Nicklaus? For one thing, his triumph in the Masters undoubtedly convinced him that he had reached the point where he could stand

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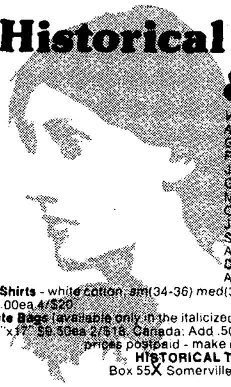

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up to a giant like Nicklaus. For another, he is able to get himself up very high when he faces Nicklaus, for he appreciates that this is essential. He also knows that he is a sound driver and a sound putter, and, though he doesn't make this kind of pronouncement, he believes he hits the ball as well as anyone. Despite a sensitive temperament and an active imagination, he is now able to relax under pressure. This, of course, helps him to execute his swing well, and when a golfer like Watson feels that he is swinging just the way he wants to, it affirms his feeling of confidence and imbues him with an extraordinary resilience.

THE general feeling at Turnberry after the Open was that the R. & A. is almost certain to award the Ailsa course a regular place on its championship rota. After all, if the course produced such a thrilling Open when it was in relatively poor shape, it is only logical to think that it will provide a first-rate test when it is its real self—bearded with some good Scottish rough, and swept by good Scottish winds that will bring the bunkers into play and make ball control critical. (It is, I admit, something of a mystery how the almost defenseless course yielded so few low scores—other than those by Nicklaus and Watson—on the last two and a half days. Some players I talked with thought that the hard-surfaced, rolling greens had effected this, making it difficult to stop one's approaches close to the pins and also to putt consistently well. This suggests that the two leaders, locked deep in their duel, simply forced each other to rise above the conditions.) Everything being equal, the British Open should be back at Turnberry in about seven years. By that time, we should have a much better idea whether Tom Watson is just a very talented golfer or a great golfer. While he is different from Bobby Jones in many ways, there is in him more than a touch of Jones. In seven years, Jack Nicklaus will be forty-four, and yet I wouldn't be at all surprised if at that distant date this prodigious athlete still loomed as a serious contender for the championship.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

"I Love My Wife" (Atlantic SD 19107) and "Annie" (Columbia PS 34712) are recent arrivals in a season of original-cast albums of Broadway musicals that has had just one other entry—the recording of "Your Arms Too Short to Box with God," which seems to be simply a more professional version of the soulful and rousing singing that I would guess can be heard in many black Baptist churches throughout the land (ABC Records AB-1004). There is, of course, the two-record set "Side by Side by Sondheim" (RCA Red Seal CBL2-1851), to stand side by side with the current entertainment of that name, but it was issued nearly a year ago, when the same small stage company—except for the accompanying piano duo, which was then English and is now American—was dazzling Londoners with its appreciative, clearly enunciated, lighthearted, and witty renditions of Sondheim songs.

Aside from the distinct pleasures to be found in Cy Coleman's score and Michael Stewart's lyrics, the most refreshing aspect of the "I Love My Wife" songs is their almost casual relationship to the play's plot. They obviously work with the story, considering the show's success, but most of them pop up on the record as independent and entertainingly varied items. Actually, Stewart, who also provided the book for the show, knew very well what sort of lyric he wanted at specific moments. Yet "I Love My Wife" harks back to those musical comedies of old in which Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, and others would get their storytelling numbers out of the way with dispatch and then write beautiful ballads and catchy rhythm pieces that could suit one show as well as another.

I am aware that there may be something inconsistent about my delight in encountering a throwback of this sort, for with the arrival of "Oklahoma!"—the first of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musicals—I thought I detected, with pleasure, the beginnings of popular American opera of the sort presaged by Kern and Hammerstein's "Show Boat" and Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess." This feeling was reinforced by Rodgers and Hammerstein's more ambitious subsequent show "Carousel." It soon became clear, though, that, like most other popular composers, the pair were in fact consciously aiming for hit songs, and they succeeded at a remarkable rate. In any case, Rodgers and Hammerstein did manage to accomplish the establishment of the "integrated" musical. Naturally, the Rodgers and Hammerstein canon inspired several other admirable integrated musicals, but there was also an infinitely greater number of poor ones. And eventually the sombre moments in the R. & H. shows led to such gloomy and clumsy imitations that the record companies wound up all but ignoring them, especially after rock music achieved primary status in the industry.

So it is indeed engaging to hear an original-cast album, like "I Love My Wife," that consists of a series of attractive songs written in the mainstream of theatre music by a composer whose work has something of the vitality and gleeful assertiveness, even brashness, of a Gershwin. Coleman is a trained musician, a student of Adele Marcus, and at first he envisioned a career as a concert pianist. Only after a time of heading a hotel and supper-club trio did he turn his hand to composing and arranging. (The four onstage musicians in "I Love My Wife" are following the composer's charts throughout, even though they sound like an especially versatile jazz combo.) The quartet consists of Ken Bichel, on keyboards (mainly piano); John Miller, who is the show's musical director, on bass; Joseph Saulter, on drums; and Michael Mark, on guitar, banjo, and clarinet. In the theatre, by the way, their sound is enhanced by a second piano and a guitar offstage, while on the record an occasional extra instrument—in one instance, a harmonica—is slipped in. And, contrary to the usual practice, in which both the cast and the orchestra of a musical are called in on a Sunday to make the recording (for which they receive an additional week's pay), the "I Love My Wife" combo was recorded separately. The singing actors—Lenny Baker, Joanna Gleason, Ilene Graff, and James Naughton—then overdubbed the lyrics; it was hoped that this recording process would produce a cleaner sound, approximating that of contemporary pop recordings.

The sound does seem to have a special brilliance, and it may even result in a few single-record spinoffs from the

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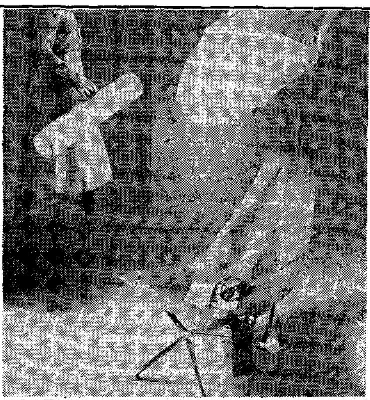
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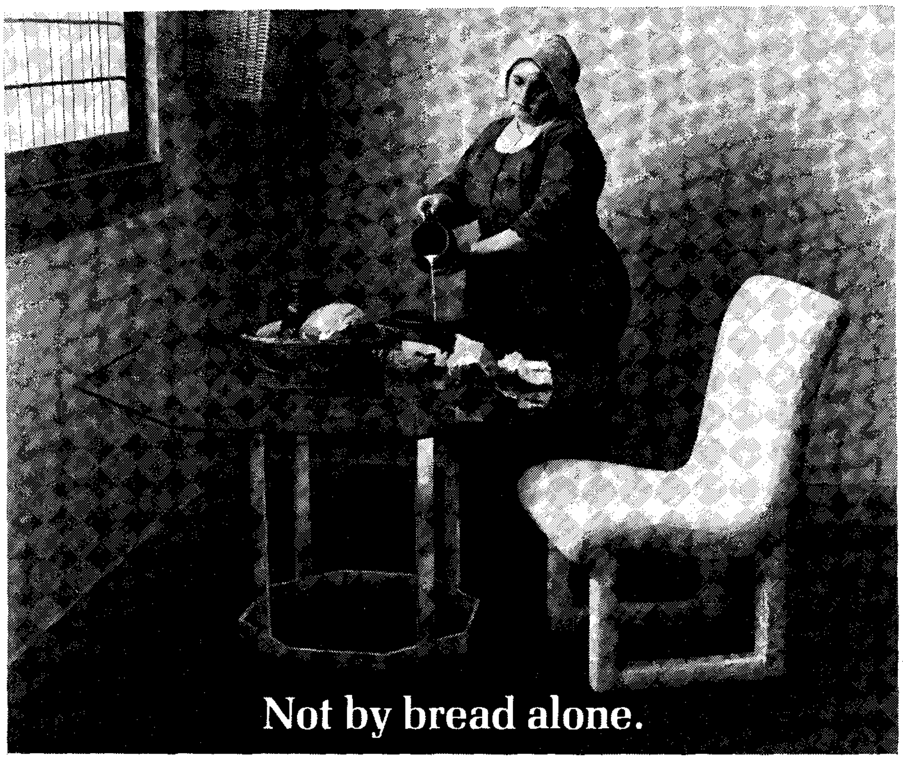
album. But I was enchanted mostly by the ease with which the songwriters slipped from number to number: from the pretty, quasi-country ballad "Someone Wonderful I Missed," to a French-cabaret sort of piece, "Sexually Free," to the stirring Dixieland sound of "Hey There, Good Times," performed principally by the instrumental quartet, to a romantic nineteen-thirtyish foxtrot called "Lovers on Christmas Eve," to the soft-rock quartet "Married Couple Seeks Married Couple," and, finally, to the title jazz waltz—a disarming closing song, delivered by Mr. Baker. A reprise of "Hey There, Good Times" is used for the curtain calls.

I find myself less enthusiastic about "Annie," though I'm sure that children throughout the city and beyond already know the record by heart. It's not that the songs are essentially kid stuff: Charles Strouse, the composer, is, like Coleman, a trained musician, and the "Annie" songs, which have simple and direct lyrics by Martin Charnin, who also staged the show, are always musical and often catchy. But, tuneful as they are, they seem to have no strong individual personality behind them, so I'm afraid that the greatest praise I can bestow on them is to call them good routine work. A few of them help the story along: the opening "Maybe," sung by Andrea McArdle, who plays Annie, defines her situation explicitly, and the following orphans' number, "It's the Hard-Knock Life," and "We'd Like to Thank You," sung by a Hooverville chorus, are closely related to the plot. But many of the others ("Tomorrow," "N.Y.C.," "You're Never Fully Dressed Without a Smile," "A New Deal for Christmas," and a couple more) share with the "I Love My Wife" pieces the ability to stand on their own. The record is cheerful, then, but undistinguished, though its resonance for those who have seen and succumbed to the show must be enormous.

TO get back to Cy Coleman, there is a recording called "My Personal Property" (Atlantic SD 1689) which consists of a dozen Coleman songs, all but one bearing words by the gifted Carolyn Leigh. (The lyric for the title work is by the late Dorothy Fields.) They are presented by Bobby Short, the singer, pianist, and noted musical antiquarian, with bass and drums in support. Oddly, although Short made this recording in 1963, it wasn't until last year that he found a company willing to sponsor it.

Half of these songs, all of which are given a fine going over by Short and



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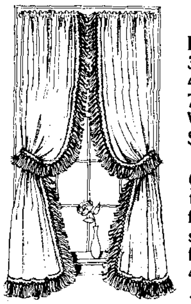

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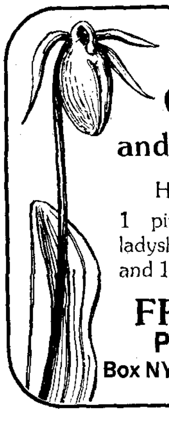

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his helpers, either stem from or were written for shows. (The others—except for the title piece, which was written expressly for the movie version of "Sweet Charity"—were collaborations set down for their own sake when the Coleman-Leigh partnership was at its most prolific.) For example, "Here's Hoping," an agreeable enough waltz, was originally composed for a musical version of Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl," which, with another songwriting team, eventually emerged under the title "Skyscraper." The pulsating, chatty, and altogether charming "You Fascinate Me So" was created for a musical called "13 Daughters," which was eventually produced with songs by Eaton Magoon, Jr., its author. ("You Fascinate Me So" made its début in one of the early Julius Monk revues.) "Hey Look Me Over," which became a favorite campaign song of politicians in the nineteen-sixties, was introduced by Lucille Ball in "Wildcat." The scorching and sardonic love song "I've Got Your Number" and "On the Other Side of the Tracks," which has an ebullient and remarkable rideout section, were from the show "Little Me."

The rest—aside from the very popular "Witchcraft," a song consciously designed as a latter-day "That Old Black Magic"—have led flickering but persistent lives. "It Amazes Me" is probably the best known of the five, having been recorded by Tony Bennett when his career was near its peak. "The Best Is Yet to Come," with its plunging, angular theme, was born at the piano as what Coleman considered a possible instrumental, but Miss Leigh, taken with it, equipped it with an imaginative lyric. "The Rules of the Road" is another clever, energetic, and somewhat sardonic piece, and "Its," possibly the slightest of the lot, nevertheless has an attractive simplicity. Finally, there is "I Walk a Little Faster," an effortless ballad with a rare lyric quality—a combination of an extremely pretty melody and artfully matching words—that gives it a relaxed, moonstruck air and a loony logic of its own. I find it irresistible. Short, though he does do it the honor of including it in this collection of early Coleman-Leigh numbers, dismisses it rather briefly, but perhaps this treatment is all the song needs to make its shy impression. —Douglas Watt

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THE RACE TRACK

Getaway Day

THOUGH it offered grandstanders another free gate, Belmont Park entertained only 41,835 visitors last Saturday. No doubt showers in the morning and unusually heavy traffic on the parkway kept attendance down. Still, there was some of the excitement of an old-fashioned Getaway Day. After favorites won the first five races, horseplayers began wondering how long this was going to keep up. Then a colt named Swoon Swept brought off a 41–1 shot in the first division of the Lexington Handicap, at a mile and a sixteenth on the grass, leading all the way to beat Rokeby Stable's Stir the Embers, the public choice, by three-quarters of a length. Johnny D. galloped home by nine and a half lengths in the second division of the race.

Long before the last race was run, the stable area at Belmont looked deserted, because so many horses and their handlers had already left for Saratoga Springs. Twenty-four days of racing began there on Monday at the century-old track on Union Avenue, and every stall at the main track; at Horse Haven, where racing started in 1864; and at Oklahoma, where they school jumpers, is now filled. Seattle Slew has been there taking the waters—which are good for man and beast—for days. So has Forego, who has been entered in the Whitney Handicap, at a mile and a furlong, on Saturday.

It has been many a day since horsewatchers at Belmont have been so high on a Calumet Farm two-year-old as they are on Alydar, a chestnut colt by Raise a Native out of Sweet Tooth. A half brother to Our Mims, the winner of the Coaching Club American Oaks, he won the Tremont Stakes on Wednesday. One enthusiastic observer said, "He's got the build of a fullback and the speed of a halfback." Alydar was 2–5 in the betting, and, running to expectations, came from behind to beat as lively a runner as Believe It, to whom he gave seven pounds, by a length and a quarter. Jet Diplomacy, winner of the Tyro at Monmouth, was third, three and three-quarters lengths away. Alydar is this department's choice for the Saratoga Special on Monday.

THINGS haven't been going so well at Monmouth—there's been too much racing in Jersey—but they will pick up now that Belmont has closed. The $100,000 Sorority Stakes for two-year-old fillies was run at Monmouth last weekend, and Stub, a 7–1 shot, won it from hitherto unbeaten Sunny Bay by three-quarters of a length. Sweeping View was third. Next Saturday comes the Monmouth Invitational for three-year-olds.

HOLLYWOOD PARK, which has had the best racing in the country this season, closed on July 25th. The last three days were a blaze of stakes races with purses in six figures: the Hollywood Juvenile Championship, run in two divisions, with $100,000 added to each; the $163,700 Cinema Handicap, for three-year-olds; and the $171,700 Sunset Handicap. Thirteen ran in the Sunset, at a mile and a half over the turf course, and Mrs. Connie Ring, whose Crystal Water took the Hollywood Gold Cup last month, won it with her Today 'n Tomorrow, who led all the way to win from Hunza Dancer. Another for Shoemaker. J. O. Tobin, who beat Seattle Slew by sixteen lengths in the Swaps Stakes last month, did not start in the Cinema, for which he would have been the favorite; the day before the race, he ran a temperature and was scratched. Bad 'n Big, who, it seems, is neither, was never headed in the nine furlongs over the grass. Iron Constitution was second. In the first division of the Juvenile Championship, Harbor View Stable Farm's Affirmed breezed in by seven lengths; in the second, Noble Bronze won by two and a half.

—AUDAX MINOR

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BOOKS

Containers

George F. Kennan's "The Cloud of Danger: Current Realities of American Foreign Policy" (Atlantic-Little, Brown) and Henry A. Kissinger's "American Foreign Policy" (Norton) are works by diplomats very different in style and temperament—the one reserved, self-effacing, and reclusive; the other flamboyant, vain, and gregarious—and theoreticians whose views are in many ways similar. By the standards that Jimmy Carter sets, both are pessimists; they think we can do little more than avoid major wars and, with luck, preserve the international status quo. Neither is an ideologue or a crusader. Both are committed to détente with the Soviet Union, though Kennan is uneasy with the term and thinks that, in today's usage, it promises more than its proponents can deliver. Neither cares much for the current emphasis on human rights. Kissinger thinks that the place to discuss such matters is in "appropriate international forums." Kennan thinks we should go no further than to "remind" offending governments that their abuse of people produces "negative feelings" in this country. Both find democracy—or the American form of it, at least—an impediment to diplomatic enterprise. Kissinger, whose book consists mainly of papers written when he served Presidents Nixon and Ford, is understandably guarded on the subject. He does not say that he could have accomplished more in an authoritarian society, but he makes it clear that for him the classic models were those of nineteenth-century Europe, based on "a notion of quality which discourages the temptations of demagoguery inherent in plebiscitarian democracy." He also speaks of how "inducements to progress" in this country today can be "restricted by legislation." Kennan, who has not been in government service since 1963, recognizes that under our system Congress has a prescribed role in foreign policy, but he treats this as a flaw in the system—one "which narrow[s] the area in which the conduct of an effective policy is possible [and] provides an open incentive to foreign statesmen and their representatives to gain concessions . . . not by a reasoned approach through the . . . President or the Secretary of State but by going through the back door and enlisting the support of particular American lobbies and persons in Congress whose purposes happen to coincide with their own." Kissinger has no harsh words for the press, whose attention he often sought and welcomed, but he files a bill of particulars against participants in the "national dialogue" who misunderstood him, asked too much of him, or failed to appreciate his services. Kennan finds a "real hazard" in the "presence and antics of large bodies of pressmen at the meetings of senior figures [transacting] intergovernmental business." He also deplores the "extensive opening up of relatively recent archival materials to the scrutiny of press and public." This could be read to mean that he disapproves of the Supreme Court decision on the Nixon tapes, but it seems unlikely that he does; it is the diplomatic archives that he wishes to protect.

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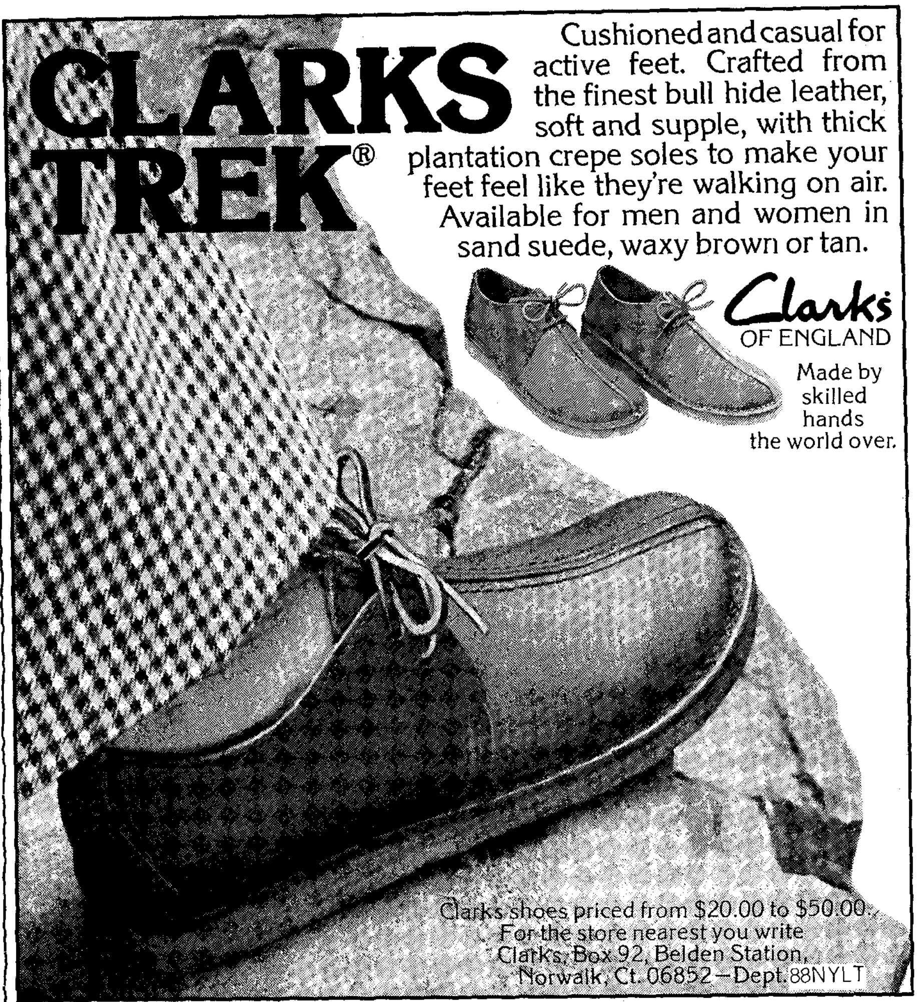
"American Foreign Policy" is a defense of Kissinger's foreign policy, and it is an able, vigorous, scholarly one. He tends to be repetitious and prolix, and his prose is cluttered with meaningless words like "meaningful," but he is a gifted as well as a self-serving polemicist, and his statement of the case for détente before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on September 19, 1974, is cogent and still persuasive. It is not surprising that he should feel as he does about Congress, for he—perhaps more than any other Secretary of State in our history—was frustrated, and at times hobbled, by it. What is astonishing, though, and depressing, is that, in 1977, he should be joined by George Kennan in championing the idea that foreign policy ought to be kept in the hands of "senior figures"—Presidents and Secretaries of State. There is no doubt but that democratic institutions often inconvenience our negotiators—particularly when they are dealing with people accountable to no parliament or public opinion—and a press that is free can be a nuisance. But surely Kennan, fine historian that he is, must know that the disasters of recent years, from the Bay of Pigs to the assault on Cambodia, have been the work of the White House and the State Department (with assistance from the Pentagon and the intelligence agencies), and that such acts of sanity as there have been have come mainly from Congress, which in time—thanks partly to the press and "particular American lobbies"—responded to the restiveness of the people. There were many who tried to make what Kennan calls a "reasoned approach" on Vietnam to Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, Dean Rusk, and Kissinger himself. They got nothing for it except, in some cases, tapped telephones and a place on Nixon's "enemies list." Kennan was an early and eloquent opponent of the war, but he writes about it now as though it was little more than a lamentable and predictable consequence of our failure to heed his injunctions. Kissinger, as he does not fail to remind us, helped negotiate our way out of Southeast Asia, and he regards it as a job ably done. But he seems almost to regret the job, describing it as something that had to be done not because there was anything wrong about our presence there but, rather, because the war "raised questions about the readiness of the American people to sustain a policy of confrontation." When he writes about being "restricted by legislation," he presumably has in mind such things as the War Powers Act of 1973 and the refusal of Congress in 1976 to fund what he calls "modest assistance to stabilize the local balance of forces" in Angola. Kennan wanted nothing to do with stabilizing anything in Angola—or with destabilizing anything in Chile (a country, incidentally, that is barely mentioned in Kissinger's *tour d'horizon*)—but he seems not to realize that we were spared Angola by people who went through the "back door" and urged the legislative branch to stay the hand of the executive.

Kennan and Kissinger are the only two men in the country today—perhaps the only two in recent history—who are at once experienced diplomats and eminent scholars in the field. An awareness of this only heightens the melancholy one feels while reading them. They have put behind them—and good riddance it is—the anti-Communist zealotry of the nineteen-fifties and the hubris of the sixties. But what they now offer is little more than an updated version of the "containment" policy first advanced by Kennan thirty years ago and adopted in one form or another by every President since Harry Truman. Kennan has always maintained that he never recommended it as a global policy, but at the time it seemed that he did, and Truman applied it not only in Greece and Turkey in 1947 but in Korea in 1950. Kissinger, though he mostly steers clear of the word, stands by it now as a doctrine that is as valid in South America, Asia, and Africa as it is in Western Europe. He says that he doesn't want us to be the world's policeman, but he does seem to want us to be its fireman, and he hears alarms all over the place. He makes roughly the same distinction between general war and "wars of national liberation" that Nikita Khrushchev used to make: general war is to be avoided at almost any cost, but we need not shrink from taking sides in local conflicts when they threaten "international order," by which he means when they threaten to be won by a Moscow-backed faction, enlarging the sphere of Soviet influence. Unlike Ken-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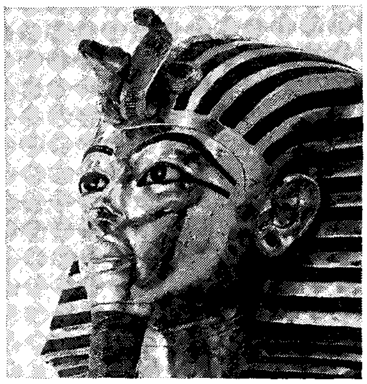
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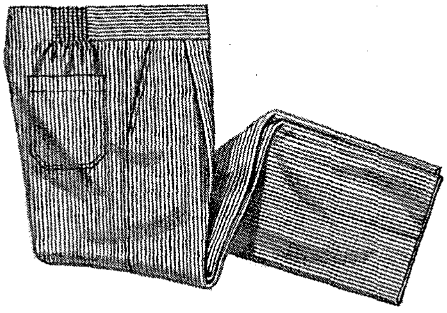

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nan, Kissinger favors a busy diplomacy—summitry, the forging of alliances, bilateral and multilateral agreements of one sort or another, aid programs, and the like. But he is not really an internationalist; he showed no interest in Africa until he discovered a Soviet threat in Angola. For him, the measure of all things is their impact on Soviet-American relations. And this is also true of Kennan, though he has a very different reading of the national interest and of the nature of Soviet power. He still favors containment in the sense that he says was his view of it from the beginning; namely, a readiness to defend the sovereignty of the nations of Western Europe, and particularly of our traditional allies there. He also feels that we have acquired legitimate obligations to Israel and Japan. Beyond this, he would have us reduce our external commitments to an "indispensable minimum." "And," he writes, "I would see this minimum in the preservation of the political independence and military security of Western Europe, of Japan, and—with the single reservation that it should not involve the dispatch and commitment of American armed forces—of Israel." He is not alarmed by Russian activities in countries separated by land or sea from the Soviet Union; if the Russians gain influence, it is unlikely to be lasting or, in any case, to threaten us. He feels, for example, that our only legitimate concern in South America is the prices of the raw materials and the agricultural products we purchase there. The presence of dictators—he frames the word in quotation marks—does not call for any alterations of policy, or even expressions of disapproval. He thinks that some dictators—he cites Antonio Salazar in Portugal, Fidel Castro in Cuba, and Mao Tse-tung in China—have, in terms of preserving order and improving living conditions, served their people as well as or better than many democratic leaders. He does not believe that we have any vital interests in southern Africa, and he feels that even if we could master the complexities of the situation there, which he doesn't think possible, we could offer no solutions that would be either workable or enforceable. He says that if we play a part in bringing about majority rule in Rhodesia—or, as he puts it, "rule *in the name of* a majority"—we would be morally obliged to absorb as many whites as would leave or be driven out of the country. He thinks there are dozens of countries in which we should not maintain embassies, there being not enough even in the way of

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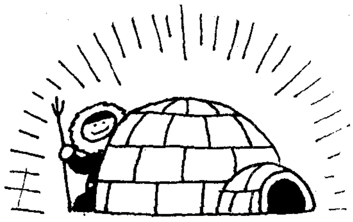

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trade relations to justify American missions.

Kennan, in many ways the most urbane and civilized of our scholars and public servants, is very nearly an isolationist—and so, in a way, is Kissinger, who believes that our survival depends on keeping American and Soviet power in balance, and that our diplomacy must, for the present at least, pursue this aim and ignore most others. Kennan does not share Kissinger's view of the Soviet threat. He thinks that the Russian leaders, going back to Lenin and including Stalin, have been essentially prudent men, concerned less with extending their tyranny than with consolidating it. He believes that their fear of Western power is real and legitimate—more legitimate than our fear of their power. Détente is not a state of affairs created and maintained by diplomats but, at least from the Russian viewpoint, a condition essential to the survival of the Soviet state. But one feels that even if Kennan saw the threat as Kissinger does, he would not seek to meet it in the same way. His isolationism is of the old-fashioned, moralistic kind that would have us look inward before we look outward. He views us as a people currently unworthy of offering others much in the way of leadership. He thinks that we are mismanaging almost everything—our economy, our environment, our cultural heritage. Our affluent society is a lazy and hedonistic one. Our cities are a mess, our educational system a scandal. The military-industrial complex and the trade unions have been robbing us blind. Our communications system communicates mostly junk. We do not use our technology to develop a rational transportation system. If we can't control crime here, we can't do much about it beyond our borders. He is greatly disturbed by "the wildfire spread of pornography," which he sees as a "form of decadence in the face of which we, including unfortunately even our courts of law, have shown ourselves, once again, uncertain and helpless."

It is probably a good thing to have us direct our sights toward Times Square as well as toward Red Square. But it hardly follows that we can or should ignore the rest of the world because our understanding of it is imperfect or because our society is in many ways untidy, inefficient, corrupt. We have pretty well absorbed such lessons as that democracy cannot be packaged for export, that some people may not even want it, and that few political ends can be served by military means. Some of our interventions have been calamitous and have made things worse for us as well as for others. But there have been times when we set our sights high and achieved some striking successes. The Marshall Plan was certainly one. Truman's Point Four program started our aid to underdeveloped countries, and if our technology was not suited to some of them, there were few that did not clamor for more of it. The Peace Corps was a promising experiment, and might have been more than an experiment today if the political climate had not soured so shortly after it began. The Alliance for Progress was probably a misbegotten idea, but it was not ignoble, nor was Food for Peace, nor, for that matter, was Eisenhower's Atoms for Peace, which suffered from a failure to foresee the difficulties in separating the peaceful from the military applications of nuclear physics. The visions that lay behind these initiatives are not to be found in Kissinger's scheme or in Kennan's. Carter's call for human rights is reminiscent of them, but the cause is not one that can be institutionalized, which is probably why it commands as little official enthusiasm here as it does abroad. For the rest, we are still in the containment business, and the debate at the moment turns on what are the most effective containers—the B-1 bomber or the modernized B-52, more land-based missiles or more missile-carrying submarines, the development of neutron bombs or the beefing up of conventional forces in Europe. And this while the father of containment tells us that the power that is to be contained can be relied upon to contain itself.

—RICHARD ROVERE

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FICTION

THE VIOLINS OF SAINT-JACQUES, by Patrick Leigh Fermor (St. Martin's; $7.95). The first decade of the twentieth century. A tiny, fictitious island in the West Indies, populated by a gay, decadent French aristocracy who speak a lisping patois, by the descendants of Negro slaves, and by elegant octoroons and quadroons. The opera-like plot (an opera based on the book was in fact performed in London) involves a spectacularly extravagant and voluptuous masked ball; an amiable, hedonistic old count; his five ravishing children; and their cousin and governess, a poor relation from the Vendée, who narrates their story. Mr. Fermor's book is half fairy tale, half

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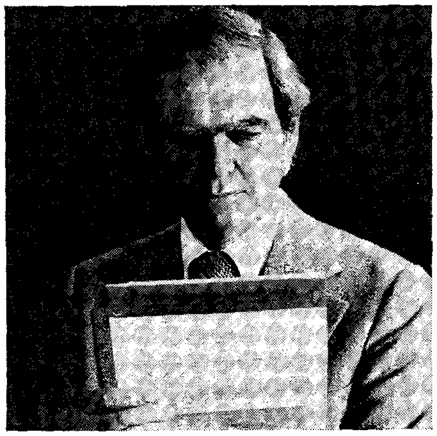

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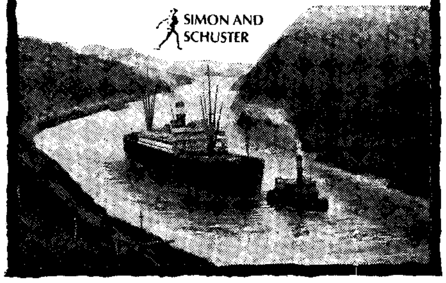

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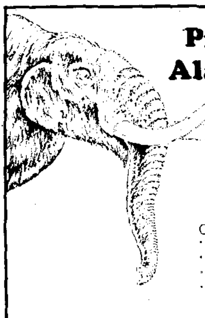

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rapt tribute to a vanished Caribbean age of opulent balustrades, Royalist loyalties, Creole grace, and leisurely, unbridled physical self-indulgence. The time and the place are bathed for him—and for the reader—in a bright, rich light, and if he is a bit self-indulgent himself in his choice of adjectives (his prose is garlanded with such phrases as "polygonal dartings" and "chryselephantine town"), such excesses seem only fitting for a tale filled with nouns like "gasoliers" and "fumaroles" and proper names like Scholastique, La Grande Suzanne, Vénus, Hyacinthe, Fortuné, Théodule, and Sosthène.

THE WIFE, by Judith Burnley (Simon & Schuster; $6.95). A polished, if thin, first novel about a skeptical Englishwoman, her marriage to an egocentric TV interviewer, and her affair with a globe-trotting academic. The wife of the title is a successful journalist who is irritated by her husband's chauvinist ways, outraged by an office colleague's chauvinist ways, and mildly miffed by her lover's chauvinist ways. The dialogue is *echt*-British chatty and fluid, and the glimpses of London domestic life and Fleet Street office politics are fascinating, but Mrs. Burnley has been so zealous about trimming away the extraneous that none of the key assertions of the book (that, despite all, the woman basically loves her husband, that she and her lover are having a grand, deep affair, that an unplanned motherhood gives her pleasure) are supported by the events of the story.

DARKNESS CASTS NO SHADOW and NIGHT AND HOPE, both by Arnost Lustig, translated from the Czech by Jeanne Němcová and George Theiner, respectively (Inscape; $8.95 each). These two books are part of a projected series called Children of the Holocaust and were written by a survivor of the Terezín ghetto (the so-called "model" concentration camp near Prague that was actually a way station to other, worse camps) and of Auschwitz and Buchenwald. Both books are chiefly about how the transports, the ovens, the torture, and the other forms of Nazi sadism were perceived by adolescents. Mr. Lustig spent his entire adolescence in the camps, and lost most of his family in them as well. "Darkness Casts No Shadow" is about two boys—ill, half-starved, longtime camp survivors—who jump off a German transport train and try to make their way through a dense unknown forest back to Prague, their former home. "Night and Hope" is a collection of short stories about life in the Terezín camp. Although the novel is a "better," more coherent work, it is almost impossible to think of either of these volumes in literary terms. What they record—the mental state of children who watch their parents being led off to the crematoriums, the effect that the breaking up of families had on the young, and the stamina of bodies and minds tried to the point of destruction—is so horrible that one is merely grateful for Mr. Lustig's quiet prose and for the fiction that we are reading fiction.

GENERAL

WE MUST MARCH MY DARLINGS: A CRITICAL DECADE, by Diana Trilling (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $10). A collection of essays on political, cultural, and literary themes, written between 1964 and 1974. A few pieces—for instance, one about Timothy Leary's attempt to found a new religion based on taking hallucinogens—are just history; others, such as Mrs. Trilling's discussion of the relations between the political left and Soviet Communism, which occasioned a disagreement between her and Lillian Hellman, remain the stuff of current events. No matter what Mrs. Trilling writes about, and no matter whether she is mad, sad, or glad, she always has something interesting to say. Her approach to feminism or homosexuality, to a university in eruption (Columbia, 1968) or a college in quiescence (Radcliffe, 1971) is invariably original and intelligent.

CRASH, by Rob and Sarah Elder (Atheneum; $8.95). An almost too well-written account of how a huge new jet airplane crashed in the Everglades on December 29, 1972. The authors' description of that terrain is dreadfully vivid: the Everglades is a sea of mud covered with gigantic saw-toothed reeds and populated by a variety of unfriendly reptiles. The authors' analysis of what went wrong is just as persuasive and just as frightening, for there was no big mistake—only a series of little mistakes that came together in the wrong way. The Elders' analysis of the aftermath is not cheery either, being concerned with litigation and psychology, greed, and survivor guilt. The silver lining is that passengers and airline hostesses as well as rescue teams displayed amazing selflessness and endurance—while the emergency lasted.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE KIDNAPPERS, by Warren Kiefer (Harper & Row; $8.95). A superior crime-and-adventure story set in and around Buenos Aires in the last months of the vicious government of Isabel Perón. It is densely and credibly populated by, among others, a vile Austrian Jew of enormous ill-gotten wealth, his retained assassin, a crooked labor leader, the crooked leader of the left-wing underground, a lamebrain terrorist group, the don't-rock-the-boat staff of the American Embassy, an American society girl playing at journalism, an American airplane pilot, a figurehead Austrian consul, and assorted informers and police thugs. The action, as the title spells out, centers on a kidnap plot (and a good one), but it is Mr. Kiefer's demonstration of the duplicity, the self-service, the cynicism, and the humanness of almost every player that gives his book its force and character.

THE FARNSWORTH SCORE, by Rex Burns (Harper & Row; $7.95). This is Mr. Burns' second police thriller, and, like his first, "The Alvarez Journal," which won a Mystery Writers Award a year or two ago, it is set in the scum drug world of Denver and its neighboring mountain resorts, and celebrates a Chicano narc named Gabriel Wager. Wager is a solid creation—proudly sensitive about his background, obsessed to the exclusion of almost all other interests by his job, violent in his contempt for the dealers and informers with whom he is forced to mingle. His assignment here is to bring down a big but henpecked dealer named Farnsworth by insinuating himself into a partnership with the man. The result is high-tension, highly literate, highly credible entertainment.

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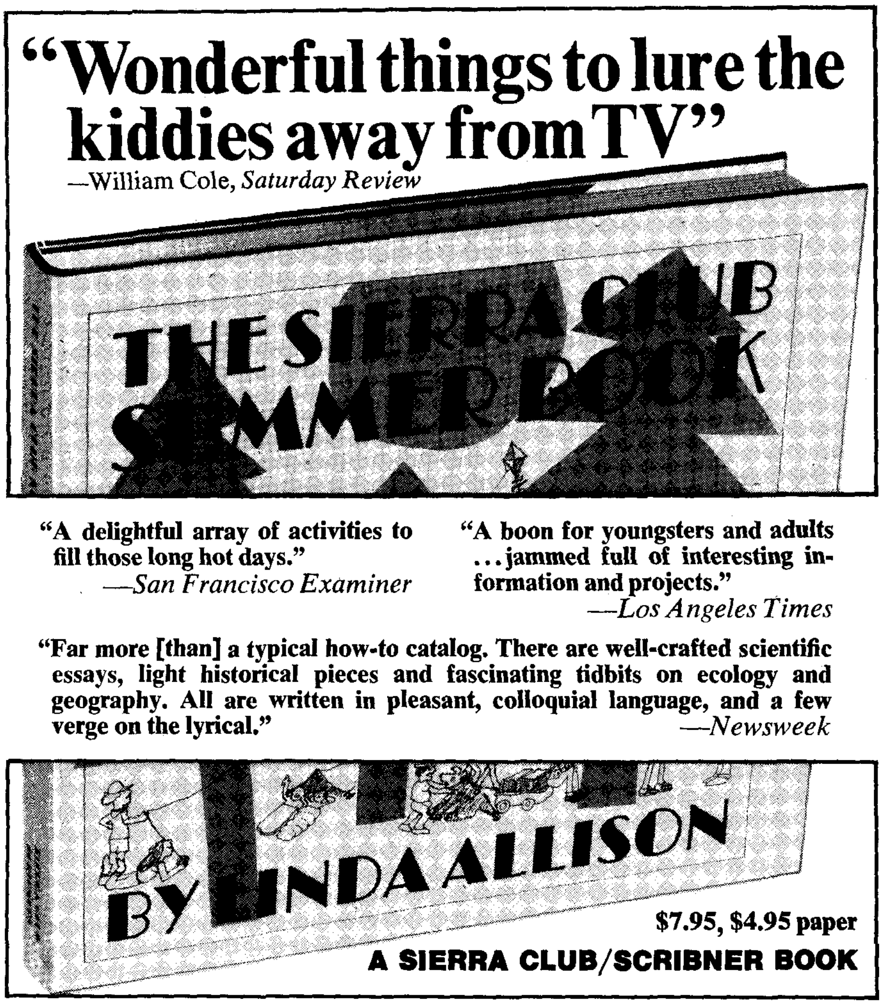
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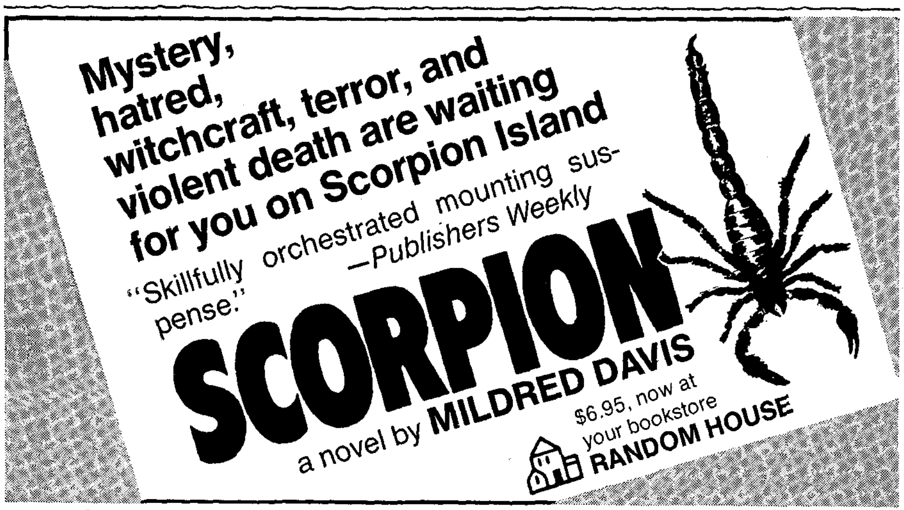
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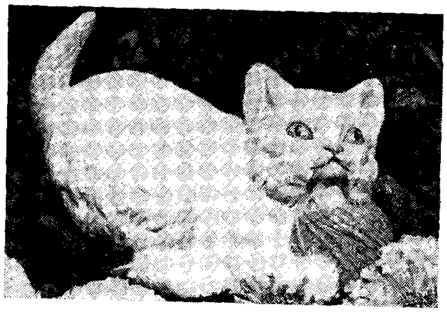
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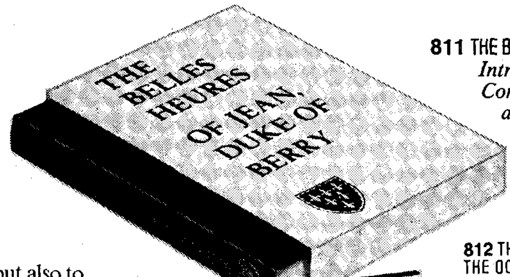

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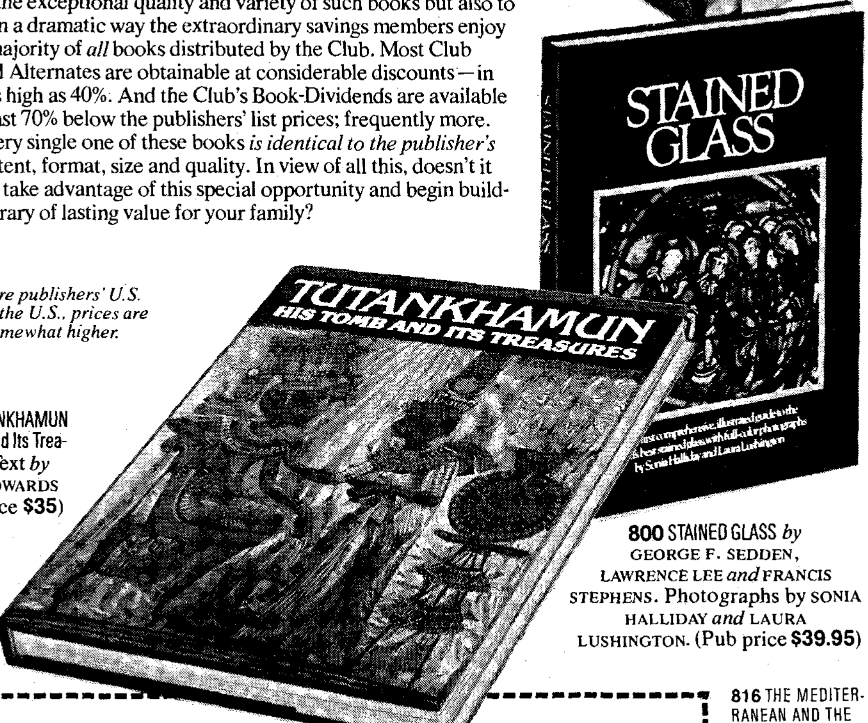

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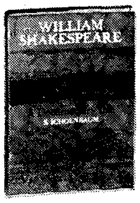

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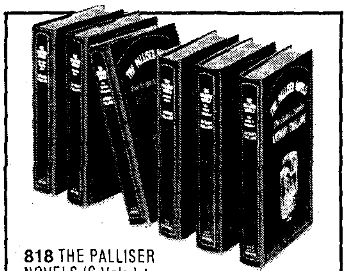

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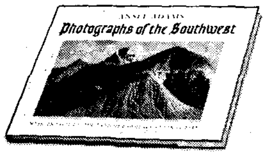

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